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ENDING
JUNE 7, 1930

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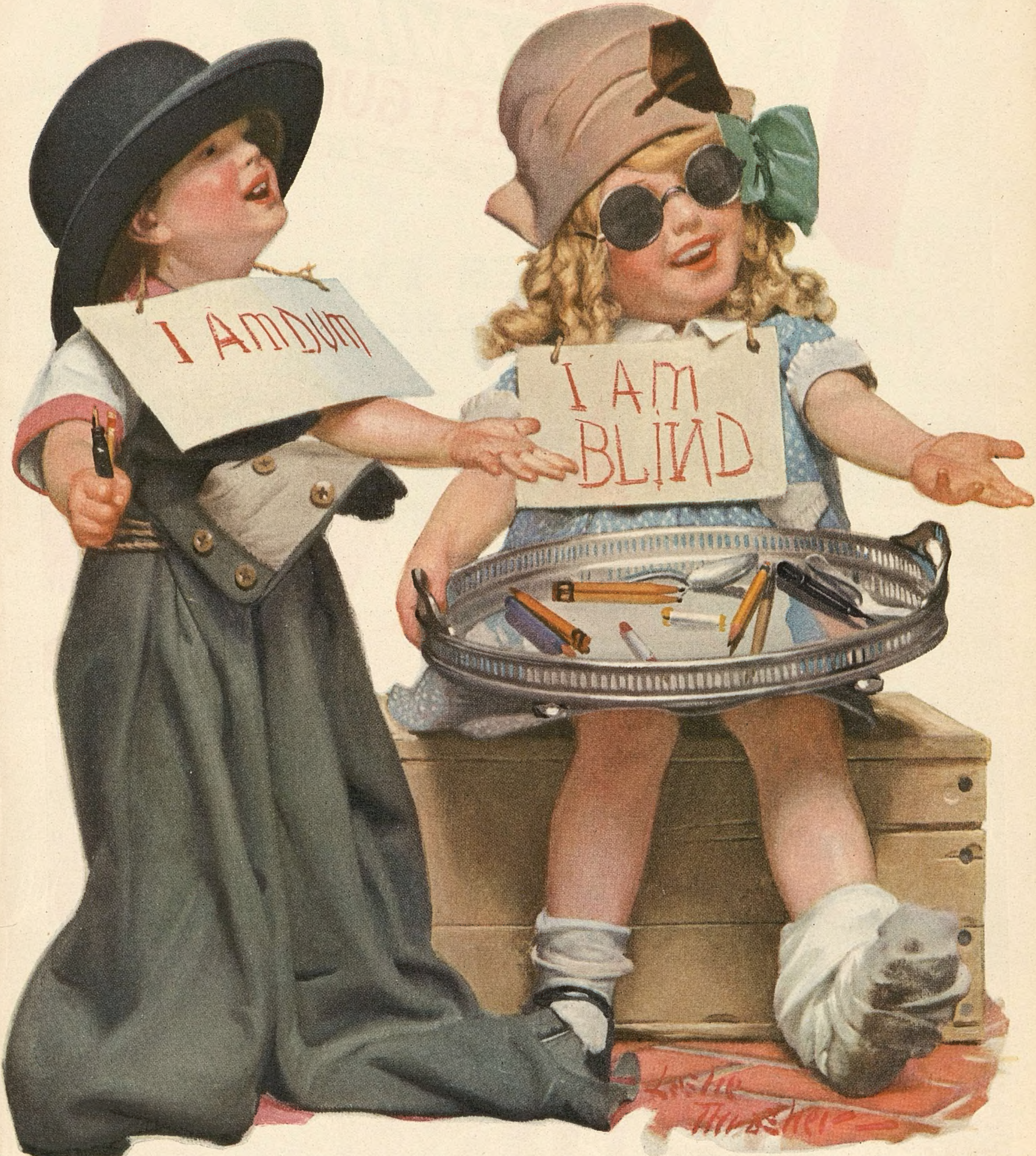
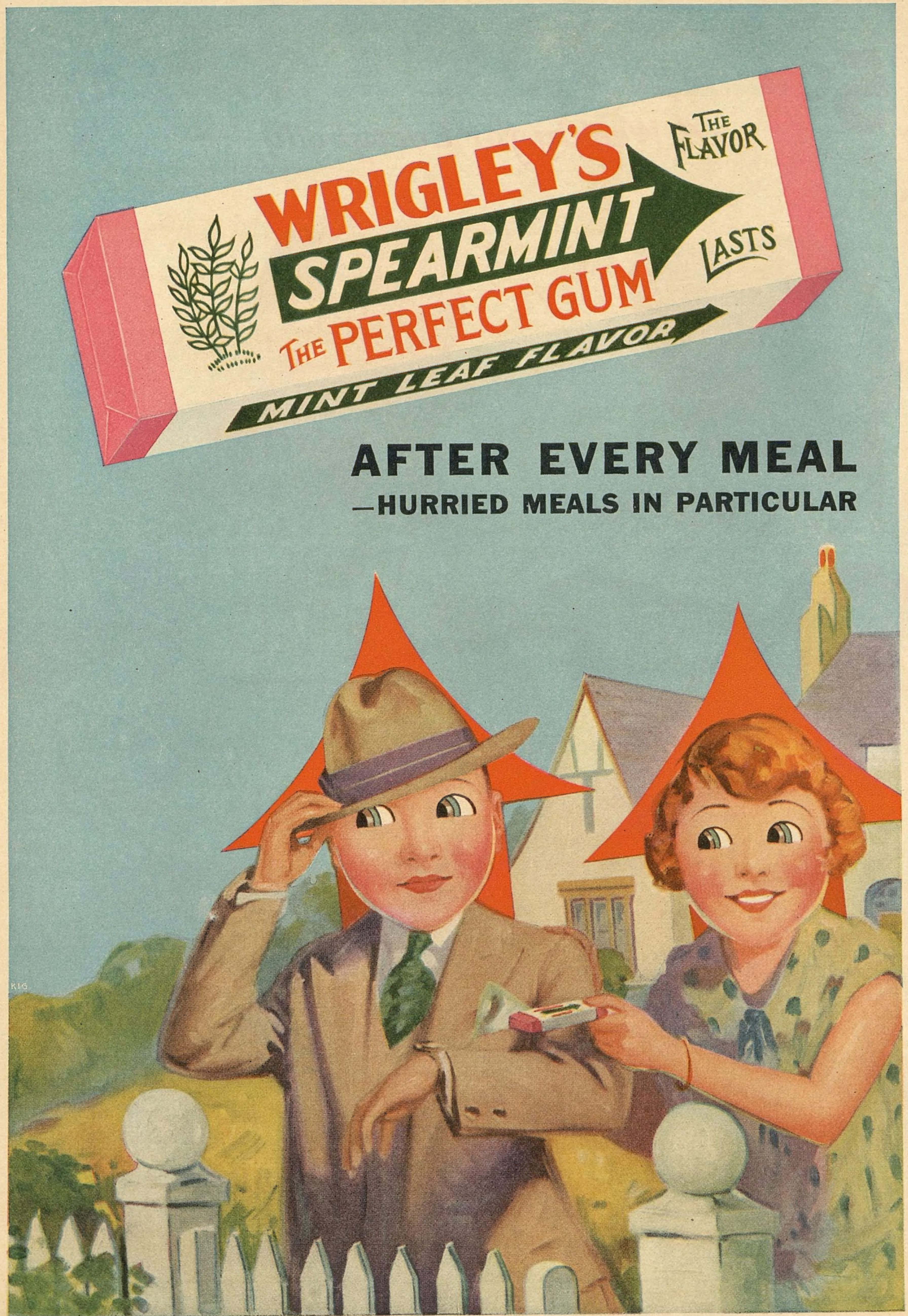

I AM DUM
I AM
BLIND
Leslie Thrasher

A New Dog Story by **RUDYARD KIPLING**



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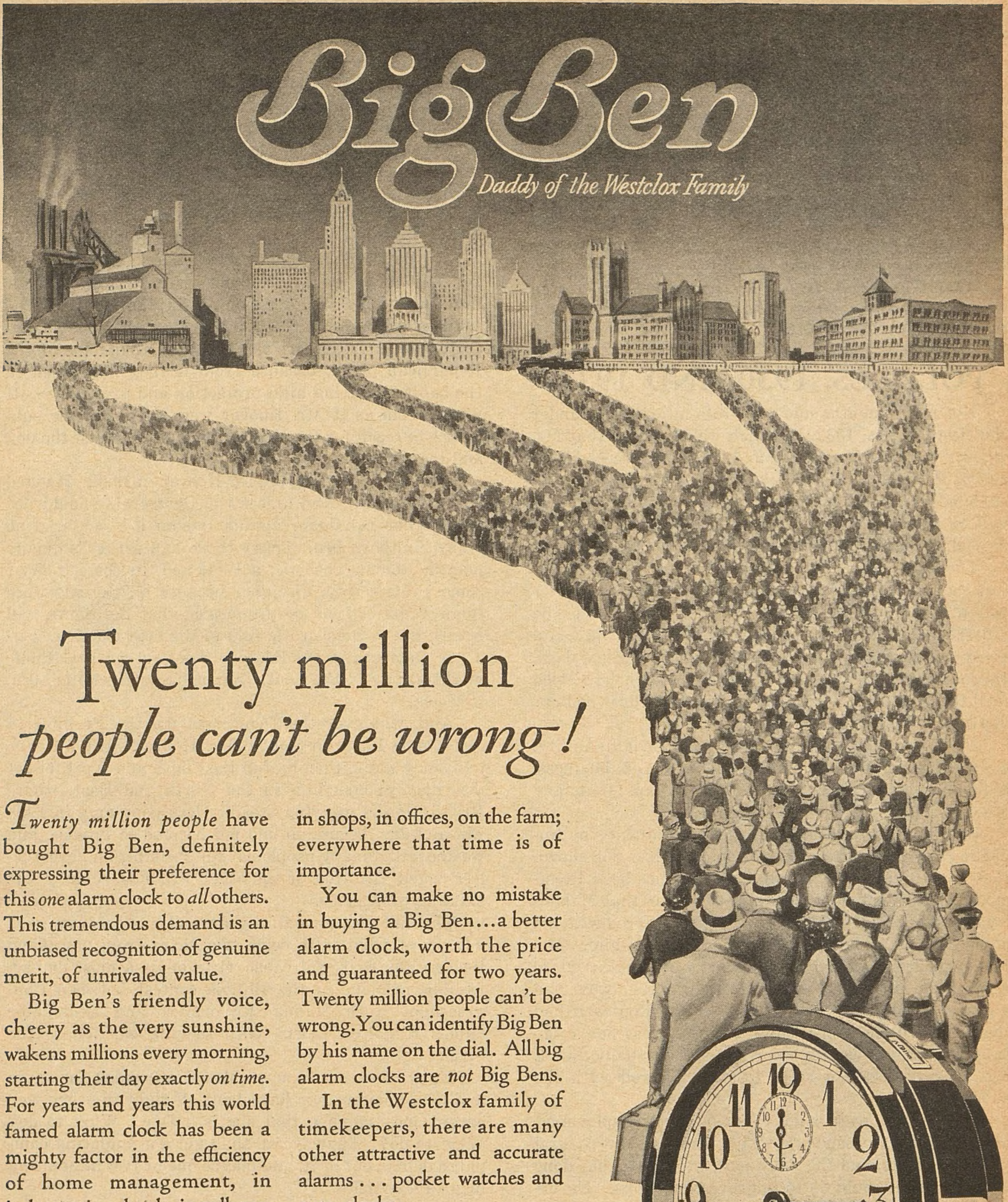

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JUNE 7, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 23

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

POLITICS, 1930 AND 1932

Not many months ago we wrote an editorial under the title Politics, 1932, in which we predicted that Mr. Hoover would be nominated and elected to succeed himself as President. We believe now that the situation is changed somewhat, and that it is not absolutely sure he will be nominated by the Republicans, or certain that he will be elected if nominated.

The background which really shoved Mr. Hoover into the foreground (if you will permit a slight "bull") was his reputation as a great philanthropist when he fed the Belgians and, when we were in the war, as a great conservator, with his meatless and wheatless days. He maintained his humanitarian rôle when he helped feed the starving Russians and visited the drowned-out victims of the Mississippi floods.

No one can deny Mr. Hoover's great mental ability. He can grasp any important question of business, economics, or organization better perhaps than any other man conspicuously in public life.

But, though he first came into prominence by appealing to the hearts of the people, he has not shown that human kind of leadership since he has been President. He has not shown the ability to lead that McKinley, Roosevelt, and Wilson had. Wilson differed with his advisers, but he forced the people to follow him. McKinley had the unanimous support of Congress more nearly than almost any other President. He always had a dozen Democratic votes up his sleeve. Roosevelt had the people so enthusiastically that Congress had to go along whether it wanted to or not—as it usually didn't. Mr. Hoover does not seem to work so well with the members of Congress.

Now, Mr. Hoover is not to blame for unemployment and the end of prosperity. They came in the natural trend of events, and the President, we believe, has done all a president could do to improve conditions. Nevertheless the "bad times" will be charged against him just the same. And of course the farmer's well-being has not been the least bit ameliorated under Mr. Hoover's régime. He consented to the revolving fund scheme, which probably is not sound and certainly has not yet done much good. The trouble with the farmers is overproduction and the revolving fund stimulates still further production. The upshot of it is that the farmers will probably be even more disgruntled than before. All of which, again, is not primarily Mr. Hoover's fault, but it is going to count against him.

We do think he makes a mistake in reaching out for political support in regions where it is difficult for him to obtain it—for example, in the South. The industrial states of the Northeast, with large manufacturing interests, are the natural strongholds of the Republican party, because from it they have been in the habit of getting high protection and prosperity. It would seem as if Mr. Hoover were dropping the substance to reach for the shadow, as in the fable of the dog and the bone.

The South did not vote for Hoover in 1928. It voted against Smith. And unless the Democrats should put up another candidate against whom are centered so many Southern prejudices—those against a Tammany man, a Roman Catholic, a Wet, and, in the minds of some, practically a foreigner because his parents were immigrants—it can be prophesied that the South will return to the Democratic fold in the next election.

A Democratic candidate either wet or a Catholic might get by in the South, but not a man who is both, it seems.

And, whatever the Democrats do, the Prohibition question is likely to trouble Mr. Hoover. His attitude on it may strengthen him in the South and West, but it also may weaken him in the North and East, where Prohibition is growing steadily less popular. In 1928 wet-and-dry discussion had not become so intense, and we know that many people not for Prohibition nevertheless voted for Hoover on other grounds—chiefly the existing prosperity.

The fall elections this year will give a very good augury of what is to come two years from now—and incidentally they will cause some of us a most embarrassing moment in the Illinois contest between Congressman Ruth Hanna McCormick and ex-Senator James Hamilton Lewis, both seeking election to the Senate.

Many of us have known Mrs. McCormick for years and have thought her just about all right in every way except one—namely, that she is a Dry. What to do? What to do? Anyway, we shall get a stimulating campaign debate out of it, and maybe one or two interesting magazine articles.

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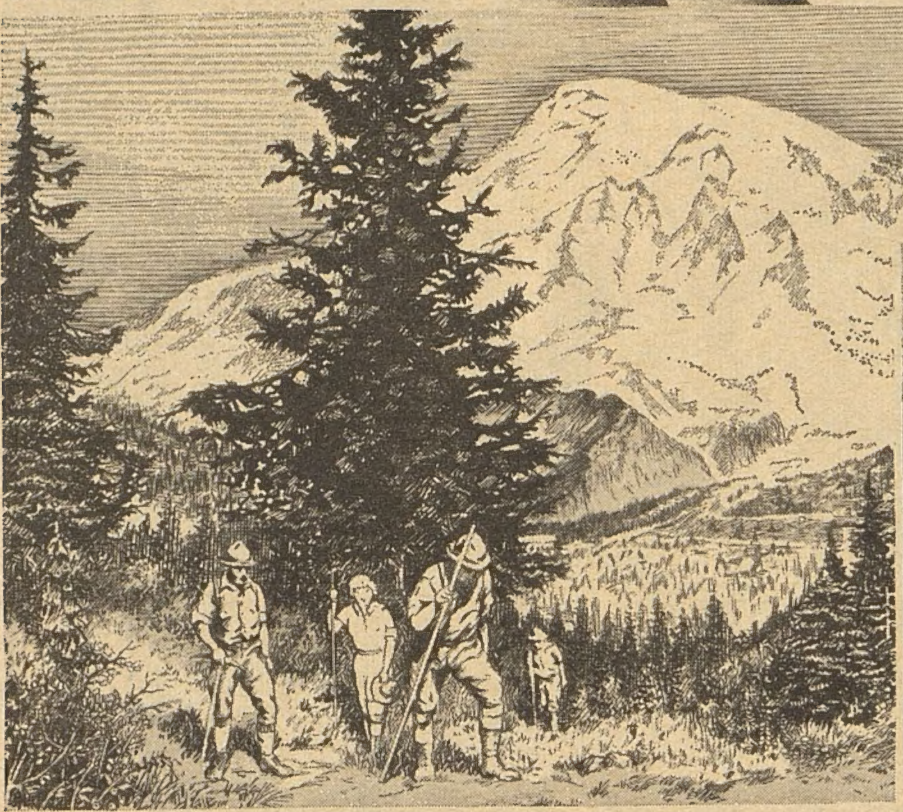
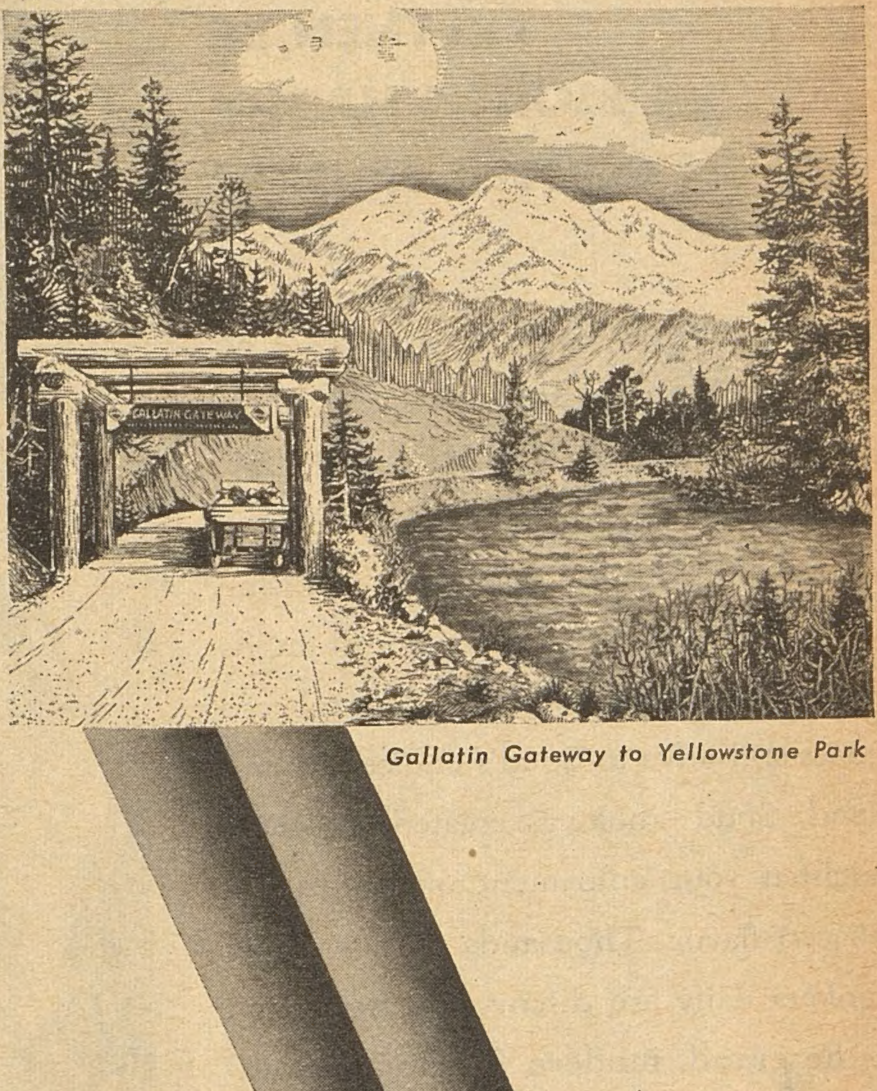
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

The Vacation of a Lifetime . . .
a tour of the
NORTHWEST WONDERLAND

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

Mt. Rainier National Park





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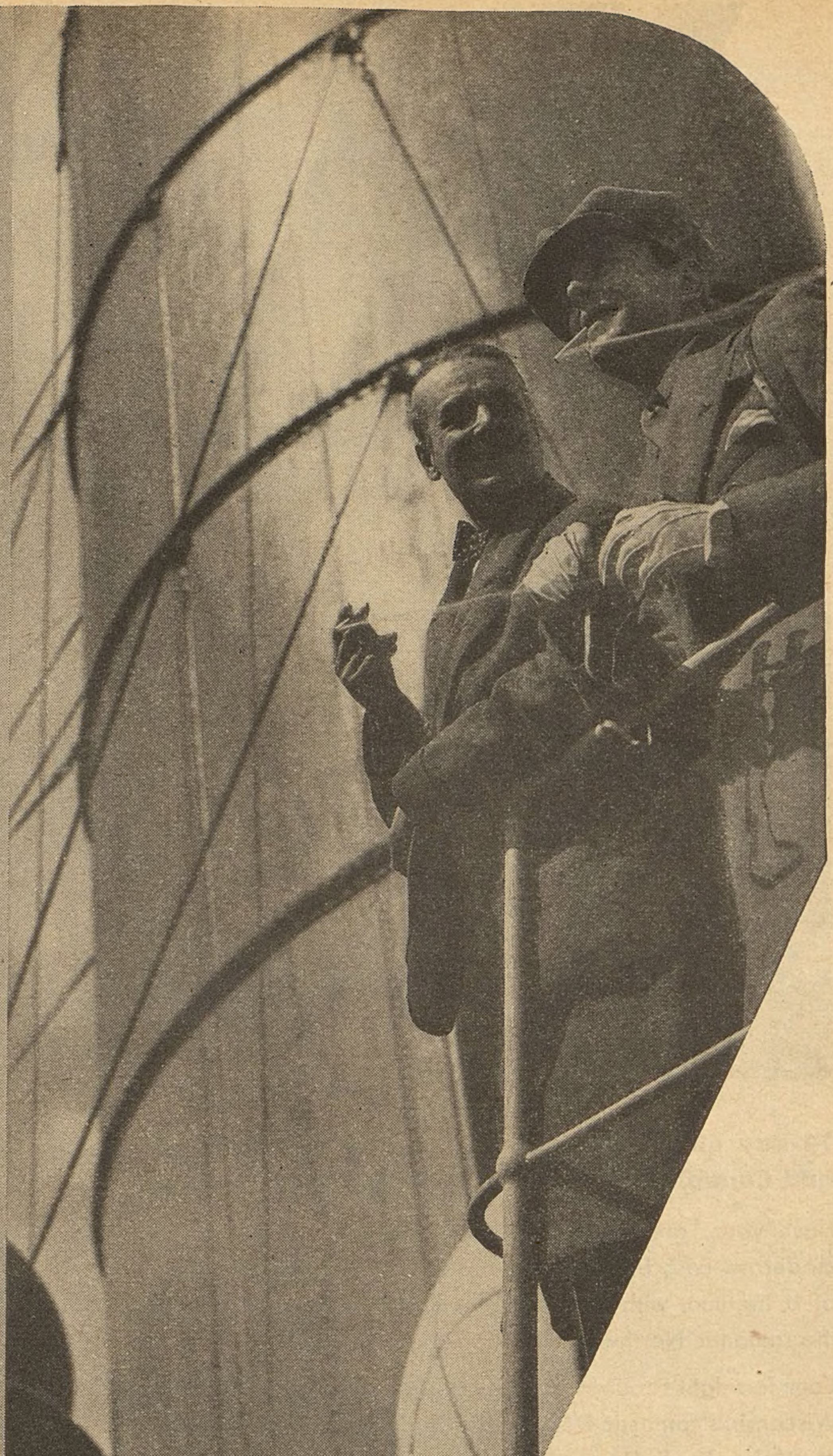

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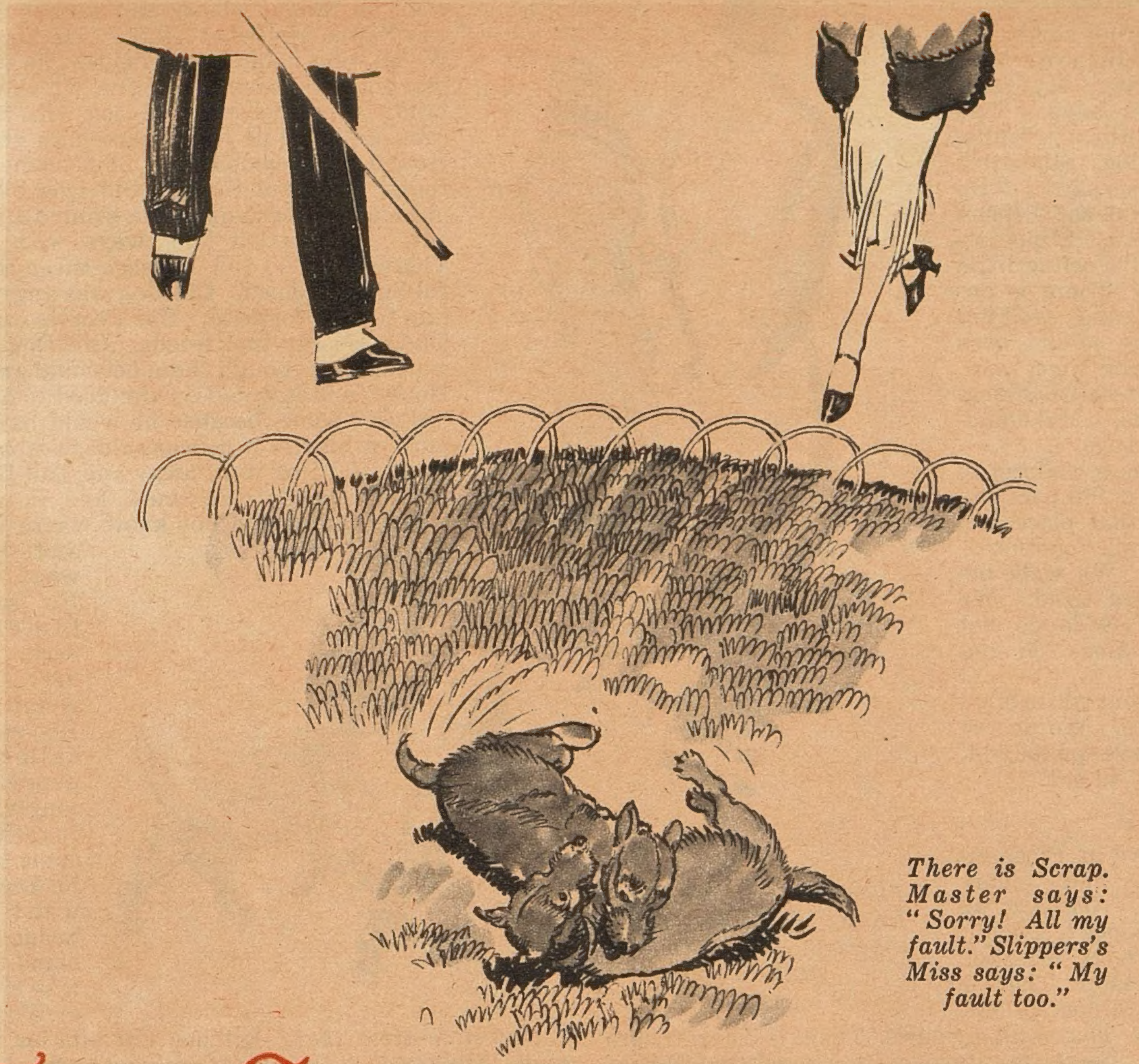

There is Scrap. Master says: "Sorry! All my fault." Slippers's Miss says: "My fault too."

Thy Servant A DOG

The Story of a Faithful Friend

By

RUDYARD KIPLING

who must be the most widely read living writer of English. His animal fables, the Jungle Books and The Just-So Stories, are celebrated, and every Kipling fan knows his love of dogs. This is his first dog story since 1909, when Garm: A Hostage was published.

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

CHARACTERS

Boots } (Famous Aberdeen
Slippers } Players)
Ravager
Hunt Terrier
Kitchen Cat
Master } (Own Gods)
Missus }
Smallest } (Own Gods' Small God)
Nurse Thick
Adar
Cookey
James-with-Kennel-that-Moves
Harry-with-Spade
Proper Man } (Master of Fox Hounds)
White } (otherwise Moore, Kennel Huntsman)
Mister-Kent-People
Bull, Cow-pups, Hen-ladies, Pig-ladies, Hounds, Huntsmen, etc.

Please may I come in? I am Boots. I am son of Kildonan Tartan—Champion Reserve: V. H. C.—very fine dog; and no-dash-parlour-tricks, Master says, except I sit-up, and put paws over nose. It is called "Making-a-Beseech." Look! I do it out of own head. *Not* for telling. . . . This is Flat-in-Town. I live here with Own God. I tell:

I

THERE is Walk-in-Park-on-lead. There is off-lead-when-we-come-to-the-grass. There is 'nother dog, like me, off-lead. I say: "Name?" He says: "Slippers." He says: "Name?" I say: "Boots." He says: "I am fine dog. I have Own God called Miss." I say: "I am very fine dog. I have Own God called Master." There is walk-round-on-toes. There is Scrap. There is Proper Whacking. Master says:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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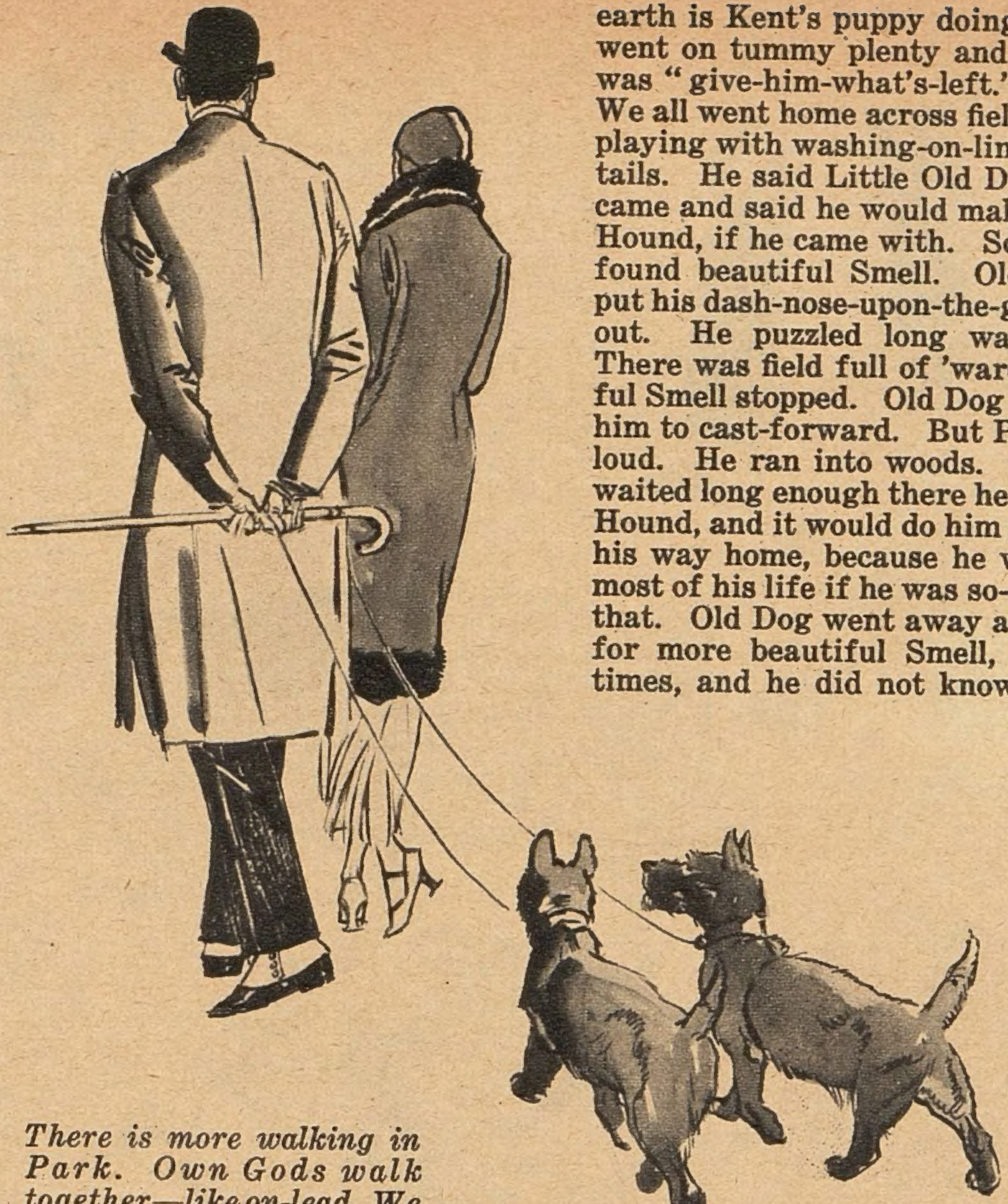
THY SERVANT A DOG
Continued from page seven

"Sorry! Awfully sorry. All my fault." Slippers's Miss says: "Sorry. My fault too." Master says: "So glad it is both our faults. Nice little dog, Slippers." Slippers's Miss says: "Do you really think so?" Then I did "Beseech." Slippers's Miss says: "Darling little dog, Boots." There is on-lead again, and walking with Slippers behind both Own Gods, long time. . . . Slippers is not-half-bad-dog. Very like me. Make-fine-pair, Master says. . . .

There is more walking in Park. There is Slippers and his Miss in that place too. Own Gods walk together—like on-lead. We walk behind. We are tired. We yawn. Own Gods do not look. Own Gods do not hear. . . .

They have put white bows on our collars. We do not like. We have pulled off. They are bad to eat. . . .



There is more walking in Park. Own Gods walk together—like on-lead. We walk behind.

II

NOW we live at Place-in-Country, and plenty good smells. We are all here. Please look! I count paws. There is me, and Own God—Master. There is Slippers, and Slippers's Own God—Missus. That is all my paws. There is Adar. There is Cookey. There is James-with-Kennel-that-Moves. There is Harry-with-Spade. That is all Slippers's paws. I cannot count more, but—there is Maids, and Odd-man, and Postey, and Telegrams, and Pleasmbutcher and People. There is Kitchen Cat who runs up Wall. *Bad! Bad! Bad!*

At morning-time Adar unties and brushes. There is going quick upstairs past Cookey and asking Gods to come to brekker. There is lie-down-under-the-table-at-each-end, and heads-on-feets of Gods. Sometimes there is things-given-under-table. But "must *never* beg."

After brekker there is hunting Kitchen Cat all over garden to Wall. She climbs. We sit under and sing. There is waiting for Gods going walks. If it is nothing-on-their-tops, it is only round the garden, and "get-off-the-flower-beds-you-two!" If it is wet, it is hearthrugs-by-fire, or "who-said-you-could-sit-on-chairs-Little Men?" It is always being-with Own Gods—Own Master and Own Missus. We are most fine dogs. . . . There is Tall Far-off Dog, who comes through garden laurels and looks. We have found him by own dust-bin. We said: "Come back and play." But he wented off. His legs are all bendy. And wavy ears. But bigger than Me!

III

August, 1924

PLEASE sit up! I will tell you by times and long times—each time at a time. I tell good things and dretful things.

Beginning of times. There was walk with Own Gods, and "basket-of-things-to-eat-when-we-sit-down-piggies." It were long walks. We ate lots. After, there was rabbits which would not stay. We hunted. We heard sorrowful singing in woods. We went look-see. There was that Far-off Tall Dog, singing to hole in a bank. He said: "I have been here dretful long whiles and I do not know where here is." We said: "Follow tails." He followed back to Own Gods. Missus said: "Oh, you poor big baby!" Master said: "What on earth is Kent's puppy doing here?" Tall Dog went on tummy plenty and said small. There was "give-him-what's-left." He kissed hands. We all went home across fields. He said he was playing with washing-on-line, which waved like tails. He said Little Old Dog with black teeth came and said he would make him grow-into-a-Hound, if he came with. So he came with, and found beautiful Smell. Old Dog said him to put his dash-nose-upon-the-ground and puzzle it out. He puzzled long ways with Old Dog. There was field full of 'ware-sheep and beautiful Smell stopped. Old Dog was angry and said him to cast-forward. But Peoples came saying loud. He ran into woods. Old Dog said if he waited long enough there he would grow-into-a-Hound, and it would do him good to have to find his way home, because he would have to do it most of his life if he was so-dash-stoopid-as-all-that. Old Dog went away and Tall Dog waited for more beautiful Smell, and it was night-times, and he did not know where home was, and he singed what we heard. He said many times going back. He was very sorry. He is quite new dog. He says he is called "Dam-puppy." After long whiles walking with us there came smells that he knew. So he went through hedge and ran to home. He said he was in for Proper Whackings.

One time after that. Kitchen Cat sits on Wall. We sing. She says: "Own Gods are going away." Slippers says: "They come back at Biscuit-time." Kitchen Cat says: "This time they will go and never come back." Slippers says: "That is not real rat." Kitchen Cat says: "Go to top-of-House, and see what Adar is doing with kennels-that-shut."

We go to top-of-House. There is Adar and kennels-that-shut. She fills with things off Gods' feets and tops and middles. We go downstairs. We do not understand. . . .

Kitchen Cat sits on Wall and says: "Now you have seen Own Gods are going. Wait till kennels-that-shut are put behind kennel-that-moves, and Own Gods get in. Then you will see." Slippers says: "How do you know where that rat will run?" Kitchen Cat says: "Because I am Cat. You are Dog. When you have done things, you ask Own Gods if it is Whack or Pat. You crawl on tummy. You say: 'Please, I will be good.' What will you do when Own Gods go and never come back?" Slippers said: "I will bite you when I catch you." Kitchen Cat said: "Grow legs!"

She ran down Wall and went to Kitchen. We came after. There was Cookey and broom. Kitchen Cat sat in window and said: "Look at this Cookey. Sometimes this is fat Cookey; sometimes this is thin Cookey. But it is always *my* Cookey. I am never Cookey's Cat. But *you* must always have Own Gods with. Else you go bad. What will you do when Own Gods go away?" We were not comfy. We went inside House. We asked Own Gods not to go away. They did not understand. . . .

IV

TIME *after.* Own Gods *have* gone away in kennel-that-moves, with kennels-that-shut at the back. Kennel came back at Biscuit-time, but no Gods. We went over House looking. Kitchen Cat said: "Now you see." Slippers said: "Missus—Master will come back tomorrow." Next morning we went look everywhere. There was nothing. . . . There is Peoples called Carpenters come.

They are making a Little House inside Big House. There is Postey talking to Adar. There is Pleasmbutcher talking to Cookey. There is everybody talking. Everybody says: "Poor little chaps." *And* goes away.

Some more time. This night-time, Shiny-Plate shined into our kennels, and made sing. We sang. We sang: "When will Own Gods come back?" Adar looked out from high-up-above, and said: "Stop that, or I'll come down to you." We were quiet, but Shiny-Plate shined more. We sang: "We will be good when the Gods come back." Adar came down. There was Whackings. We are poor little small dogs. We live in Outside Places. Nobody cares for.

V

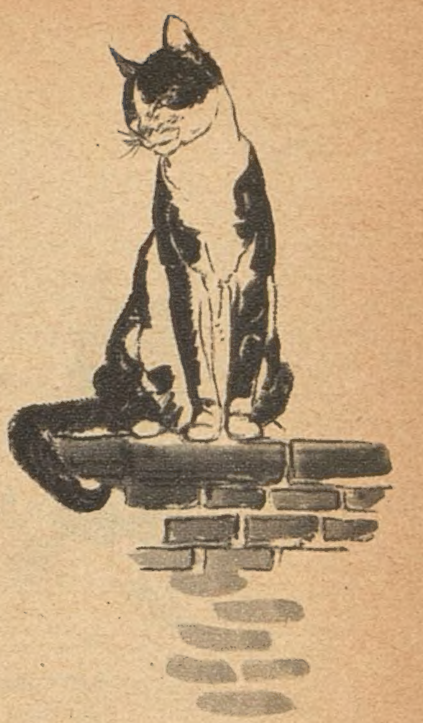
OTHER more times. I have met that Tall Far-off Dog with large feet. He is not called "Dam-puppy." He is called Ravager. He has no Own God because he will pass-the-bottle-round-and-grow-into-a-Hound. He lives across Park, at Walk, with dretful Peoples called Mister-Kent. I have been to Walk. There were fine smells and pig-pups and a bucket full of old things. Ravager said: "Eat hearty." He is nice dog. I ate lots. Ravager put his head through handle of bucket. It would not go away from him. He went back-first, singing. He sang: "I am afraid." People came running. I went away. I went into dark place called Dairy. There was butters and creams. People came. I went out of a little window. I sicked-up two times before I could run quick. I went to own kennel and lay down. That Peoples called Mister-Kent came afterwards. He said to Adar: "That little black beast is dam-thief." Adar said: "Nonsense. He is asleep." Slippers came and said: "Come and play Rats." I said: "Go to Walk and play with Ravager." Slippers wented. People thought Slippers was me. Slippers came home quick. I am very fine dog—but Master has not come back.

VI

AFTER that time. I am Bad Dog. I am very Bad Dog. I am "G'way-you-dirty-little-devil!" I found a Badness on the road. I liked it. I rolled in it. It was nice! I came home. There was Cookey and Adar. There was "Don't-you-come-anigh-me." There was James-with-Kennel-that-Moves. He said: "Come 'ere, you young polecat!" He washed with soap, and sticky water out of kennel-that-moves rubbed into all my hairs. There was tie-up. I smelled very bad to myself. Kitchen Cat came. I said: "G'way! I am Real Bad Dog! I am Proper Stinkpot!" Kitchen Cat said: "That is not your own rat. You are bad because Own Gods do not come back. You are like People who can't be good without Own Gods to pat them."

VII

OTHER fresh times. Now I am great friend of Ravager. We have wented to hunt Hen at Walk. She was angry Hen-lady with pups. She bit Slippers, two times, with her nose, under his eye. We all went one way. There was Pig-lady with pups that way. We went other way. There was Mister-Kent-Peoples with Whack-stick that way. We went another way quick. We found a fish-head on a heap of nice old things. There was Ravager. We went for play. There was Cow-pups in field. They ran after. We went under gate and said. They ran away. We ran after till they stopped. They turned round. We went away again. They ran after. We played long while. It was fun. Mister-Kent-People, and more Peoples, came calling dretful names. We said to Ravager: "We will go home." Ravager said: "Me too." He ran across field. We went home by small ditches. We played Rat-sticks on the lawn. Cowman People came and said to Adar: "Those two little black devils have been chasing pounds off the calves!" Adar said: "Be ashamed of yourself. Look at 'em! Good as gold!" We waited till People were gone. We asked for sugar. Adar gave. Ravager came through laurels—all little. He said: "I have had Proper Whacking. What did you get?" We said: "Sugar." He said: "You are very fine dogs. I am hungry." I said: "I will give you my store-bone in the border. Eat hearty." He digged. We helped. Harry-with-Spade came. Ravager went through laurels like Kitchen Cat. We got Proper Whacking and tie-up for digging in borders. When we are bad, there is sugar. When we are good, there is Whack-whack. That is same rat going two ways. . . . We do not understand.



VIII

HARRY-WITH-SPADE has brought a Rat. . . . Look, please! Please look! I am Rrreal Dog. I have killed a Rat. I have slew a Rat. He bit me on the nose. I bit him again. I bit him till he died. I shook him dead. Harry said: "Go-ood boy. Born ratter!" I am very fine dog indeed! Kitchen Cat sat on the Wall and said: "That is not your own Rat. You killed it to please a God." When my legs are grown, I will kill Kitchen Cat like rats. *Bad! Bad! Bad!*

IX

TIME soon after. I went to Walk to tell my friend Ravager about my Rat, and find things to kill. Ravager said: "There is 'ware-sheep for me, and there is 'ware-chicken for me, but there is no 'ware-Bull for me. Come into Park and play with Bull-in-yard." We went under his gate. Ravager said: "He is too fat to run. Say!" I said loud. Bull said. Ravager said. Slippers said. I got under water-trough and said dretful things. Bull blew with nose. I went out through fence, and came back through another hole. Ravager said from other side of yard. Bull spun. He blew. He was too fat. It was fun. We heard Mister-Kent saying loud. We went home across Park. Ravager says I am True Sporting Dog, only except because of my little legs.

X

October, 1924

BAD times all dead. Sit up! Sit up now! I tell! I tell! There has been washings and Sunday collars. Carpenter People has gone away, and left new Small House inside Big House. There is very small kennel-

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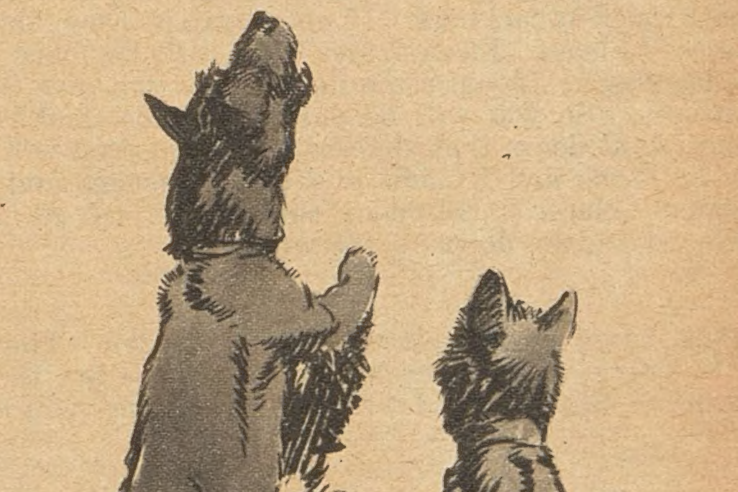
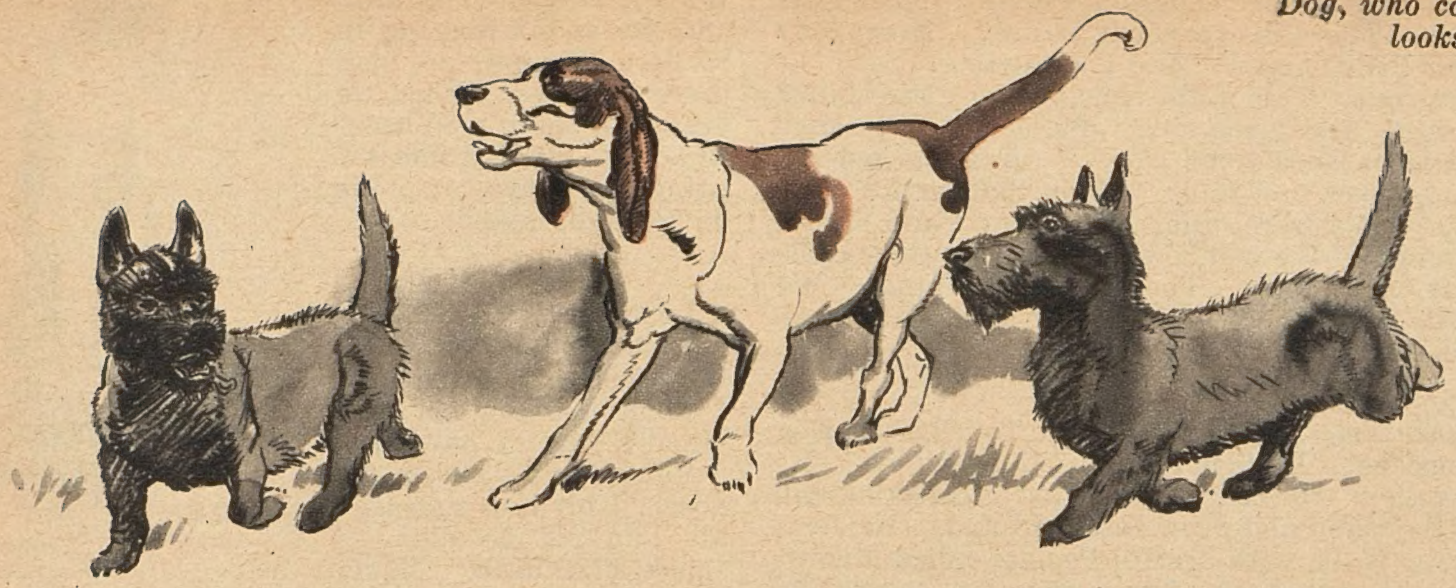


Kitchen Cat climbs. We sit under and sing.



There is Tall Far-off Dog, who comes and looks.

THY SERVANT A DOG
Continued from page nine

that-rocks inside Small House. Adar showed. We went to James's house. He was gone away with kennel-that-moves. We went to front-gate. We heard! We saw! Own Gods—very Own Gods—Master—Missus—came back! We said. We danced! We rolled! We ran round. We went to tea, heads-on-feets of Own Gods. There was buttered toast given under table, and two sugars each. . . .

We heard New Peoples talking in Big House. One People said: "Angh! Angh!"—very small, like cat-pups. Other People said: "Bye-loe. Bye-loe." We asked Own Gods to show. We went upstairs to Small House. Adar was giving cup-o-tea to New People which was more thick than Adar, which was called "Nurse." There was very-small-talk inside kennel-that-rocks. It said: "Aie! Aie!" We looked in. Adar held collars. It was a *very* Small People. It opened its mouth. There was no teeth. It waved paw. I kissed. Slippers kissed. New Thick, which is that Nurse, said: "Well-Mum-I-never." Both Own Gods sat down by Smallest People and said and said and kissed paw. Smallest People said very loud. New Thick gave biscuit in a bottle. We tail-thumped on floor, but "not-for-you-greedies." We went down to hunt Kitchen Cat. She ran up apple-tree. We said: "Own Gods *have* come back with one Smallest New Peoples, in smallest kennel." Kitchen Cat said: "That is not Peoples. That is Own Gods' Very Own Smallest. *Now* you are only dirty little dogs. If you say too loud to me or Cookey, you will wake that Smallest, and there will be Proper Whackings. If you scratch, New Thick will say: 'Fleas! Fleas!' and there will be more Proper Whackings. If you come in wet, you will give Smallest sneezes. So you will be pushed outside, and you will scratch at doors that shut-in-your-eye. You will belong with Yards and Brooms and Cold Passages and all the Empty Places." Slippers said: "Let us go to Own Kennel and lie down." We wented.

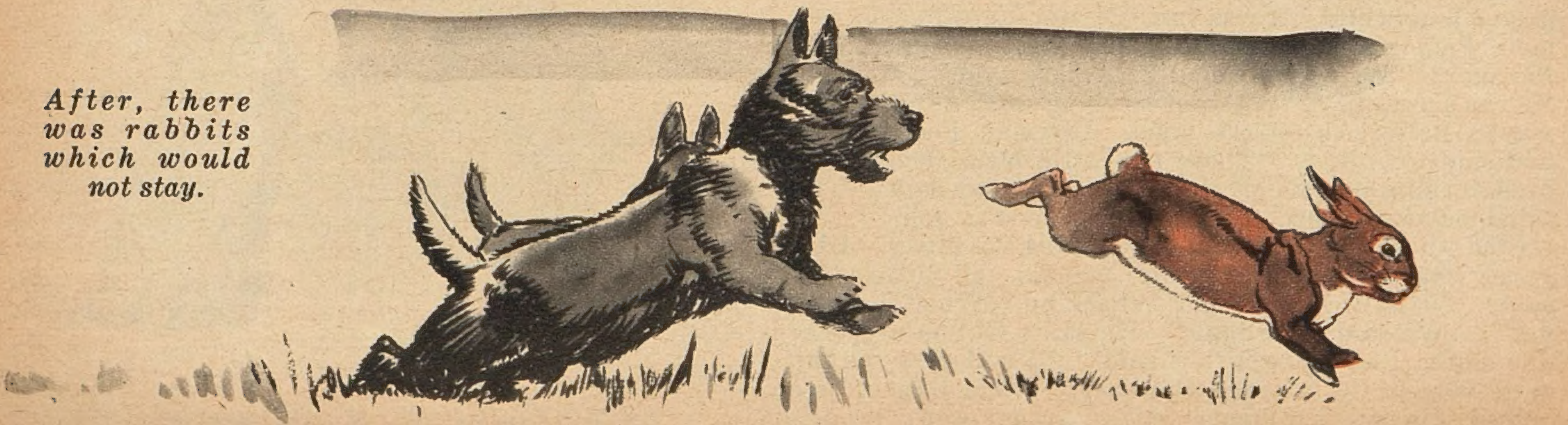
XI

WE heard Own Gods walking in garden. They said: "Nice to be home again, but where are the Little Men?" Slippers said: "Lie still, or they will push us into Empty Places." We lay still. Missus called: "Where is Slippers?" Master called: "Boots, you ruffian! Hi! Boots." We lay still. Own Gods came into the yard and found. They said: "Oh, *there* you are! Did you think we would forget you? Come-for-walks." We came. We said softly. We rolled before feets, asking not to be pushed into Empty Places. I did a "Beseech," because I was not comfy. Missus said: "Who'd have thought they'd take it this way, poor Little Men?" Master threw plenty sticks; I picked up and brought back. Slippers went inside with Missus. He came out quick. He said: "Hurry! Smallest is being washed." I went like rabbits. Smallest was all no-things on top or feets or middle. Nurse which is Thick washed and rubbed, and put things on all over afterwards. I kissed hind-feet. Slippers too. Both Gods said: "Look—it tickles him. He laughs. *He* knows they're all right." Then they said and they said and they kissed and they kissed it, and it was bye-loe—same as "kennel-up"—and then dinner, and heads-on-feets under table, and lots things-passed-down. One was kidney, and two was cheeses. We are fine dogs.

XII

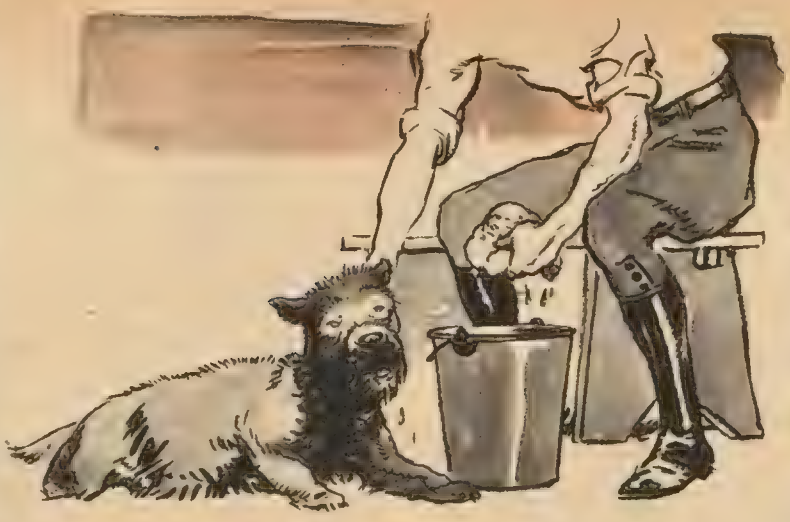
March, 1925

VERY many long times after those times. Both Gods have gone week-end in kennel-that-moves. But we are not afraid. They will come back. Slippers went up to talk to that Smallest and Nurse. I went to see my great friend Ravager at Walk, because I see him very often. There was new, old, small, white dog outside Barn. There was only one eye. He was dretful bitted all over. His teeth was black. He walked slow. He said: "I am Pensioned Hunt Terrier. Behave, you lap-dog!" I was afraid of his oldness and his crossness. I went paws-up. I told about me and Slippers and Ravager. He said: "I know that puppy. I taught him how to grow-into-a-Hound and lose himself. I am more dash-old than Royal, his grandfather." I said: "He is my friend. Will he grow-into-a-Hound?" Hunt Terrier said: "That depends." He scratched his dretful bitted neck and looked me out of one eye. I did not feel comfy. I went into Barn. There was Ravager on Barn floor and two Peoples. One was all white, except his black ends. One was long



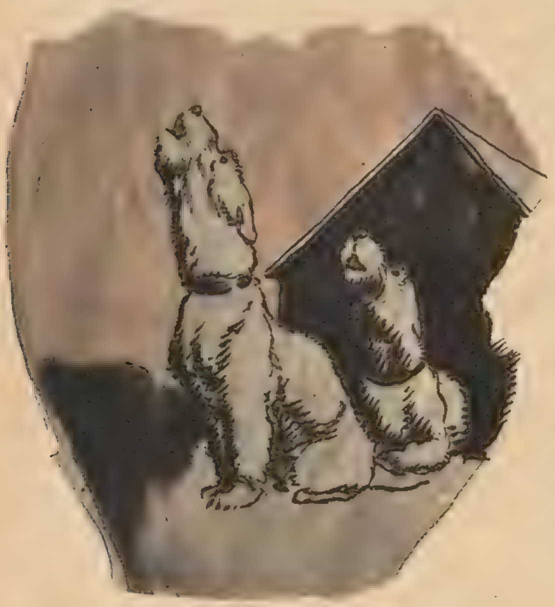
After, there was rabbits which would not stay.

Proper Man, and nice. White man lifted Ravager's head and opyed his mouth. Proper Man looked. White said: " Look, m'lord, he's swine-chopped." Proper Man said: " Pity! He's by Romeo and Regan." White man said: " Yes, and she's the wisest, worst-tempered bitch' ever was." Proper Man gave Ravager biscuit. Ravager stood up stiff on toes —*very* fine dog. White said: " Romeo's shoulders, Regan's feet. It's a pity, m'lord." Proper Man said: " *And* Royal's depth. Great pity. *I* see. I'll give you the order about him tomorrow." They went away. Ravager said: " Now they will make me grow-into-a-Hound. I will be sent into Kennels, and schooled for cubbing-in-September." He went after. Hunt Terrier came and showed black teeth. I said: " What is 'swine-chopped'?" He said: " Being snipey-about-the-nose, stoopid." Then White came and put Hunt Terrier up on neck, same as Cookey carries Kitchen Cat. Hunt Terrier said: " Never walk when you can ride at *my* time of life." They went away. Me too. I were not comfy in my hairs.



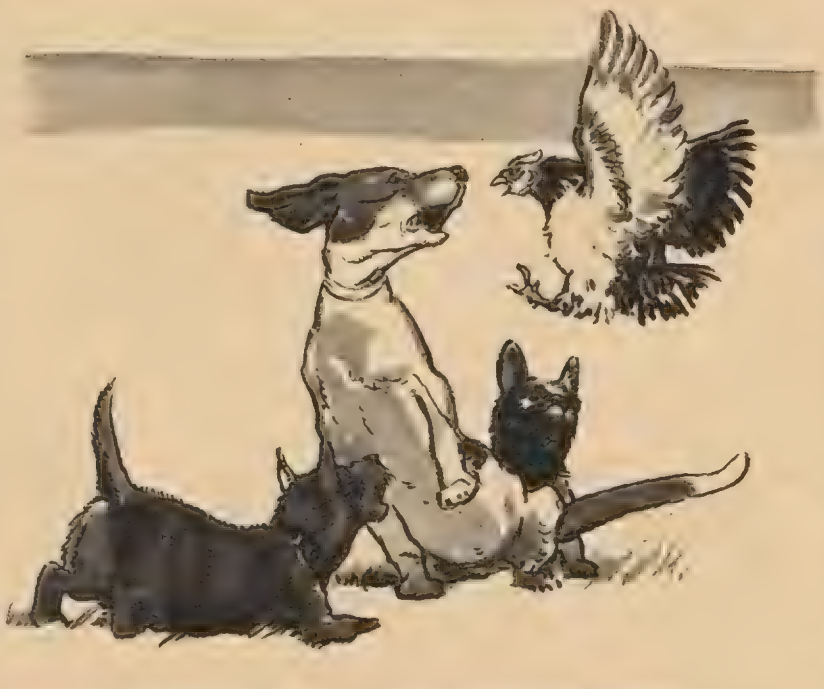
He said: " Come 'ere, you polecat! " He washed with soap.

When I got home, Nurse and Adar and Cookey were in scullery, all saying loud about Slippers and Kitchen Cat and Smallest. Slippers was sitting in sink—bleedy. Adar turned sink-tap-water on his head. Slippers jumped down and ran. We hid in boot-house. Slippers said: " I wented up to see that Smallest. He was bye-loe. I lay under Thick Nurse's bed. She went down for cup-o-tea. Kitchen Cat came and jumped in to kennel-that-rocks, beside Smallest. I said: 'G'out of this!' She said: 'I will sleep here. It is warm.' I said very loud. Kitchen Cat jumped out on floor. I bit her going to the door. She hit. I shook. We fell downstairs into Nurse. Kitchen Cat hit across face. I let go because I did not see. Kitchen Cat said and Cookey picked up. I said, and Adar picked up, and put me in sink and poured water on bleedy eye. Then they all said. But I am quite well-dog, and it is *not* washing-day for me." I said: " Slippers, you *are* fine dog. I am afraid of Kitchen Cat." Slippers said: " Me too. But that time I was new dog inside-me. I was 'normous ferocious big Hound! Now I am Slippers."



Shiny-Plate shined into our kennels. We sang.

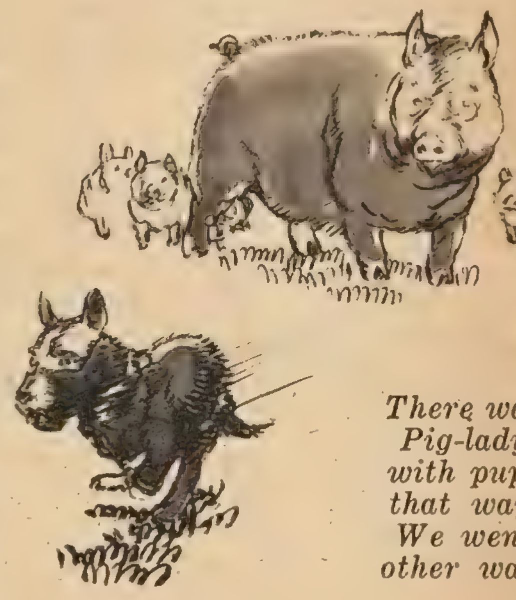
I told about Ravager and White and Proper Man and Hunt Terrier and being swine-chopped. Slippers said: " I cannot see where that rat will run. I smell it is bad rat. But I must watch that Smallest. It is your rat to kill."



She was angry Hen-lady with pups. She bit Slippers.

XIII

NEXT time after not-comfy. Kitchen Cat is gone away and not come back. Kitchen is not nice to go in because of Cookey. I have wented to see my friend Ravager at Walk. He was tied up. He sang sorrowful. He told dretful things. He said: " When I was asleep last night, I grew-into-a-Hound—very fine Hound. I went sleep-hunting with 'nother Hound—lemon-and-white Hound. We sleep-hunted 'normous big Fox-things all through Dark Covers. Then I fell in a pond. There was something heavy tied to my neck. I went down and down into pond till ' was all dark. I was frightened and I unsleeped. Now I am not comfy." I said: " Why are you tied-up? " He said: " Mister-Kent has tied me up to wait for White." I said: " I do not know this rat. I will ask Hunt Terrier." So I went back into Park. I was uncomfy in all my hairs because of my true friend Ravager. There was hedgehog in ditch. He rounded up. I said loud. Hunt Terrier came out of bushes and pushed him into a wetness. He unrounded. Hunt Terrier killed. I said: "You are most wonderful wise strong fine dog." He said: "What bone do you want now, Snipey? " I said: " Tell me what is 'snipey-about-the-nose'?" He said: " It is what they kill puppies for, because they cannot bite hard or eat well. It is being like *your* nose." I said: " I am son of Champion Kildonan Tartan—Reserve: V. H. C.—very fine dog." Hunt Terrier said: " I know that pack. They hunt fleas. What flea are you hunting? " I said: " Ravager is uncomfy, and I am uncomfy about my friend Ravager." He said: " You are not so lap-dog as you look. Show me that puppy on the flags." So I said about Ravager sleep-hunting and falling in pond, which he had told me when he was tied-up. Hunt Terrier said: " Did he sleep-hunt with a lemon-and-white bitch with a scar on her left jowl? " I said: " He said he hunted with 'nother Hound—lemon-and-white—but he did not say Lady-Hound or jowls. How did you know? " Hunt Terrier said: " I knew last night. It will be dash-near-squeak for Ravager." Then we saw White on Tall Horse in Park. Hunt Terrier said: " He is going for orders about Ravager. Run! " I was runnier than Hunt Terrier. He was cross. There was Big House in Park. There was garden and door at side. White went in. Hunt Terrier stayed to mind Horse, which was his Tall Friend. I saw Proper Man inside, which had been nice to Ravager at

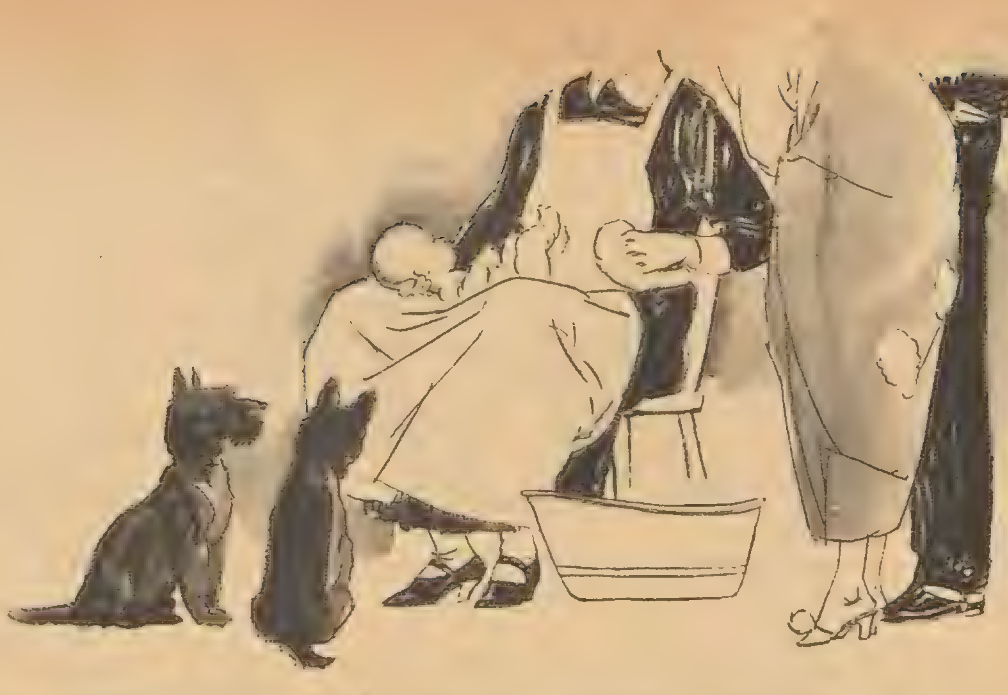


There was Pig-lady with pups that way. We went other way.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THY SERVANT A DOG
Cont'd from page eleven

Walk. So I went in too. Proper Man said: "What's this, Moore? New Hunt Terrier?" White said: "No, m'lord, it's that little black devil from The Place that's always coming over to Kent's and misleading Ravager." Proper Man said: "No getting away from Ravager this morning, it seems." White said: "No—nor last night, either, m'lord." Proper Man said: "Yes, I heard her and I saw her." White said: "I've come for orders about Ravager, m'lord." Proper Man sat look-not-see—same as Master with pipe. I were not comfy. So I sat up on my end, and put paws over nose, and made big Beseech. That is all I can. Proper Man looked and said: "What? Are *you* in it too, you little oddity?" Hunt Terrier said outside: "No dash-parlour-tricks there. Come on out of it!" So I came out and helped mind Tall Horse. After whiles, White came out, and picked up Hunt Terrier and put him on front-saddle, and hurried. Hunt Terrier said rudenesses about my short legs. When we got to Walk, White said loud to Mister-Kent: "It is all right." Mister-Kent said: "Glad of it. How did it come about?" White said: "Regan saved him. She was howling cruel last night, and when his Lordship looked in at the Kennels this morning, she was all over him, playing the kitten and featherin' and pleadin'. *She* knew! He didn't say anything then, but he said to me just now: 'Ravager will be sent into Kennels with the young entry next week, and we'll hope his defect isn't too hereditary.'" Mister-Kent untied. Ravager rolled and said and said and played with me. We played I was Fox-at-his-home-among-the-rocks, all round Pig-ladies' houses. I went to ground under hen-house. Hen-ladies said plenty. Hunt Terrier said if he had me for two seasons, he would make me earn-my-keep. But I would not like. I am afraid I would be put-in-ponds and sunk, because I am snipey-about-the-nose. But now I am comfy in all my hairs. I have ate grass and sicked it up. I am happy dog.

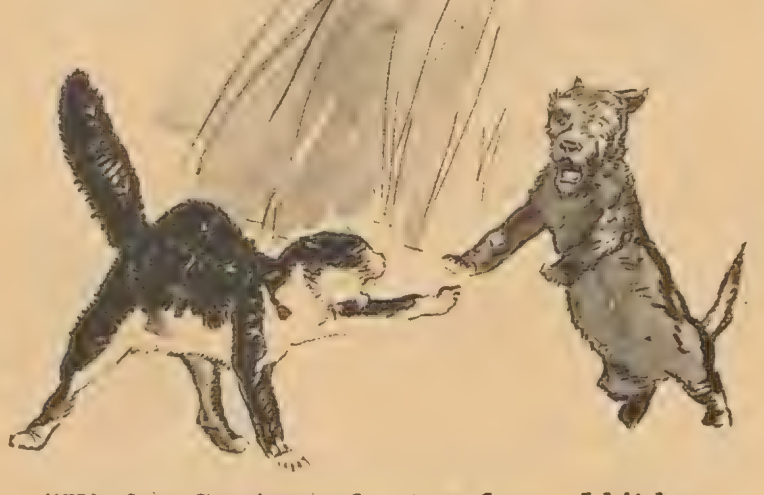


Smallest was no-things on top or feets or middle. Nurse washed and rubbed.

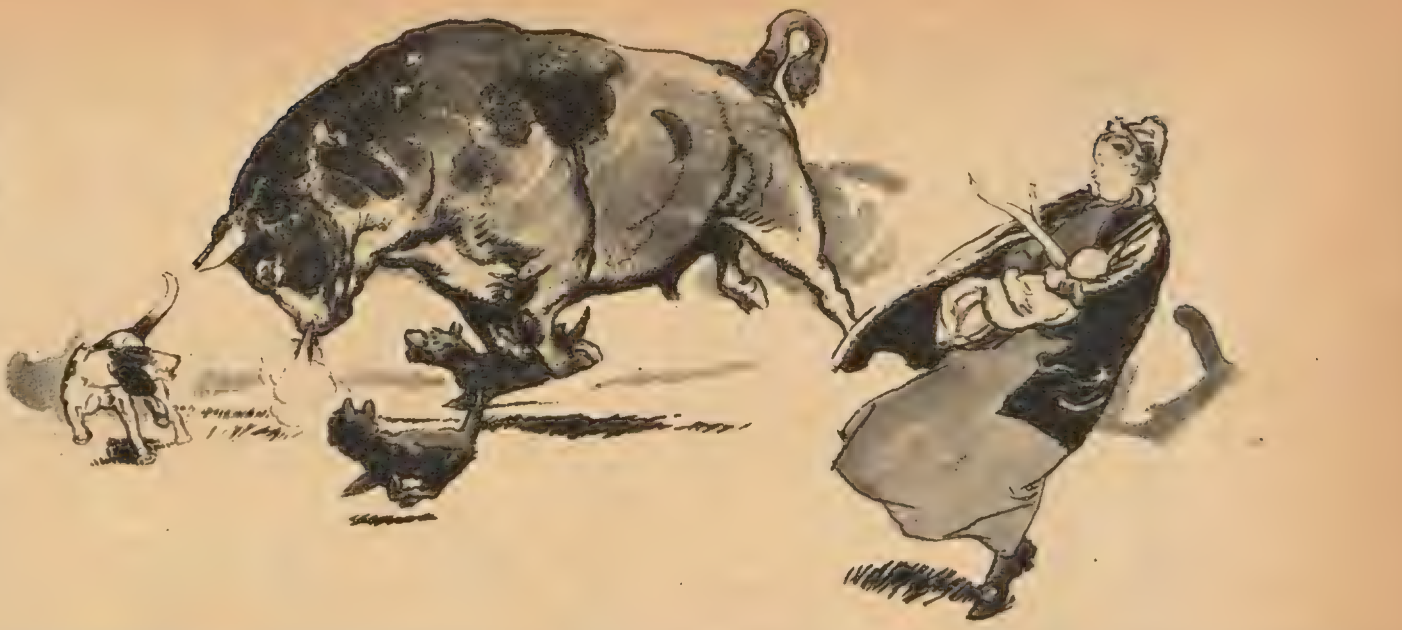
XIV

Early April, 1925

MOST wonderful times. We are fine dogs. There was Bell-Day, when Master comes black-all-over, and walks slow with shiny box on top. That is *always* Bell-Day rat. Nurse put Smallest into push-kennel, and went for walk-in-Park. We went with and ran and said lots. We went by Walk all along railings of Park. Ravager heard. He said: "I will come. My collar is too big." He slipped collar and came with. That Smallest said loud and nice at him and waved paws. Ravager looked into push-kennel and kissed Smallest on its face. Nurse shooed and wiped with hanky. Ravager said: "*Why* am I 'slobbery beast'? It is not 'ware-Smallest for me." We all walked across Park beside push-kennel. There was noise behind bushes. Bull we played with in yard came out, and digged with paws and waved tail. Nurse said: "Oh, what shall I do—I do? My legs are wobbly." She took Smallest out of push-kennel and ran to railings. Bull walked quick after. We ran in front. Slippers and I said lots. Ravager jumped at his nose and ran. Bull spun. Ravager ran a little in front. nel. Bull hit push-kennel on one side, and kneeled down on. Ravager jumped at his nose. Slippers bit behind. Me too. Bull spun. Ravager ran a little in front. Bull came after to shrubbery. Ravager said: "Chop him in cover." We chopped, running in and out. Then Ravager biting and jumping-back-with-barks before nose. It was fun. Bull got bleedy. Slippers and me said dretful things. Bull ran away into Park and stopped. We said from three places, so he could not choose which. It was great fun. Peoples called out from railings round Walk. There was Nursey paws-up on ground kicking feet. There was that Smallest and Own Gods holding tight. There was Mister-Kent-Peoples. Bull said, quite small—like Cow-pup. Mister-Kent came and put stick at Bull's nose and took away on-lead. All the Peoples on the railing said most loud at us. We were frightened because we had taken pounds off Bull. We went home other ways. Ravager came with, because he had slipped his collar, and was for Proper Whack-whack. I opened dust-bin with my nose—like I can do. There was porridge and herring-tails and outsides of cheeses. It was nice. Then Ravager stuck up his back-hairs most dretful, and said: "If I am for Proper Whackings, I will chop Mister-Kent." We went with to Walk. There was plenty Peoples there, all Bell-Day black all over. We saw little White man which is called Moore, Kennel Huntsman. We saw Mister-Kent. He was bleedy one side his black. He blew. He said: "Ravager's made a proper hash of him. Look at me Sunday best!" White said: "That shows he ain't swine-chopped to matter." Mister-Kent said: "Dam-all-how-it-shows. What about my Bull?" White said: "Put him down to the Poultry Fund, for if ever a Bull cried dung-hill, *he* did with Ravager." Mister-Kent said plenty. Ravager walked slow round Barn and stopped stiff. His back-hairs was like angry Gentlemen-pigs. Mister-Kent began to say dretful. White said: "Keep away. He has his mother's temper, and it's dash-awkward." Then White said nice small things and patted. Ravager put his head on White's feets, and all his back-hairs lay down and was proper coat again. White took him to kennel, and filled water-trough, and turned straw on sleeping-bench. Ravager curled up like small puppy, and kissed hands. White said: "Let him be till he sees fit to come out. Else there'll be more hurt than your Bull." Slippers and me ran away. We were afraid. We were dretful dirty. My nice frilly drawers was full of sticky burrs, and our shirts were bleedy off Bull. So we went to our Adar. Own Gods and Smallest and Nurse Thick came, and they all said and said and petted, except Cookey because Kitchen Cat is not come back. There was wonderful-things-under-table at dinner. One was liver. One was cheese-straw and one was sardine. Afterwards was coffee-sugar. We went up to see Smallest bye-loed.



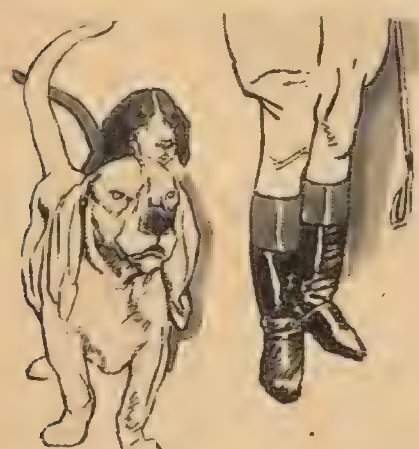
"Kitchen Cat jumped out on floor. I bit her. She hit. I shook."



Bull came after. We chopped. Then Ravager biting and jumping-back-with-barks before nose. It was fun.

He is quite well. We are most fine dogs. Own Gods keep saying so! It were fun.

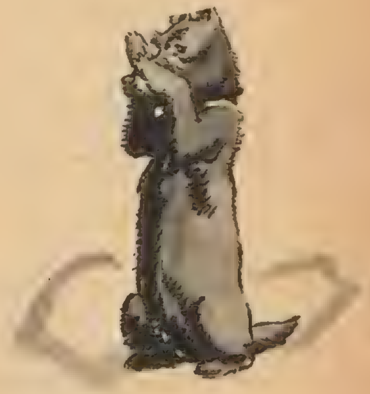
Just after that time. There is no more Ravager at Walk. I have wented to see him. White which is Huntsman came with Tall Horse and crack-whip and took. Ravager showed very proud dog inside (he said), but outside frightened puppy. He said I was his friend, in spite of my little legs. He said he will come again when he is grown-into-a-Hound, and I will always be his True Small Friend. He went looking back, but White cracked whip and Ravager sung dretful. I heard him all down lane after I could see. I am sorrowful dog, but I am always true friend of my friend Ravager. Slippers came to meet me at Rabbit Holes. We got muddy on tummies, because we have low clearances. So we went to Adar for clean. Kitchen Cat was on Wall again. Slippers said: "Give her cold-dead-rat." We went past under quite still. She said: "I am Kitchen Cat come back, silly little pups." We did not say or look. We went to our Adar. Slippers said to me: "Now we hunt Bulls in Parks we do not ever say to Kitchen Cat—ever!" I said: "Good rat. You *are* wise dog." Cookey picked up and said: "Mee own precious Pussums." Kitchen Cat said: "I am Cat, not Dog, drat you!" Cookey kept on petting. Then she tied up by basket in kitchen, and said: "Now you've had your lesson about going up to the nursery, you'll stay with me in future and behave!" Kitchen Cat spitted. Cookey took broom in case we hunted; but we went past quite still. This is finish to Kitchen Cat. We are fine dogs. We hunt Bulls. She does not hunt real rats. She is *Bad! Bad! Bad!*



Late April, 1926

MOST wonderful of all times. This is me—Boots. Nearly three years old. I am 'sponsible dog (Slippers too), Master says. We are 'sponsible for that Smallest. He can get out of push-kennel. He walks puppy-way between Slippers and me. He holds by ears and noses. When he sits down, he pulls up same way. He says: "Boo-boo!" That is me. He says: "See-see." That is Slippers. He has bitted both our tails to make his teeth grow strong, because he has no bones at night. *We* did not say. He has come into both our kennels, and tried to eat biscuit. Nurse found. There was Smallest Whack-whacks. *He* did not say. He is finest Smallest that is.

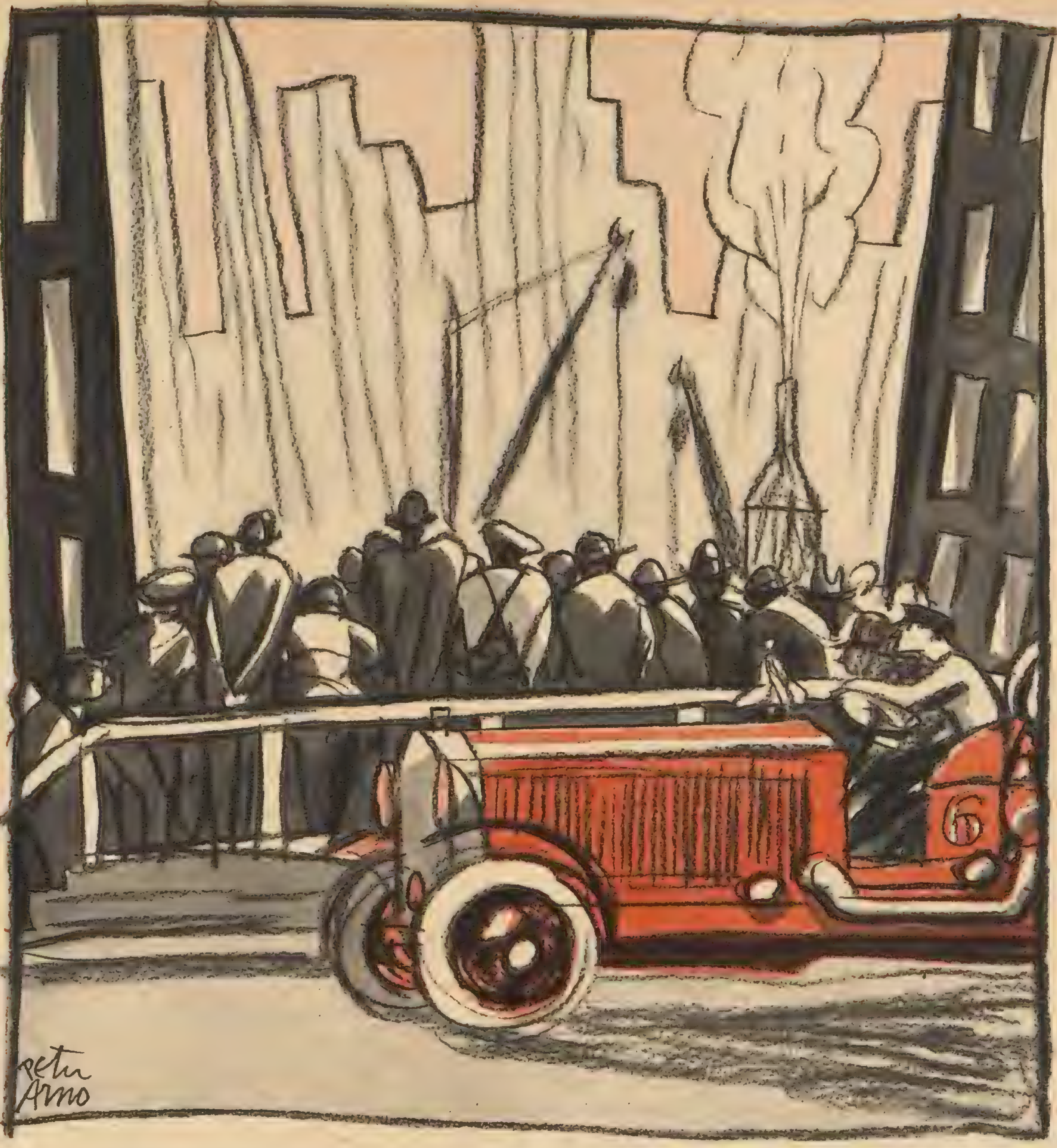
He had washings and new collar and extra brush. It was *not* Bell-Day. It was after last-run-of-season. He walked on lawn. We came, one each side. He held. There was horns in Park. I was tingly in all my hairs. But I did not say. (Too old to make a fool of myself *my* time of life, Master says.) There was Hounds and Pinks coming on grass. There was White—which is Moore the Huntsman. There was Mister-Kent. There was nice Proper Man that was kind to Ravager in Barn about being swine-chopped. There was some more Pinks, but not friends. White took all Hounds to gate by lawn. They sat down quiet. They was beautiful muddy, and seeds in coats and tails and ears bleedy. Hunt Terrier sat in own basket on Tall Horse. When White put him down he said dretful things to Hounds. They did not say back. Proper Man said to Master and Missus: "We have come to call with brush for that Smallest." Smallest liked because it tickled; but Nurse Thick washed off with hanky quick. Master-an'-Missus said: "How did Ravager do?" Proper Man said: "As usual. Led from end to end. He wants to talk to you." Ravager stood up tall at gate and put nose through. Smallest stretched out and Ravager kissed. Then White said: "Over, lad!" Ravager overed in one jump, and said to Smallest, two times most loud, like Bell-Day, and played puppy very careful, and let Smallest hold by ears. He spoke to me. I went paws-up, because he was so big and dretful and strong. He said: "Drop it, stoopid! 'Member me bein' lost? 'Member Bucket and Fish-heads? 'Member Bull? 'Member Cow-pups and Lady-pigs and Mister-Kent and Proper Whackings and all those things at Walk? You are True Sporting Dog, except only because of your little legs, and always great friend of Ravager." Then he rolled me over, and held down with paws, and play-bit in my neck. I play-bit him too, right on jowls. *All* the Hounds saw. I walked round stiff on toes, *most* proud. Then Hunt Terrier wriggled under gate without leave. Proper Man said to Missus: "He is pensioned now, but it would break his heart not to turn out with the rest. He can't hurt your dogs, poor fellow." Hunt Terrier walked on toes round me, and showed black teeth. I went paws-up, because he was old and dretful about knowing uncomfy things. He said: "I will let you off this time, Snipey, because you knew about Ravager sleep-hunting in Dark Covers. Dash narrow shave, that! Now I must go and look after the young entry. Not one dash-Hound among 'em." He went away and bitted at an old Lady-Hound, lemon-and-white with black bites on jowls. She said, and wrinkled nose dretful, but she did not chop. She sat and looked at Ravager through gate, and said to him—like Bell-Day, but more loud. Proper Man said: "Old Regan wants her tea. 'Fraid we must be going." They wented away. There was horns and horses and Pinks and Hounds jumping up and White saying names loud, and Ravager overed gate back again most beautiful. They wented all away—all—all.



Then Smallest said: "Boo-boo! See-see!" We came. He took necks very hard by collars. He said to Own Gods: "Look! Look! Own 'ounds! Own 'ounds! Tum on tea, 'ounds." . . .

Please, that is finish of all about me-and-Slippers.

THE END



Excavation-watchers, as a class, are very conscientious sportsmen.

Sporting Life *in* America

Watching

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by PETER ARNO

IF there is one sport which we Americans go in for wholeheartedly it is the grand old outdoor exercise of "watching." By "watching" is not meant "kibitzing," for a kibitzer takes things more personally than does a watcher. A kibitzer gets very close to whatever he is watching, usually a game of cards. Sometimes he is almost in the cards. Sometimes he even gets hit.

The watcher, on the other hand, is more or less detached and does his observing from a distance, as, for instance, a railing surrounding a building excavation. He offers no advice, as the kibitzer does. He doesn't understand much about what is going on down in the excavation. His game is more gazing than really watching. After a certain period of time he seems to have crossed the border between human beings and plant life and become a form of fungus. This is our watcher.

The most common watching-fields are found around the above-mentioned cellar excavations. Just dig a hole in the ground big enough for a donkey engine to chug around in, surround it with a fence to keep people from dropping in, and you will in three minutes have a crowd of busy Americans (oh, the rush and bustle of this money-mad land!) settled along the railing, who will follow the project through to the bitter end. If the hole is big enough, and you set some compressed-air drills to work, you will have half the population of the town fascinated to the point of stupor.

The rules for the game of watching, or unprofessional observation, are fairly simple. The watcher takes his position leaning against a wooden fence, resting the elbows on the top rail with the body inclined out into the sidewalk at an angle of perhaps twenty degrees. (There is an Australian game in which the players' bodies rest at a forty-degree angle, but in this game the player is supposed to sleep part of the time. There is no sleeping among American watchers, no siree!)

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"The Helen Chase?" the lawyer asked

"My wife always reads your complexion articles—and won't use any soap but Camay"

Can you imagine how surprised and pleased I was when a lawyer, whom I met at dinner the other night, told me he knew all about Camay and these complexion articles of mine?

He told me how pleased his wife had been when she read about a soap which had a really authoritative approval, because her skin was so very sensitive. And—that, ever since the first week she tried Camay, she had been most enthusiastic about its gentleness.

As a matter of fact, incidents like this are constantly coming up. I'm always running into people from every part of the country—relatives or old friends come from down home in Kentucky or friends of friends look me up. And letters and letters pour in—all telling me news about Camay.

But, really, you can't wonder at such popularity when you realize that the loveliest soap you can possibly use has been approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists.

If a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already your favorite beauty treatment, let me give you my word that there just never before was anything like Camay!

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

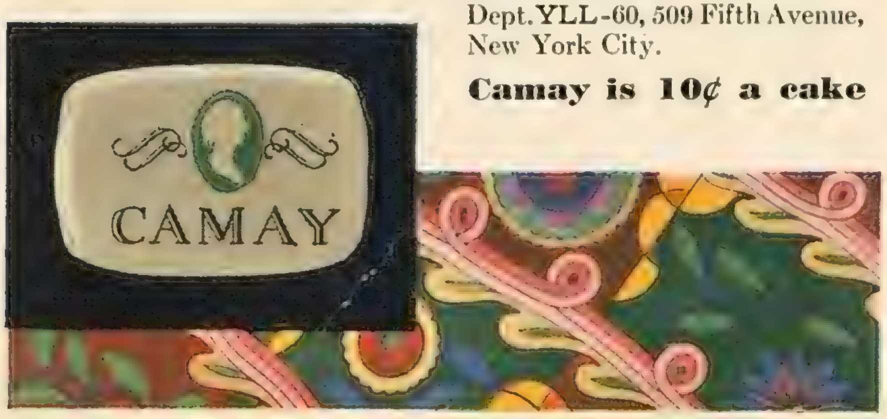
I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-60, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

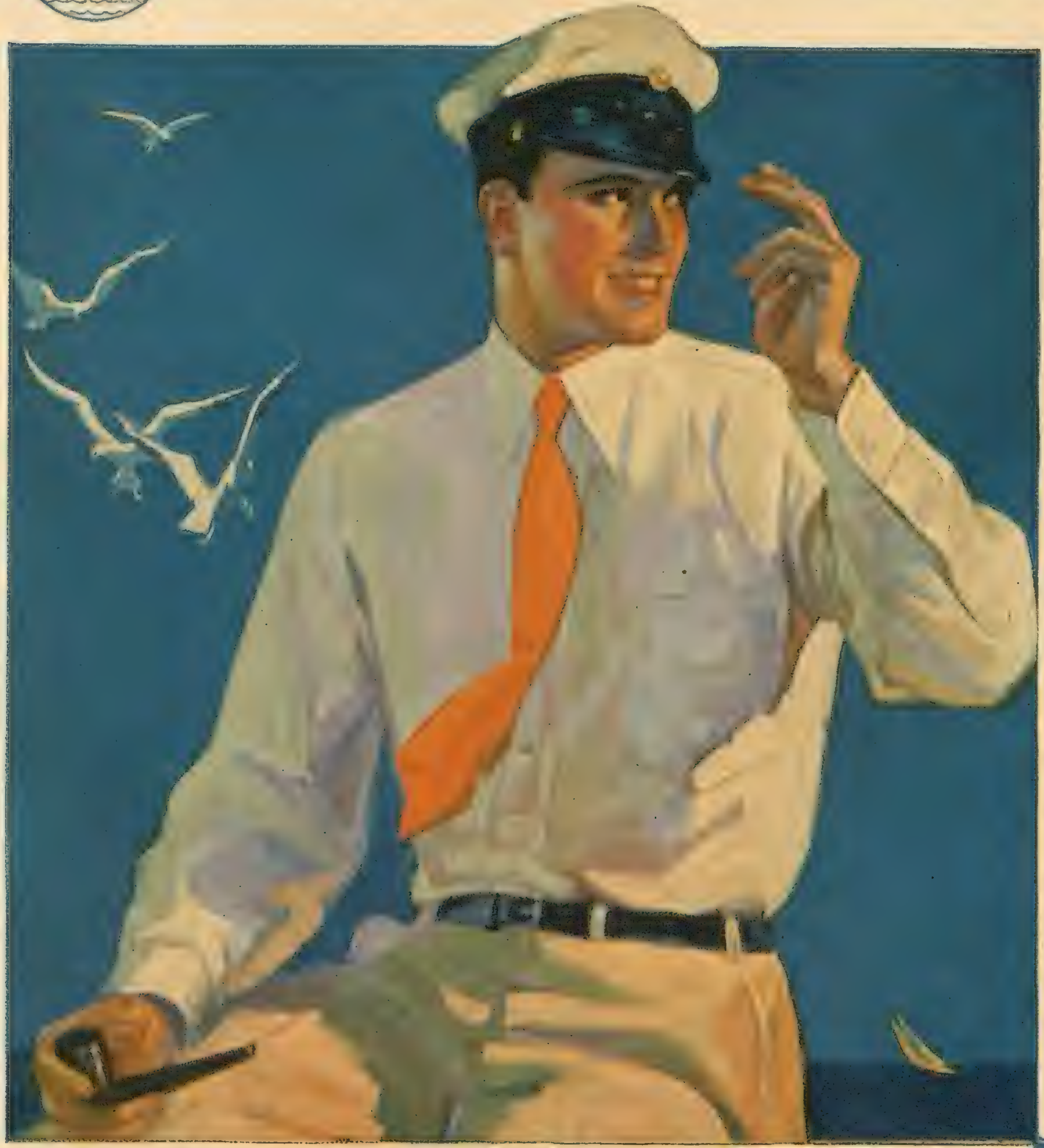
Camay is 10¢ a cake



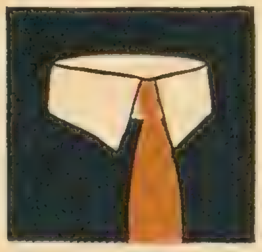
Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap—[called Calay in Canada]

On land or sea . . . all summer long . . . **Arrow's TRUMP**

is GUARANTEED *to* FIT . . . *and* FIT . . . *and* FIT . . . FOR GOOD!



If you like to "change off" to Trump in the neckband styles, as most business men do, you'll like DUNCAN, *the most popular of Arrow starched collars. Moderate points and a comfortable height. 25 cents, one dozen for $2.75.*



ARROW COLLARS

NEITHER salt spray nor penetrating soapsuds will change the perfect fit of Arrow's famous broadcloth shirt "Trump." For every Trump is treated (by Arrow's new "Sanforized" process) against shrinkage so that its Arrow collar, its sleeve-length, and its body length are flatly and fully *guaranteed* to fit and keep on fitting throughout the life of the garment. Henceforth you buy your correct size—no guesswork about it. Any good men's outfitter has Trump in lustrous white at $1.95—or in smart pastel colors (guaranteed fast) at $2.15.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N.Y. ARROW COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR

ARROW *Trump* SHIRTS

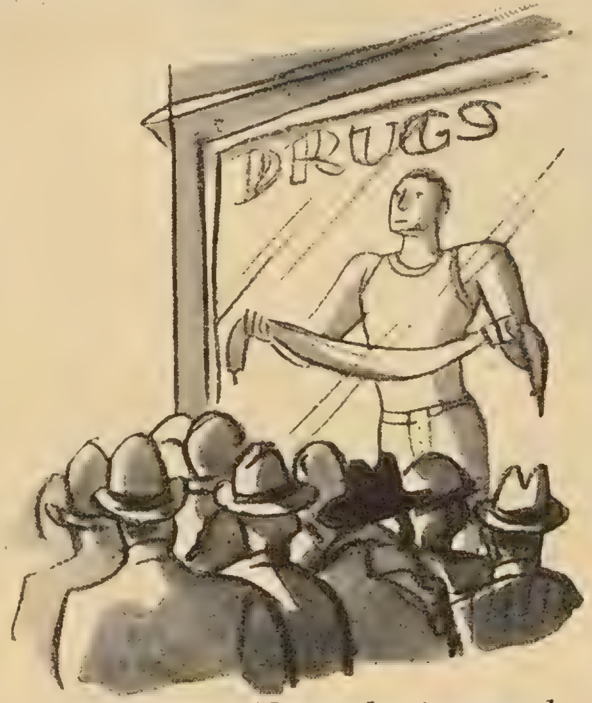
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Once in position, the player fixes his eyes on some one object in the excavation below and follows it carefully. This object is known as the "quarry." It may be either a workman, a chunk of rock, or the revolving wheel of an engine. As it moves about, either under its own steam or by some outside force, the player keeps careful watch of it until it has stopped. This counts him ten. If he loses sight of it somewhere in its course, either because of defective vision or because it gets behind some intervening object, he loses ten. If he can find two or more quarries which he can watch all at once, he becomes a master-watcher and may wear a gold eyeball on his watch-chain. The game is over when one watcher has got a thousand points, but as it begins again immediately, the result is not noticeable to passers-by.

Excavation-watchers, as a class, are very conscientious sportsmen. You very seldom catch them watching anything else when they are on an excavation job. Fire engines may go by in the street behind their backs, old ladies may faint over their very heels, and even a man with a sidewalk stand of bouncing dolls may take up his position on the curb across the street, but the cellar-hole boys stick to their post without ever so much as batting an eyelash. In fact, the eyelash-batting average of some of the old-timers has gone as low as .005 in a busy season.

THEY are also not averse to night work. If the boss decides that the job requires coming back after supper and digging by the light of flares and torches, the watchers are on hand without a word of complaint and may even bring along a couple of friends as helpers. I myself have been caught up by the spirit of the game at night and, in amateur circles, am known as something of a speed demon at night-excavation-watching. My eyes are a little weak for daytime work, but when the flares are throwing their hellish light over the jagged walls of rock and the little men are darting about like demons in purgatory (it must be the mystic in me that is fascinated) I find it hard to pass by without giving at least fifteen or twenty minutes of my time to a general survey of the scene. One night I became so enthralled by the inferno-like spectacle that I allowed my top hat to fall off into the abyss, where naturally it was lost and will probably turn up in a hundred years or so embedded in the wall of the foundations. This will cause no end of speculation among archæologists, for it had my initials in it and they will know that I never went in much for building, even in my heyday. "Jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-none" will probably be the sobriquet under which I shall go down in history as a result of this little incident. And even then they won't quite understand what I was doing laying foundations in a silk hat.

Once the framework of the building is up and the wooden observation bridge removed, the game of watching becomes a little more difficult. The players may then move on to the next excavation or get jobs in offices across the street where they can carry on their watching from the windows. In several offices where I have worked I should say that at least two-thirds of the office force had been recruited from the ranks of old excavation-watchers who had come up from the wooden bridge to keep an eye on the job as it progressed. It had become almost a religious frenzy with them. Give them a desk by a window overlooking a new building across the way and put a sheet of figures in their hands to be checked up and copied by four o'clock, and long before that time they will have had six large steel girders in place and twenty red-hot bolts tossed through the air, to say nothing of having assisted at the raising and lowering of a temporary elevator at least forty times. If it is possible to place a water cooler by the window which commands the best view of the construction work, you will soon have everybody playing the game.



An hour would not be too much to devote to this.

OF course, excavation- and construction-watching is not the only form this recreation takes. There are always drug-store windows. There is more variety in drug-store-window-watching, but it attracts a slightly more superficial crowd than an excavation. Their hearts aren't in it, and they stop and pass by with perhaps only a ten- or fifteen-minute wait. This is probably because of the frivolous nature of the exhibits.

A train of cars made out of cough-drop boxes running round and round in a circle may be all right for a quarter of an hour's fun, but it isn't getting buildings built. A man may profitably spend a few hours a week watching a red ball disappear in a mound of peanuts, but the human brain demands a little more to work on.

Of course, if there happens to be a man in the window demonstrating a strap which holds the trousers up and keeps the shoes on at the same time, *then* it would be worth while to stick around a bit. This comes under the head of scientific investigation. An hour would not be too much to devote to this, especially if you have a bundle to deliver or an appointment to keep in half an hour.

Unfortunately, however, window-demonstrating seems to be dying out as a trade. I don't think that I have seen a man standing in a window in his underclothes for over a year. There are still a few ladies who do legerdemain with day-beds, but that doesn't strictly come under the head of scientific research. Everyone knows how to work a day-bed by now. What we want is to see a new way to open bottles without a corkscrew, or a combination cuff and spat. Where have all those men gone who used to hold up three fingers at you through the glass, meaning that three times they had tried to break a watch crystal and now admitted themselves hopelessly defeated? Where are those martyrs to health who used to allow themselves to be shaken to a froth by electric vibrators? Wherever they are, they are holding up the wheels of window-watching, one of the noblest of America's outdoor games.

More of Mr. Benchley's philosophical observations will appear in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is syntax?

2—How many degrees in a quadrant?

3—What is an apostate?

4—What is an admiralty court?

5—In what states are the Bad Lands?

6—Who are the Basques?

7—What is a brochure?

8—How many square yards in an acre?

9—What is nonchalance?

10—What is a compound fracture?

11—What is the malar bone?

12—What does the French phrase *sans souci* mean?

13—Who is the god of dreams in classical mythology?

14—What is metrology?

15—Where is Johns Hopkins University?

16—What is the word of address to a Spanish matron? To an unmarried woman?

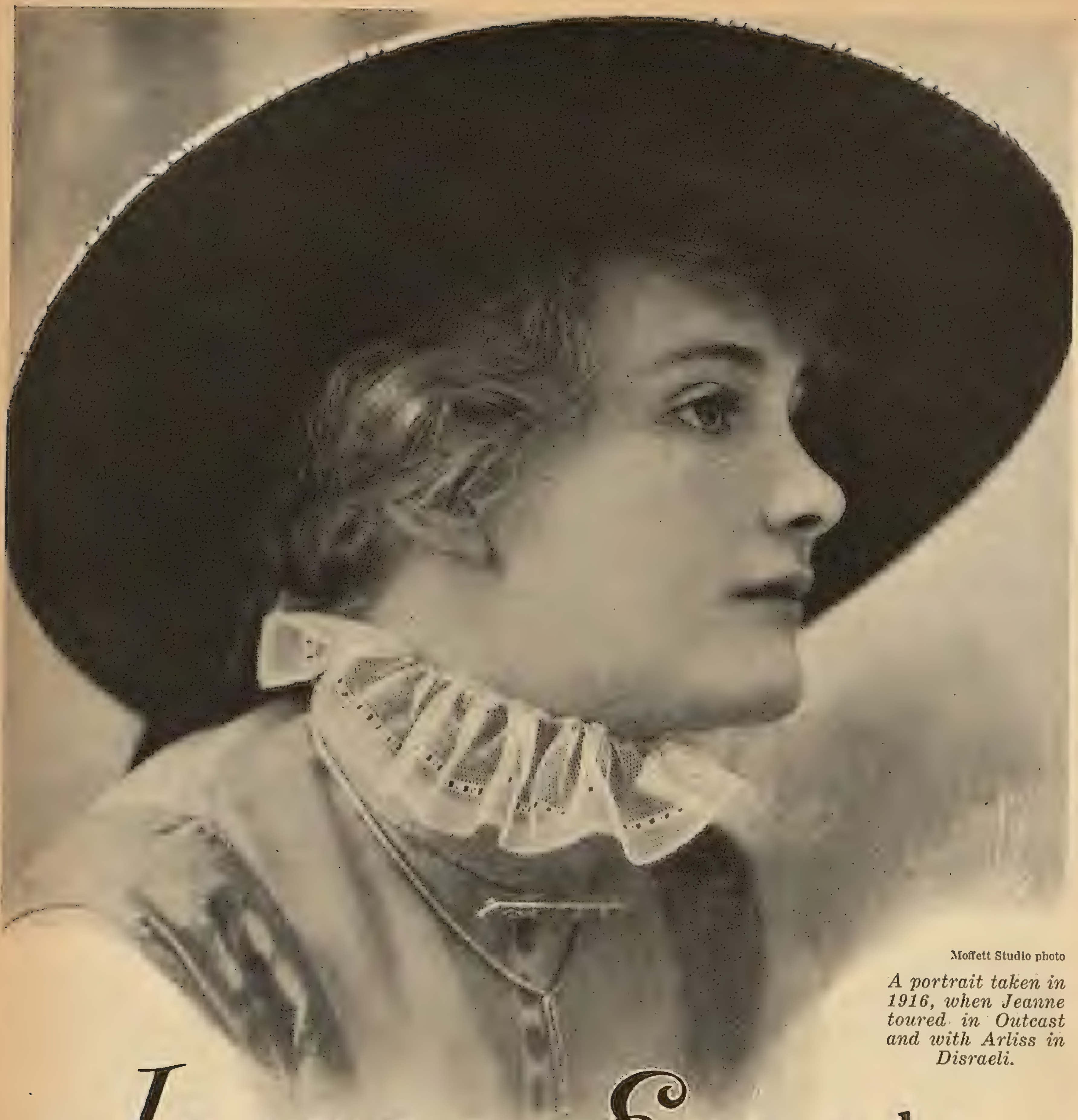
17—Who is the President of Mexico?

18—What South American countries were involved in the Tacna-Arica dispute?

19—What are the two largest cities in Canada?

20—North Cape is the northern extremity of what country?

(Answers will be found on page sixty-five)



Moffett Studio photo

A portrait taken in 1916, when Jeanne toured in Outcast and with Arliss in Disraeli.

Jeanne Eagels

A Pixie's School Days—The Tent-Show Trouper—Jeanne Takes a Hair-Pulling Chance, and Wins—Leading Lady at Fifteen

By EDWARD DOHERTY

INTRODUCING last week his story of the fitful fever that was Jeanne Eagels' life, Mr. Doherty sketched her tempestuous nature as Broadway saw it and as her friends knew it. He showed that she was not alone in her long-standing conviction that she was the world's greatest actress—and he recalled the tragic scene of her last night on Broadway, in a coffin in a funeral parlor, with only a devoted few beside her.

Then he went back to the beginning in Kansas City, where in 1890 Jean Eagles (her right name) was born to a Pennsylvania-Dutch father and a Kentucky-Irish mother. Even in early childhood she could act, and at eleven she made her first stage appearance, as Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

PART TWO

THE playing of Puck seemed to mark a definite period in Jeanne's life. It centered all her attention on herself as an actress, crystallized her ambition for a stage career, made everything else but the theater unimportant and rather dull.

School irked her more than it ever had. She had always been mischievous in school, and frequently her mother or Edna was compelled to come to the class room to promise the teacher that Jeanne would mend her ways. Jeanne went to St. Joseph's parochial school when her father had money, to the Morris public school when he had none. Jeanne behaved in the one as she did in the other.

She had a fondness for dill pickles, and if she couldn't get one from Ruby Stapp's father, she would wheedle a penny from her mother and buy one. And she thought nothing of taking a pickle to school with her.

One day Sister Alma Cecile called her to the desk.

"I smell pickles, Jeanne. Have you one?"

"No, Sister."

"What is that unsightly bulge in your stocking?"

"That's a pickle, Sister. It's in my stocking, but I haven't got it, have I?"

Jeanne quit school shortly after making her first communion.

Jeanne as a kid, with her baby brother Leo, who died.

As she looked in her seasons of triumph — "greatest actress in the world," or at any rate, a great hit on Broadway.

Strauss Peyton photo from Albert Davis collection

It was a rainy day, her first-communion day, and Jeanne, in her new white dress and her long veil, looked dismally down the street.

The church was only a block away, but she would be wet through before she reached it.

She must make her communion, but she must not get her dress wet. That dress represented the height of glory. To get it soiled was unthinkable.

Jeanne watched the rain for a little while, and other little girls watched her.

"You're going to get wet," they said, laughing, shout-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

If you are run down....fagged out constipated, and in fact

only half there

EAT YEAST MODERN IN FORM

"I'd like to eat yeast, but I can't stand the taste of it." If you are one of the thousands who have thought or said this, just try Yeast Foam Tablets and learn how good real yeast is. This yeast is pure, concentrated into easy-to-eat tablets, convenient to swallow, good to chew. No water, no starch, no other ingredients—just yeast. And high in its corrective powers.

Try these tablets for constipation, indigestion, skin disorders, "nerves," run-down conditions. There's nothing like them. That's why they are used by leading universities and by the U. S. Government.

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NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY,
1750 N. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.
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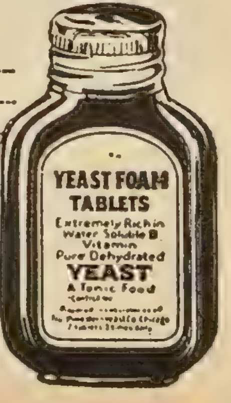


ON THE AIR . . .

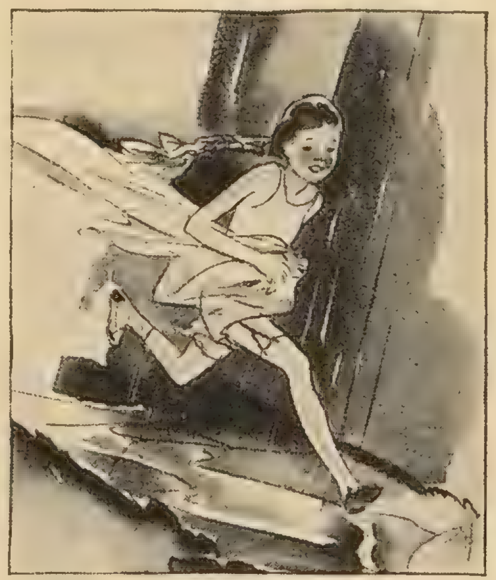
Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Daylight Saving Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers"—WJZ—WBZA WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page nineteen

ing, making a song of it, wondering what she would do.

Jeanne didn't keep them in suspense. She took off her veil. She took off her pretty dress, and folded it neatly. She stuck veil and dress under her petticoat. And while the other girls shouted that now she'd be arrested, she dashed down the rainy street to church.

Her long brown pigtails beat against her back. Her petticoat and her little white panties were soaking wet, but the dress and the veil were merely damp. She put them on as soon as she had gained the shelter of the church, marching to the altar rail like a little angel.



Picture by Earl Oliver Hurst

Ruby Stapp had gone to the country, but there were other girls to play with: Ruth Malone, Margaret Knowles, Anna Mall, Thecla Tempelman, and Alma Cohen.

Jeanne loved to go to Anna's house and listen to Anna playing the piano—and she enjoyed the coffee cake Anna's mother made. She'd go to church with Edna and Anna, or Thecla or Ruth, and sometimes she sang in the choir. And she'd go to the matinées with one of them. Alma worked in the confectionery store outside the theater.

Jeanne quit school to go to work. A friend got her a job in the stock room of a department store. She earned five dollars a week. On her first pay day she bought a blouse for her mother, a couple of theater tickets, and an account book for her father. She walked home to save carfare. And she had ten cents left.

JEANNE always treated money like that—something for her mother, something for her friends, something for herself, something for theater tickets. She might haggle over an item of five cents in a two-dollar luncheon bill—but she would tip the waiter fifty cents. She never gave a porter more than twenty cents for carrying her bags, no matter how heavy they might be. If he were worth any more, she felt, he wouldn't be a porter. When she bought her own vegetables and meats she would probably buy more than she could use—but neither the butcher nor the grocer would cheat her by half a cent.

Jeanne didn't stay long in the stock room. The work was too dull. She became a cash girl.

When the saleslady takes your money she shouts, "Cash," and a thin little girl comes running up. She takes the money, the merchandise, and the wrapping paper, and hurries away to some mysterious spot. In a few moments she comes running back with your purchase wrapped and tied, and your change, if any.

Cash girls need only good legs; and Jeanne was an indifferent cash girl. Her legs were swift enough—if thin—but her mind was not on her work. She was thinking of Georgia Brown's school, and of the people who played every day in O. D. Woodward's stock company.

Jeanne and Margaret haunted Georgia Brown's whenever possible, in the half hour for lunch, after work, Sundays, holidays. It mattered not so much if the school was closed. It was something merely to be near it.

IT isn't known whether Jeanne quit the store or was fired. She vanished anyway, and bobbed up in the office of Al Mackensen; a nice old man who claimed relationship to Field Marshal von Mackensen of the Imperial German Army. That is, he did until along about April, 1917. Mackensen had a casting office. He placed men and women in vaudeville, or burlesque, or tent or repertoire shows, and sometimes in musical-comedy companies on tour.

Jeanne felt like a stray cat that had wandered into a creamery. It was a thrill to meet actors and actresses, and to take part, however small, in getting them work on the stage.

It was Mackensen who sent her to the Dubinsky brothers, and so launched her on her career.

Before this eventful day Jeanne had had "plenty of experience." She took part in every play that Georgia Brown produced—In the Palace of the King, Ben-Hur, The Holy City, and others; and she had at times played little bits in the O. D. Woodward stock company.

Eva Lang was the leading lady of this company, and Jeanne adored her. It was not the usual adoration of a girl for a beautiful, gifted woman. It was the admiration of a child for a living goddess. She knew and imitated every gesture in Eva's acting, every intonation of her voice, every movement of her body.

There were matinées every Sunday, and Jeanne and her friends never failed to attend. Jeanne would sit silently all through the play, absorbed, her big eyes shining, alert, her ears remembering every phrase. Thecla couldn't bear to talk to her at these times. It was almost frightening to look at her, she was so spellbound.

After the play they would go to Jeanne's home, or Thecla's, or Margaret's, or Anna's; and there Jeanne would reënact the play.

Jeanne's closeness to Eva Lang,

when she became a member of the stock company, did not cool her ardor. When Eva gave her a red rose she held it in her hands until it fell apart, even taking it to bed with her, and scratching herself with the thorns. As a great favor to Margaret, she allowed her to smell it—but not to touch it.

Georgia Brown's school was upstairs over the theater, and Jeanne was distracted between theater and school. She would sit on the iron stairs just outside the school door, waiting for her cues on the stage, and listen to Georgia instructing her pupils.

When the cue came, shouted up by an obliging stage hand, Jeanne would come out of her study and scamper down the long flight of stairs, to arrive breathlessly in the wings—perhaps only to catch up a spear and strut on the stage as one of the mob; perhaps to speak a line or two: "The marster is not at 'ome. I wonder where 'e be. Ah, 'ere 'e comes now."

On her exit she would climb the stairs again, and rest outside the door. Miss Brown didn't like the necessity of keeping the door open, but Jeanne pleaded with her and had her way.

"If you close the door, Miss Brown, I'll have to stay inside, and I won't hear my cues. Or else I'll have to stay outside, and I won't learn anything."

SHE was too poor to pay Georgia Brown for lessons. She was too poor to go to a high school or college even if she had wanted to. Yet she gained as fine an education as most people do. Everything she did helped to educate her.

"Hold your mouth like a doughnut," she would hear Georgia saying to her pupils; "not like a safety pin. Round your words. Don't blur them. Say 'The poor girl with the world before her.' 'The poo-ah guh-ll with the wu-uld befo-ah huh.' Oh, don't laugh. If you are going to be actors and actresses you must learn to speak correctly. Don't say 'can't.' Say 'cahn't.'"

Jeanne would twist her mouth into the shape of a doughnut and say "the poor girl with the world before her" much as Georgia Brown had said it. The stage hand would bellow up to her through the megaphone of his horny hands, "Your cue, Jennie!" and Jennie—not Jeanne then—would rush down the steps saying, "Oh, it cahn't be time for my entrance. It simply cahn't!"

Jeanne learned that the business of being an actress meant work, unceasing work, work and study, and work. But no matter how hard the work, she was eager for it. She wanted people to think she was an actress long before she was. Her make-up box, bought with part of her cash-girl's wages, helped her.

Sitting under her front porch with one of her friends, she would apply grease paint and eyebrow pencil, and go for a walk or a street-car ride. And in a loud if childish voice she would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO, You Can't Hide It

With every breath you take millions of germs sweep into the mouth. They destroy teeth and gums and cause an odious condition none of us can forgive or forget. Dull yellow teeth, ugly tartar, decay and soft, receding gums reveal the presence of this condition known as Bacterial-Mouth. To have sound, sparkling white teeth and firm, pink gums get rid of this condition. Use a dental cream that kills the germs that lead to Bacterial-Mouth . . . KOLYNOS.

In 3 days you'll want to smile

TEETH will be 3 shades WHITER

USE the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique★ for just 3 days and see what happens when Bacterial-Mouth is removed.

Teeth look whiter, fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned. As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure. It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause offensive Bacterial-Mouth—that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.)

Moreover this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel—without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay, and firm pink gums—discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist — or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

★Saves Teeth . . Saves Money!

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way . . . to use a dental cream full strength . . . to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly . . . Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night . . . Dental cream lasts longer . . . Teeth look cleaner and whiter . . . Try this amazing Kolynos Technique.

KOLYNOS

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DENTAL CREAM

14-day tube

FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 67-L-83
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name..........
Street & No..........
City.......... State..........

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page twenty-one

exclaim, for the benefit of passengers, or mere passers-by, " Dear me, I had to come away from the theater in such a rush I didn't have time to take off my make-up."

It wasn't always easy for Jeanne to attend the theater, even while she was working. Sometimes she could get a pass, but usually she must have twenty-five cents. This was easy most of the times, but not when she had spent too much for Julie's present. There were times when she had to get the money from the drug store: buy half a dollar's worth of postage stamps, charge them up on the family bill—the Eagles were always buying medicines—and sell them for what she could. Usually she could get twenty-five cents for a theater ticket and five or ten cents more for caramels or a soda. Candy was almost a requisite. The girls were disdainful if one didn't have a bag of candy for the Sunday matinée.

Jeanne considered herself quite an actress when Richard Carle and his troupe came into Kansas City. She was a member of the stock company and, with Margaret Knowles and others, did a specialty dance.

Carle came back stage after one performance to express his appreciation, and to ask if he might pick out two girls to join his company.

Jeanne was transfixed. She stood and stared at the great comedian, her eyes eating him up. If he picked her—it would be unbearable if he didn't; she couldn't stand it. Of course he would pick her. Wasn't she the best in the company? Think of trouping with Carle! What would her mother say?

Carle picked out Margaret Knowles and another. Jeanne meant nothing to him. Nothing at all. It was a crushing blow. And Jeanne could have bitten Margaret when she came rushing up to cry out that Carle, the famous Richard Carle, wanted her in his show.

Margaret ran all the way home, two miles, to tell her mother the glad news, and to ask permission to join Carle's company.

" Trouping is it? " said Mrs. Knowles. " I'll troupe you. Go wash those dishes now, and get this trouping nonsense out of your head."

The juvenile Jeanne in her Kansas City school days, as an Indian girl.

It was some consolation to have Margaret confide this. It gave Jeanne the opportunity to say that her mother wouldn't let her go either, even if she wanted to go.

II

THE Dubinsky brothers were three. There was Maurice, the oldest, who started the family in the show business: an ugly little man with a host of warm friends; a kindly man, a bit gray when Jeanne first knew him, but young in heart, enthusiastic, gay. There was Ed, the middle brother, a tall brute of a man who was known through half a dozen states as Handsome Ed. And there was Barney, a smart boy who never said much, a boy who could read your mind, a boy who was willing to do anything he could to make life happier for you.

They were argonauts, these three, men who dreamed, and worked hard to make their dreams come true. None of them knew anything about the show business when they started. But that stopped none of them. They took the bitter with the sweet. They learned through error, and made money.

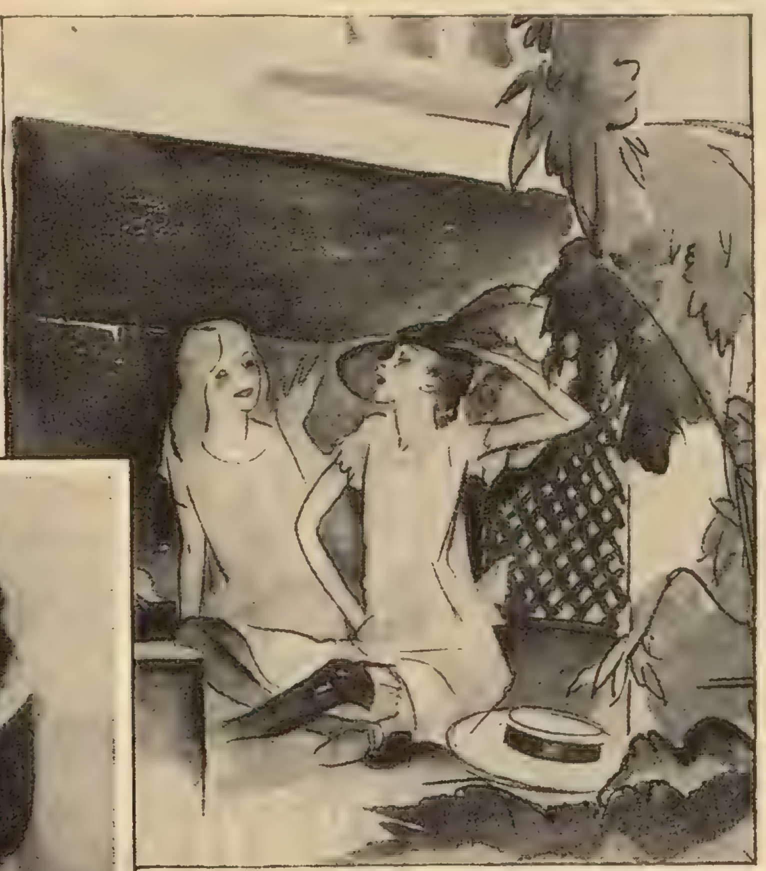
There are but two of them left today, and they are wealthy. They run moving-picture theaters now—and they still have the tent show.

Maurice, Jeanne's first great love, died a month after she did.

They hadn't seen many shows, these three brothers. Barney had no idea what a play was like. But, once Maurice decided that the show was the thing on which to build the family fortunes, the others agreed to help him.

MEN better versed in the theater have ruined themselves by organizing a group of actors and actresses and producing a play. Wise men fail every month on Broadway.

The Dubinskys knew what they liked; and once they found a play that pleased them they set about the work of getting players to rehearse it.



Picture by Earl Oliver Hurst

Sitting under her front porch with one of her friends, she would apply grease paint and eyebrow pencil.

When the play was " ready " they took it on the road, with sublime faith in themselves and their company, and played such theaters as there were in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and central and western Illinois.

Men of blood and salt, these Dubinskys, men of malleable steel, human, warm, unconquerable. When the play didn't suit they changed it. They watched the audiences for laughs, and for tears. They fired the actors who didn't " get over," and thrust themselves into the vacancies.

Maurice took charge of moving the show from town to town, and doubled as the villain. Handsome Ed traveled ahead of the show, making arrangements for its advent, " plugging," pasting up handbills and sticking signs in windows. Frequently he had to get money from an advance sale of tickets to send to Maurice before the troupe could travel. These trips were quick, sudden, after the last show. He had to make all arrangements in a day, or half a day, for he must play a part in the show as well as plug it. He was the leading man. Barney acted as box-office man, and played the juvenile.

When Sarah Bernhardt went to Texas she couldn't find a theater big enough to hold the audiences she expected. Someone had the happy idea of building her a huge tent, and taking the tent from one town to the other.

The Dubinskys followed suit. This tent could be used only in spring and summer. In the fall and winter the company performed in the " op'ry " houses or the village halls, or what theaters there were.

It was winter and bitter cold when the Dubinskys recruited Jeanne Eagels from Al Mackensen's casting office. She was then about fifteen years old, a long-legged girl with piles of fine brown hair—it was not bleached until she came to New York—and great shining eyes.

Maurice Dubinsky scribbled a name and address on a piece of paper and handed it to Jeanne. She took it as a knight might take his spurs.

"Go there and get your tights," Maurice said.

Jeanne went. A dozen other girls had preceded her, for the Dubinskys were casting a musical extravaganza called Pickings from Puck. They all had to be fitted. Women were busy with tape and pencil and paper.

"What are you?"

"Chorus girl."

"Chorus girl. Bust thirty-two. Neck eleven and one-half. Waist—"

"What are you?" Jeanne was asked when her turn came.

"Specialty dancer," she said, head held high and nose tilted proudly. "What did you think?"

"You look like a chorus girl to me," was the answer. "But I'll call Dubinsky and make sure."

The costumer had Dubinsky on the phone in a moment, explaining that one of the chorus dames had turned out to be a high-class specialty dancer, and asking what he should do about it.

Maurice laughed gently.

"Maybe she is," he said. "But give her some tights like the rest of them. I'll find out later about her dancing. I'll keep my eye on that girl. I like that. Specialty dancer, eh? And the only one in the crowd. That's good."

THE show went wandering through the middle west in two cars. One car held baggage and scenery. The other held baggage and props and twenty-two people, though the Dubinskys, in order to get the cars, had to pay for twenty-five seats.

The cars were unloaded at the railroad station, which was usually a mile or more from the village. Horses and wagons would carry trunks, props, and scenery. The troupers would walk, carrying their luggage.

It was bitter cold all that first season, and sometimes, lying in an attic bed, Jeanne could see the stars through the roof, and wake in the morning to find snow on the patchwork quilt, and solid ice in the bowl and pitcher that rested on the rickety dresser.

She would shiver as she dressed, and hurry down to the dining room, not so much for breakfast as for warmth. After breakfast she might venture out for a walk. There was a thrill in having people turn and look at her—"one of the actresses"; a thrill in the envious stares of little girls, and even in the suspicious glances of the women. Jeanne might know what those women thought of her: "Hm! One o' them painted play-actors! Kind o' purty though, ain't she?" She might suspect what they were thinking, but what did it matter?

Small towns, she found, were all more or less alike—wide main street; men sitting on the sidewalks in the summertime, sunning themselves, whittling, telling stories, eying the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Mothers!

$3300 in prizes

(a) For a NEW NAME for MENNEN BABY OIL
(b) For the BEST LETTERS on MENNEN BABY OIL

Name Contest Prizes

First Prize	$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
25 $10.00 Prizes	250.00
80 $5.00 Prizes	400.00
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	150.00

Letter Contest Prizes

First Prize	$500.00
Second Prize	250.00
Third Prize	100.00
25 $10.00 Prizes	250.00
80 $5.00 Prizes	400.00
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	150.00

BABY Oil is a new product of the laboratories of The Mennen Company famous as the makers of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum.

It is high grade, sterilized, medicated blend of oils, specially prepared for the massaging, general care, and protection of baby's body.

We want a better name for "Mennen Baby Oil"—and are asking the mothers of the country to help us. There is nothing to buy. Simply go to your neighborhood druggist and he will give you a FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil and Entry Blank.

Use the oil on your baby—note how soft and smooth it leaves his skin; how it protects him from chafing and irritation. Note the feel of the oil on your own hands, and its pleasant odor.

"NAME CONTEST"

To win a share of the first set of prizes enter the "name contest". Use the Entry Blank that is wrapped around the FREE sample of Mennen Baby Oil which your druggist will give you and send us not more than three suggested names for this new product. Suggest to us a short name that will be easy to pronounce, easy to remember and possibly descriptive, a name that does not limit the use of the product to child or adult—a name that we can use to individualize the product.

"LETTER CONTEST"

Enter this contest to win a share in the second set of prizes. Write us a letter of not more than 300 words, using the following topics as your subject matter:

What is your regular procedure in the use of Baby Oil on your baby, and what uses have you found for Baby Oil in the general care of baby's body and the protection of baby's skin?

What would be your procedure in applying Baby Oil and talcum powder to baby's body to prevent chafing and skin irritation?

Also tell us how you like the smoothness, feel and delicate scent of the Mennen Baby Oil which the druggist will give you as a sample, and how would you use Mennen Baby Oil on your own body?

RULES OF CONTEST

will be found wrapped around the FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil which your druggist will give you upon request. Go to him today for the complete rules of the contest, Entry Blank, and FREE Sample. Here are a few of the rules:

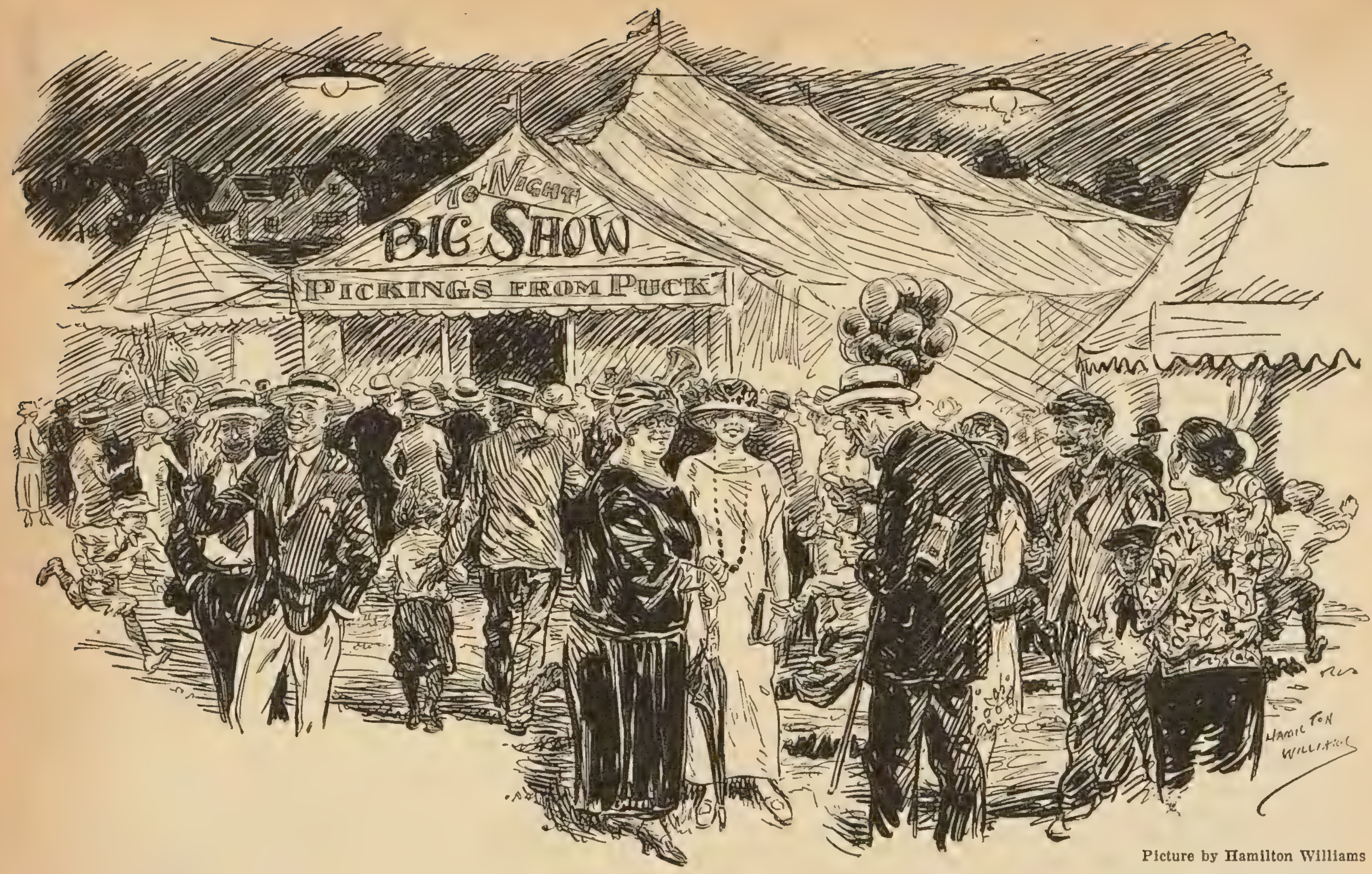
1. Entrants may compete in one or both contests as they prefer, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelopes.
2. All entries must be mailed in sealed envelopes postage prepaid, addressed—The Mennen Company P. O. Box No. 1605, Newark, New Jersey. (No other correspondence concerning the contest can or will be given consideration.)
3. Entry Blanks must be obtained from your druggist, with a FREE Sample.
4. Contest opens May 1st, 1930, and closes midnight June 30, 1930. (Entries post marked later will not be considered).

MENNEN BABY OIL
MENNEN BORATED BABY TALCUM

THE MENNEN COMPANY, P. O. Box No. 1605,
Newark, N. J.

MENNEN
BORATED
TALCUM
—
BABY
OIL

SPECIAL OFFER
For a limited time only your druggist will give you a FREE can of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum if you purchase a bottle of Mennen Baby Oil at 50c.



Picture by Hamilton Williams

She realized what such a show as Pickings from Puck meant to these hard-working people.

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page twenty-three]

women who passed; horses drowsing, switching flies with their tails; a village square where the courthouse was; all the churches painted white, and all the schoolhouses painted red. The hotel was always slapbang up against the railroad station—when the railroad station was actually in the town—and you heard all the trains, especially the freights.

BUT there were trees, and Jeanne loved trees. There weren't many near her home in Kansas City. Here they were common. In summer they made a mosaic of shadows on the street. In the fall they were gorgeous, russet and yellow and orange and brown and red. But in winter they were the most beautiful. They were white, lacy, shiny in the sunlight, spectral in the dark.

The theater might be a regular opera house with a stage and footlights—though there would probably be a post in the middle of the stage or it might be a bare cold room over a grocery store, with a row of kerosene lamps for footlights, and only a wall to prop the scenery against. Sometimes, but not often, it was a real theater.

There was seldom a dressing room, even in the best theaters, and never more than one dressing room. The gag always was, " What do you need a dressing room for? Aren't you all on speaking terms with each other? "

The Dubinskys always laughed at this wise crack, because it was good business to laugh.

If there was a dressing room the girls used it, and the boys dressed out in the alley, or found a room in the nearest saloon.

Every time the troupe came into a town they would give a parade, with everybody in his best clothes. All the horses obtainable would be used, and those who didn't double in brass would carry banners. Jeanne, who looked like a child of ten or eleven, usually led the parade.

In her early teens—yet leading lady.

Jeanne got used to the life, and, for all its inconveniences, she loved it—the long walk from the depot, carrying her suitcase, the registering at " The Grand " or " The Palace," or " The Mansion House," the stares of the traveling men, the assignment of rooms, the parade, the first performance, the sight of strange and enthusiastic audiences, the last curtain, the chilly room, the heavy blankets and quilts, the sudden departure after the last show to catch the train for the next town, the weary trek to the depot in the dark and the biting cold, the unheated car, the uncomfortable seat, the forty winks with your neck stiffened by its unnatural position, the arrival at the next town. It was a routine that seldom varied.

YET it did vary in every town. It varied every night, for every audience was different. People drove in to town from farms miles and miles away, taking mattresses and blankets and pillows in the wagons so that the tired children might sleep on the way home. Women held babies in their arms, and changed them or nursed them, openly and naturally, while they watched the play. Old soldiers were there, farmers in overalls redolent of the barns, traveling salesmen, the schoolma'am, the village constable—he came to every show to see there was order and decorum—women who had never seen a show before and didn't quite know what to do, women who were superior and didn't mind letting everybody know it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Is it the right oil for your engine just because it was made from this or that crude?

Motorists sometimes choose an oil for their engines because it was made from a particular crude. Is this safe?

The most eminent oil scientists say, "No, it is not."

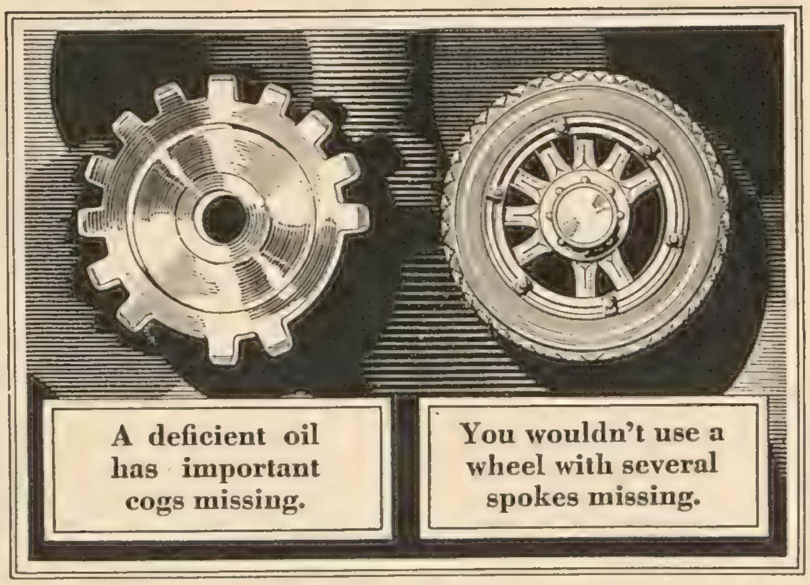
The *crude* from which an oil is made cannot control the lubricating quality of that oil. It may be one of the best crudes, yet the oil may be unsuited for your engine.

The makers of Mobiloil know that *crudes* alone never settle lubrication quality. Only skilled manufacturing can do that.

The manufacturing of Mobiloil takes place in the world's most modern lubricant plants. It is guided by the world's most experienced staff of lubrication experts. And the vacuum process—developed by the Vacuum Oil Company—is the process which made possible the manufacture of modern lubricating oil from mineral crudes.

WHAT PROPERTIES ARE ESSENTIAL?

In deficient oils, certain essential properties are missing. For example, your oil may be low in carbon-deposit, high in heat-resistance, yet be a poor oil because it has not enough *oily character* for your engine. Mobiloil gives you *all* these properties in correct proportion.

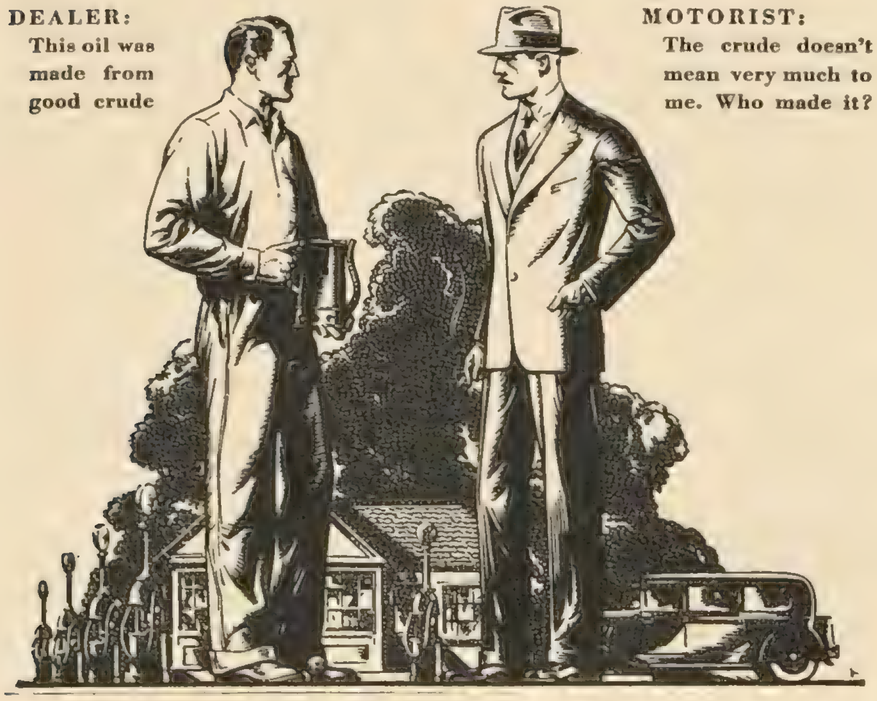


A deficient oil has important cogs missing.

You wouldn't use a wheel with several spokes missing.

- **Carbon Control**—keeps down carbon in your cylinders.
- **Heat Resistance**—makes your oil last longer.
- **Oily Character**—protects moving parts from wear and keeps the first-year feel in your engine.
- **Oxidation Control**—prevents gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of passages in oiling system.

If you want a *full duty* oil for your engine—with nothing missing—you will find a reliable guide to it in the Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer.


DEALER:
This oil was made from good crude
MOTORIST:
The crude doesn't mean very much to me. Who made it?

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here for
GARGOYLE
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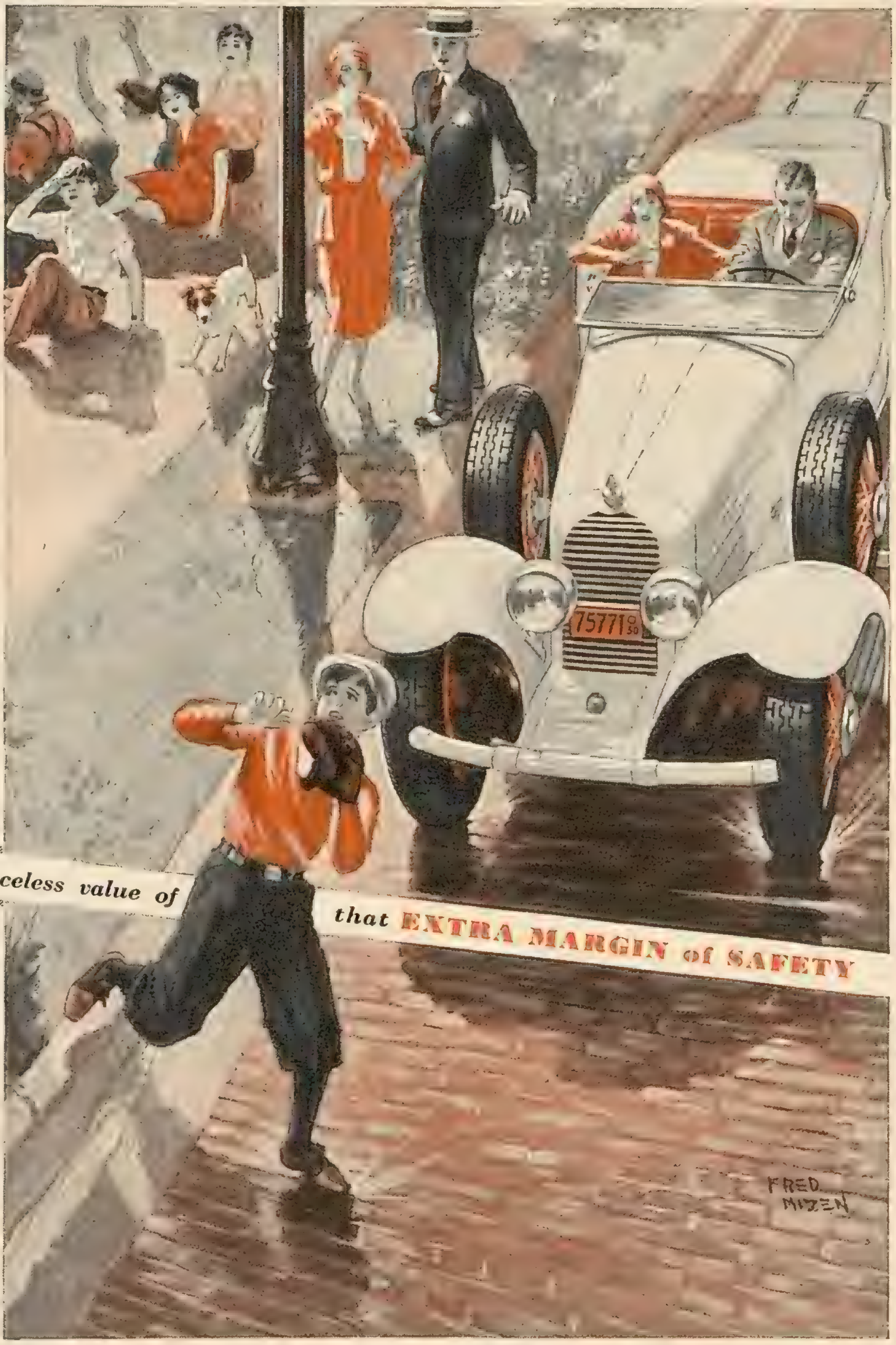
A home run into the street – – and the outfielder STEPS INTO YOUR PATH !!

When the sudden emergency comes up—the split second that tests all the *ability* of your tires to grip and hold—how much is the extra margin of a few feet worth—sometimes even a few inches—when it separates you from a probable fatality?

The *Dual*-Balloon multiplies the natural tendency of rubber to grip and hold. There are extra cushions of soft rubber, built-in shock absorbers, that let the whole tire grip the road with a closer, clinging traction. This extra "give" inside the tire, plus the lower pressure and the biggest mileage you've ever known all combine to give you the full measure of safety. Safety in the freedom from running on risky rubber at high speeds. Safety in the ability to negotiate a sudden turn at straight-on speed when there is no alternative. Safety in the ability to take hold and stop *just short* of an impact.

These are not fictitious claims for the *Dual*-Balloon. They are facts that you can prove by any comparison you want to make. They are facts that have made millions of car owners realize the priceless value of that *extra margin of safety.*



Split seconds that make you realize the priceless value of that EXTRA MARGIN of SAFETY

—goes a long way to make friends

Complete motion picture films (including slow motion detail) showing a series of non-skid tests of all types of tires on snow and ice and on wet pavement, will be furnished Automobile Clubs and other organizations for use in safety first campaigns. Car owners can obtain illustrated bulletins of these tests. Address your General Tire Dealer or the General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

THE WORLD'S SAFEST TIRE

The GENERAL Dual-BALLOON 8

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

The hotel proprietor was there, and the clerk—who winked when he thought he had your eye—and some of the men you had seen that afternoon in front of the general store, men with tobacco-stained mustaches and beards, men in corduroys who looked unnatural without a knife in one hand and a stick of wood in the other, men who chawed tobacco all during the performance, and spat on the floor, and applauded with loud voices when the villain took that, and that! There were boys who whistled for virtue triumphant, and hissed the villain. And there were girls who sat popeyed and hardly breathed until the curtain fell.

Jeanne loved them all, watching them from the stage. And she was glad that she was there to entertain them. She realized what a show—what any diversion, but especially a show such as this Pickings from Puck—meant to these hard-working people. She knew they would talk about the show for weeks, date events from it—“before that Dubinsky show,” or after it—and she hoped they would remember her especially, and the little dance that Maurice Dubinsky allowed her to give between the acts.

But she was not content to remain a chorus girl, or a specialty dancer. And when the chance came for her to take the leading lady's part, she seized it gladly.

Pauline Westerley was the leading lady, until one night in darkest Iowa she lost her job through a sensational incident.

IT was in the middle of the first act, and Pauline was singing her song, when a long-whiskered man jumped out of his seat in the first row and vaulted on to the stage.

Whether he was annoyed by Pauline's charms or her voice, or whether he had filled up on Iowa corn liquor, has never been learned. Neither was it ever ascertained whether he had known Pauline before, or whether he had seen her for the first time that evening. He might have been a mere critic. Not that it matters.

He walked across the boards, knocking over a kerosene lamp with his boot, took the amazed young woman by the throat, and began to throttle her. The audience realized in a moment or two that it was not part of the play and ceased to applaud. The stage people realized the man's mistake at once, but nobody did anything. Pauline's husband fled. Others fled. The Dubinskys, who were not “on” at the time—they were counting up the receipts—were apprised by screams that something had happened.

But before they could lend Pauline a hand, “Props” had rushed to the rescue. He had seen Pauline's hubby diving through an exit, and knew that he wasn't going for a doctor. Props picked up a handy crowbar and pried the garroter off his victim.

Pauline was rushed to a doctor's office, and the man to the calaboose. The constable had him by the neck, b'gosh, now that Props had made him easy to drag; and he lingered in the lockup until after the show had gone.

Pauline was badly hurt. The doctor said it would be weeks before she could play her part again. Jeanne went at once to Maurice and told him she knew all Pauline's part and could play it as well as Pauline, if not better.

Handsome Ed and Barney agreed with Jeanne. And so Jeanne became a leading lady at the age of fifteen.

Jeanne played the part the next night, and the audience was vociferous in its applause.

Pauline returned to the theater in less than a week—as many another sick or injured actress has done—on learning that her understudy was making a hit. She found Jeanne making up to go on.

“I'm back,” she said. “Get out of my costume.”

“Get out of your costume? Get out of my way!”

PAULINE struck first. But Jeanne struck second, and with better aim and effect. Pauline resorted to her pitching arm. She threw a bottle of hair tonic. Jeanne ducked. The bottle smashed against a wall. Jeanne retorted with a hairbrush. Pauline didn't dodge.

Immediately the air in the dressing room, so-called, was full of flying shoes, powder boxes, grease paints, and various other things. And when everything had been thrown, the girls stood toe to toe and scratched, and yanked hair, and slapped, and punched, and kicked.

Jeanne was still the leading lady when the show came back to Kansas City.

When Jeanne had left to go with the Dubinskys, she had done so with her mother's grudging consent and the advice, “Well, if you must, I suppose you must. And if you must be an actress, be the best actress in the world.” Jeanne promised.

Now that she had returned, a leading lady who had been a chorus girl, Jeanne rushed home and told her mother that she had kept her promise.

But they didn't play Pickings from Puck in Kansas City. They put on a melodrama called Grit, the Newsboy, and Handsome Ed was almost the entire show.

Jeanne was subordinate to him. But do you think she was disheartened at that? Not so. She was playing a real part in a real show in a real city. And if that wasn't getting somewhere, what was it?

Next week Mr. Doherty will tell how love and, so they say, marriage came to Jeanne before her sixteenth birthday; how motherhood came, and she gave up her child for the life of a tent-show trouper; how she played in “the sticks” for six years, and then packed up to try New York.

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Great Swope Plague, the fourth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500

To Richard Brinsley Sheridan
(Fellow of the American Institute of Chemists),
29 Virgil Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

SECOND PRIZE—$250

To C. L. Isley, Jr.,
1821 Galloway Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

To Dr. E. E. Violette,
7139 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

To George E. Taylor,
Burlingame, Kansas.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To Madelaine Archer, 5283 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, California; Constantine M. Perkins, Colonel, U. S. M. C., retired, 45 Broad Street, Plattsburg, New York; Glenn D. Whisler, Attorney at Law, Room 1007, 308 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio; and C. E. Filbert, M.D., 2709 Twenty-fourth Avenue, Tampa, Florida.

Prize awards for the fifth problem—The Mystery of the Old Church Belfry—will be announced next week.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated. Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible.

The series was completed in last week's issue, but since four weeks are allowed for the sending of solutions the lists are still open on The Mystery of the Target Range, which appeared in Liberty for May 10, The Mystery of the Typhoid Oyster, which appeared in the issue of May 17, and The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, in the issues of May 24 and May 31. The time-limit rule is that, to be considered, any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story was completed.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A scene from the latest war film, All Quiet on the Western Front.

A Martial Masterpiece

And Something for Messrs. Whiteman and Chevalier

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S book, All Quiet on the Western Front, which was a best seller here and in many European countries last year, was picturized for Universal by George Abbott and Maxwell Anderson. They did splendid work. It is a graphic and intensely moving picture of one young German's experience in the war from 1914 to 1918. From schoolroom to drill field to trench and thence through mud, gunfire, hunger, and agony to death. That is the story. It is more a series of sketches and scenes than a story. There is no plot, unless the war may be so designated—one gigantic plot in which the characters are legion. It is depressing, but it is real. Lewis Milestone directed it with understanding and sympathy. The acting of the men assigned to the soldiers' rôles was an artistic accomplishment. Louis Wolheim, Lewis Ayres, John Wray, Raymond Griffith, George Summerville, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, Scott Kolk, Walter Browne Rogers, Ben Alexander, and Owen Davis, Jr., have the important rôles.

Paul Whiteman in King of Jazz. At the left and right, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in The Cuckoos.

★ ★ ★ KING OF JAZZ

Universal's two most ambitious enterprises are being released simultaneously, but they are different indeed. All Quiet is perhaps the finest production Universal has ever turned out, and King of Jazz is the most lavish. The latter was directed by John Murray Anderson.

It is the epitome of jazz, this extravaganza done in Technicolor. Paul Whiteman, the jolly old soul, has the title rôle.

The director has achieved some beautiful stage pictures, notably the sketch called The Bridal Veil, and the setting for Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. John Boles sings It Happened in Monterey and Song of the Dawn. William Kent has one funny sketch. Jeanette Loff, Laura La Plante, and Merna Kennedy add their beauty to the attractiveness of the colored scenes.

It is all very gorgeous, but in spite of, or maybe because of it, the picture drags a little in spots.

A novel is put into celluloid and sound: Ginger Rogers in Young Man of Manhattan. At the right, Norman Foster in the same film.

A line of girls, from King of Jazz, glorifying a Gargantuan piano.

★ ★ THE BIG POND

Paramount tried an experiment with Maurice Chevalier which didn't turn out so well. Instead of featuring him in a revue or a musical comedy concoction they put him into a straight comedy, with an absurd story, in which he didn't have a chance to do the stuff that has made him famous. Claudette Colbert plays opposite Chevalier and she is most alluring as the romantic American girl, but it is such a silly part that it seems a shame to waste her in it.

The Big Pond gives you Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, and George Barbier.

This might possibly have been written for the French market, because it makes fun of American business men in a way that would delight a French audience, but will hardly please Americans. On the whole, I consider The Big Pond an awful waste of good material.

★ ★ YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

Up to the time of seeing Journey's End and All Quiet on the Western Front in the movies, I'd never seen a book I'd read nor a play I'd seen on the stage produced on the screen without finding it altered almost in its entirety. But now, after the faithful reproduction of the war plays, comes Katharine Brush's novel, Young Man of Manhattan, translated to the screen by Director Monta Bell just as the author told the story.

It is an interesting modern love story. The young husband is a newspaper sports writer, and the wife writes a syndicated column about the movies. The menacing element which gives rise to the drama between these two who love each other devotedly is the jealousy aroused in the husband by his wife's superior position. The struggle between them is a superficial one, so the drama does not grip you with any force. Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert are fine as the husband and wife, although the former's voice is a little immature.

★ ★ THE CUCKOOS

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, plus Jobyna Howland, furnish a number of good hearty laughs in this Radio picture, The Cuckoos. It was directed by Paul Sloane and taken from the musical comedy, The Ramblers, which Clark and McCullough starred in a couple of seasons ago.

A few new songs are added to the old favorites of the piece. The love story is not very interesting. The comedians make the show.

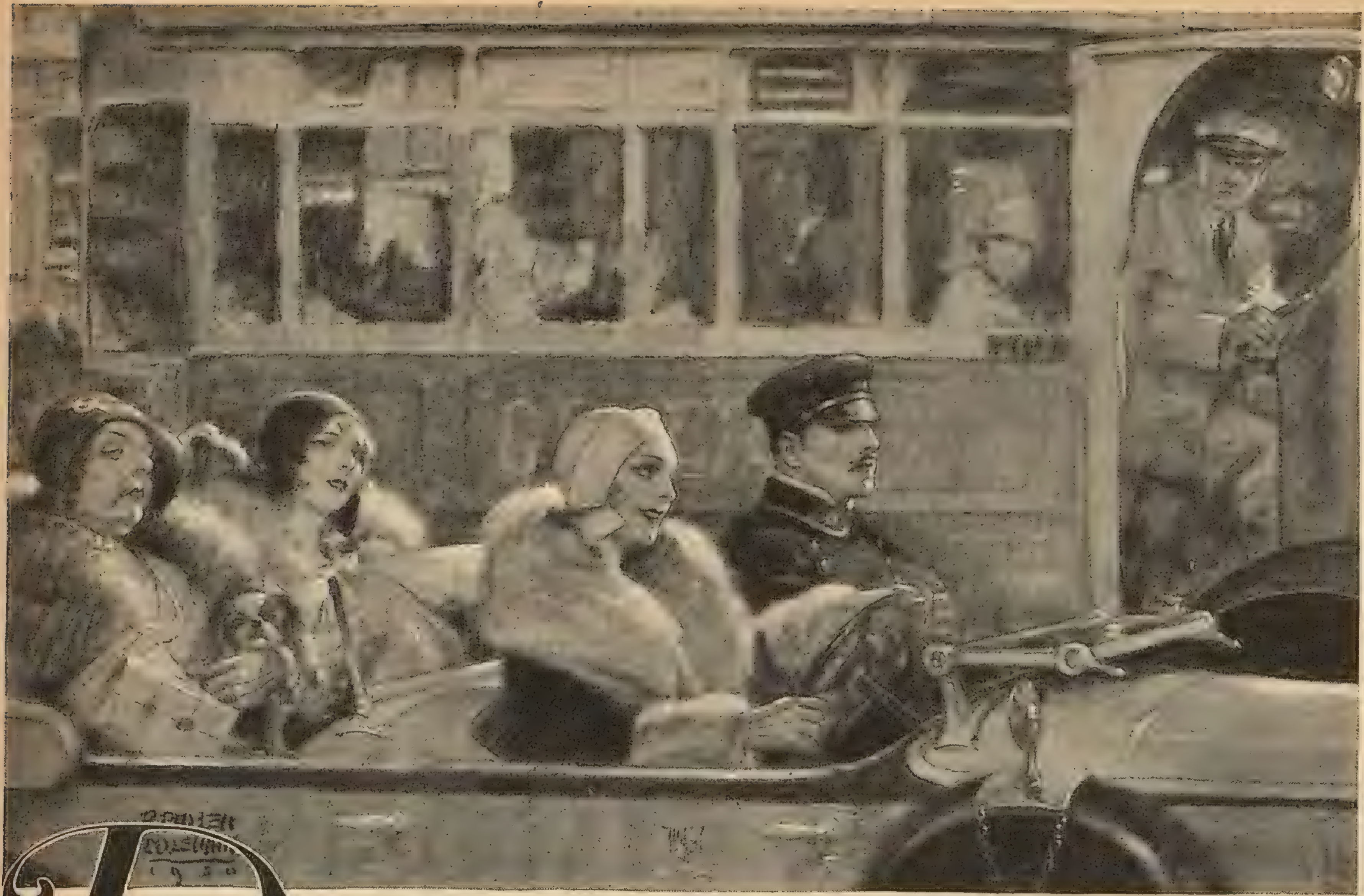
Do you know that—

Goodie Montgomery, who has just been given a contract by Fox Films, is the niece of Dave Montgomery, who was half of the famous team of Montgomery and Stone? . . . The first grand opera to be recorded on the talking screen is Pagliacci, which has just been completed by Audio-Cinema, Inc.?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—Paramount on Parade, Journey's End.

★★★—Free and Easy, High Society Blues, Hold Everything, The Divorcee, Ladies of Leisure, The Man from Blankley's, Show Girl in Hollywood.



If the scarlet and cream sports car slipped past you, more than likely Shannon would be driving.

Diamond and PLATINUM

The Story of a Gold-Digger's Sister

By

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

twenty-four, married and a writer of poetry and fiction since she was six. She was born in London and lives there now. Like many authors, she is an eager traveler. Last winter she visited New York.

Pictures by R. PALLEN COLEMAN

WHEN you came to think of the way that Shannon O'Day had managed her career, you could not help feeling a grudging admiration for her, whatever your views might be about that particular kind of success. She had focused upon it all the shrewd cleverness that would have made her a good financier or a brilliant scoundrel; she had fostered it from its first beginnings with the genial unscrupulousness of one who is untroubled by the least tiresome shred of moral sense.

And those beginnings, if you were interested enough to delve back as far into the O'Day history, were not at all dazzling. They might have surprised anyone who had not given careful study to Shannon's much photographed face and noticed the curiously steely strength of the jaw line, the ruthless expression of determination that brought something bitter and a little repelling to the curves of her mouth.

Life had not been too easy for Shannon. Here she was at twenty-seven, with a coronet on the doors of the mad scarlet and cream sports car in which she drove herself about town; here she was, with a visible symbol of success in the armload of diamond and platinum that had a glittering inch or two added to it every season. They were like steps, those bracelets. Hard, calculating little steps from the top of which she sometimes paused to look back, with a kind of contemptuous affection, at the Shannon O'Day who stood on the other side of a chasm of ten years.

At seventeen she had been selling stockings, not very intelligently, in a big Regent Street store. But you were likely to overlook the fact that she was giving you the wrong shade and probably the wrong size as well, for under those hard white lights, in that overheated atmosphere of noise and garish color, her beauty fairly blazed out at you. In those days she had not started to bleach her hair, fair and damply curling as a baby's. She was like a blonde young goddess in a little rag of a black dress; a young goddess who would open perfect lips to cry in a nerve-racking London twang, "Oh, aren't you *chronic!* Reely? Oh, you do make me *larf!*"

Soon she had found a place as mannequin in a fashionable dress shop, where the daylight filtered almost apologetically into a sea-green hush of crystal wall lights and plushy jade carpets over which Shannon learned to glide, insolent eyes fixed blankly on the faces of the watching women. At the same time she moved into a tiny flat of her own, full of pink cushions and chalky-faced Parisian dolls that lolled among them, legs and arms hanging in grotesque collapse. The man who paid the rent of the flat taught her a number of things for which she was eternally grateful. She could not quite get rid of that tough little cockney accent, but she learned to drop "reely" and to scream "my dee-ah!" with a lift of plucked eyebrows above those amazing eyes.

From there it was only a short step to the chorus of the Summer Palace Theatre. It was about this time that she acquired the Shannon and the O'Day.

HER ancestors had never got closer to Ireland than Hoxton, but the name had a good swing to it, and her photographs started appearing in the glossy pages of the weekly press. A Perfect (O') Day at the Summer Palace, and Shannon stripped down to the briefest of sequin tunics, one leg absurdly overdressed in a gigantic cuff of ostrich feathers. Or Shannon hiding behind a monster shamrock, or twisted in a transparent black lace shawl through which her body was dazzlingly sleek and phosphorescent.

The first two-inch strip of diamond and platinum appeared on her arm just about then, and the first hint of ruthlessness settled at the corners of her young mouth. At the Summer Palace they were astute enough to give her a small part, in which she looked astounding and sang a *risqué* lyric with cheerful disregard for time and note.

By now she was in a much larger flat off Curzon Street. Here there were no pink cushions or limp Pierrot dolls, but there was a painted Venetian bed, and orchid silk curtains drew back with a soft rush to let in the late morning sunlight. Little by little she was acquiring the experience, the adroitness, the unswerving determination necessary to bring off, at the age of twenty-two, the triumph of a singularly triumphant career.

The announcement of Shannon O'Day's engagement to the fourteenth Viscount Firminger fell as manna upon the grateful press in an arid season. Photographs showed the young couple radiant, Shannon brightly possessive, Firminger swallowing his chin behind a high wing collar. The family stock, springing originally from the illegitimate son of lusty peasant blood and a royal duke, had run a little thin by the time it reached him. His eyes were good-natured, but his mouth had not a chance against that steely jaw

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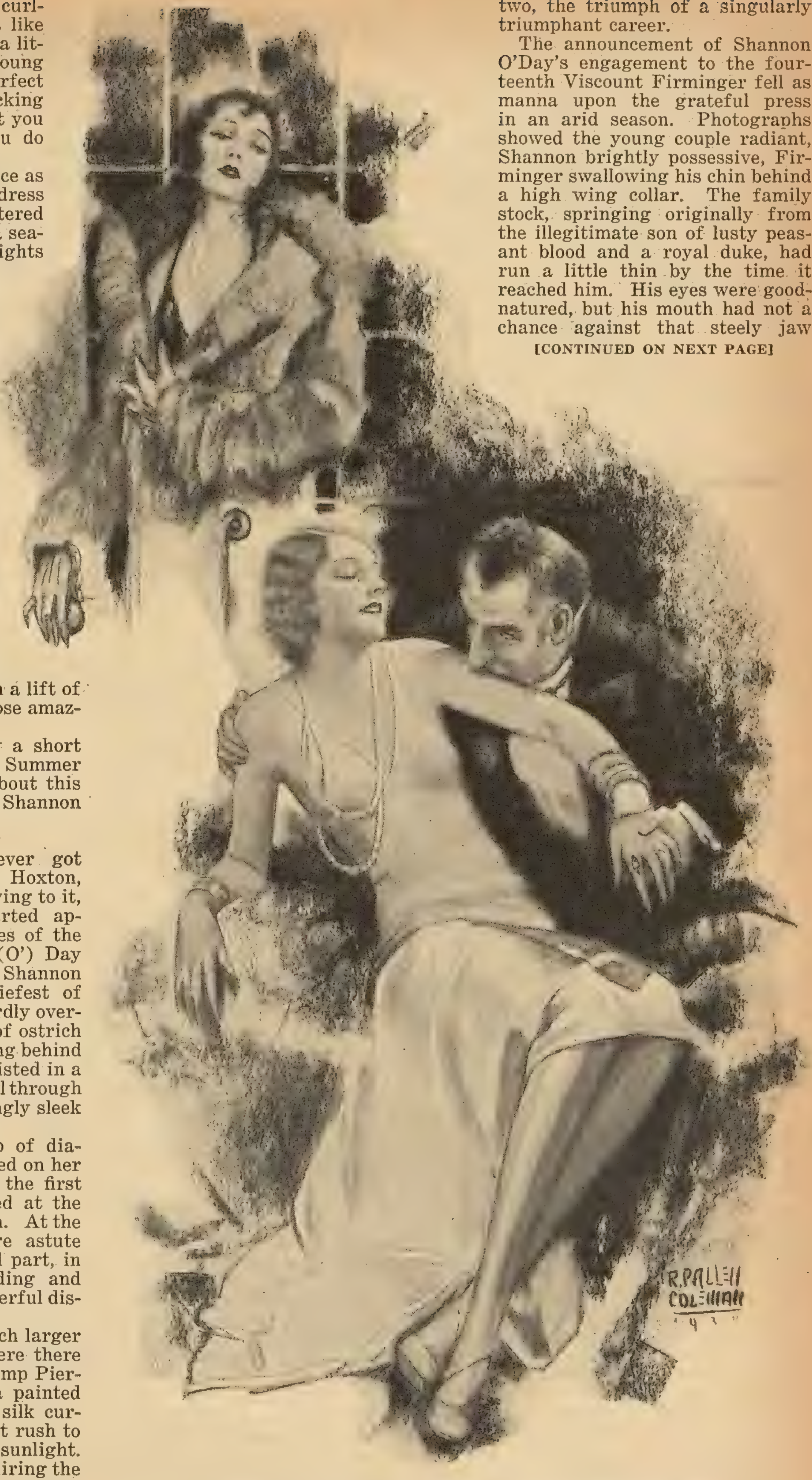
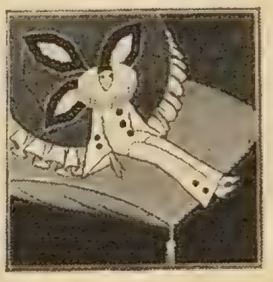


Shannon was rather tipsily watching Rosenstein slither his thick lips up her arm just as Kay tiptoed in.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

line of Shannon's. With cruel acuteness she called him "Bluebell," and mowed him down in a single ruthless sweep.

Their wedding was attended surreptitiously by the younger members of Firminger's family, and not at all (as the press gleefully gave one no chance to forget) by his father and mother. Shannon looked so aloof and virginal embowered in tulle and lilies that more than one man wondered if he had dreamed that little check to Cartier's. The honeymoon began in her flat with a large, noisy cocktail party which went on until three o'clock the following morning. By that time most of the party had been cleaned up, and the bridegroom, protesting rather thickly, found himself outside the front door.



"By-by, darling," yawned Shannon. "It's been the hell of a party, but I want to get some sleep now. Run along home; there's a good boy."

The door closed. And that, to all intents and purposes, was the end of young Firminger in Shannon O'Day's scheme of things. Now and then he or his family became troublesome, but she dealt with them swiftly and firmly. The title was useful. By now she had a rather dubious name for running up bills, and it made it easier to be able to purr: "Of course you'll give me nice long credit for that summer ermine coat? . . . Yes, enter it to Lady Firminger. . . . Yes, I *might* be interested in those sables you spoke of. I'll bring a friend of mine along. . . ."

Her photographs appeared in every paper one picked up. Lady Firminger ("One of the smartest members of the young married set" the captions stated ironically) "snapped" on the rocks at Antibes; in her dress as the Madonna for a charity pageant organized by ladies with congealed senses of humor; on the terrace of a Cannes villa with her host, Mr. Oscar Rosenstein. The name of the host varied, but she seemed to have an unerring instinct for picking square, heavily chinned men with square, well manicured hands, with mouths like a steel trap, and the shrewd, heavy eyes of a peasant accustomed to haggling for a bargain. But Shannon's mouth could be steel, too; sometimes in repose her face took on a sharp, pointed look that reminded one oddly of a little fox padding stealthily through the woods, turning bright eyes this way and that.

Her unsuspected leanings toward family life surprised a good many people. Somehow it was strange to think of Shannon O'Day with a family. It was easier to picture her springing into life without any human agency, emerging diamond hard and bright from some cold little egg laid under a lily leaf. Instead, there was the comfortable maternal accident of Mrs. O'Day—by now they had almost forgotten that they had not always had that lucky talisman of a name.

IN Mrs. O'Day's face you could trace a grotesque and rather horrible parody of Shannon's loveliness. She was placidly proud of her daughter's success. Shannon might have earned it legitimately for all the uneasiness on Mrs. O'Day's beaming brow as she watched the tenth diamond and sapphire bracelet snap into place. No one quite knew where the old woman had been before she suddenly appeared as the O'Day's mother, but there undeniably she was, twice as large as life, installed at the flat in an ironical imitation of my-daughter's-guardian respectability.

If the scarlet and cream sports car slipped past you down Bond Street, more than likely Shannon would be driving with a smart young chauffeur at her side, and at the back your dazzled eyes would disentangle Mrs. O'Day, colored like a macaw, from a confusion of parcels, of Chinese sleeve dogs, of sables, of Kay O'Day, of more parcels (none of them paid for). They would interest you, those faces at the back, if you were by way of being a student of psychology—Mrs. O'Day's, its plump folds a curious glazed purple under the *naturelle* powder; her younger daughter's, delicate, alert, faintly smiling.

Kay was nearly ten years younger than Shannon. Her sudden appearance was a bit of a mystery too, but it was rumored that she had been tucked away at a convent school in France. Convent? An O'Day? People got a laugh out of that. Three years there and a year in Paris, both paid for grimly by Shannon. Here she was at eighteen, a pretty young creature with a grave forehead, an attractively ironic smile, fiercely blue eyes, dark curls that in some lights showed red. Not quite the luminous whiteness of Shannon's skin, not quite those overpowering waves of femininity that seemed to exude from the older woman's flesh and fill the room with something hot, sweet, suffocating. Kay's appeal did not depend so aggressively upon her sex. There was even a certain boyishness about her, a trick of laughing loudly, rather boisterously, when she was amused; another trick of tossing the curls in a brusque, impatient movement out of her eyes.

Eighteen. To Shannon it was a deeply significant age. At eighteen she had already taken a step toward success, although she could no longer remember the name of the man who had made possible that first pink bonbon of a flat. She looked Kay over with shrewd, affectionate eyes.

"That new Chanel of mine, Louise! The black lace Chanel that came home last week. It's a bit old for you, duckie, but you can stand it at your age."

"Shannon, I don't really want—"

"Never mind what you want. You do as you're told, baby. That's right, Louise, pop her into it." Shannon's generosity was swift, businesslike. "You'd better have the little Molyneux suit too, Kay. And for God's sake give me the rouge, someone. My fingers have just been itching—"

A SWIFT dab or two, something skillful done with an eyebrow pencil, a touch of blue shadow along the lids. Kay leaned back and looked at herself with that faint ironic smile of hers.

"What's the big idea, Shan?"

"With looks like yours—"

"Thanks," grinned Kay, unimpressed.

"—you'd be a damn' fool not to try and use them, baby."

"Listen, darling," said Kay, and suddenly, though she still smiled, a touch of family steeliness made the line of her jaw look prominent. She twisted round to face Shannon.

"Listen, darling, you know that everything you do is all right with me, don't you? I've always sort of worshiped you, Shannon. You were so beautiful and so darned clever. Do you suppose I don't realize that if it hadn't been for you we'd all be back where we were? Riding on the twopenny underground instead of a jazzed up Mercedes, Shan!"

"Don't remind me," said Shannon abruptly.

Talk of those early days always depressed her; the lovely face had darkened. Kay said swiftly:

"Darling, I adore you. I'm so proud of you that I want to blow a trumpet or something. But—I'm different, Shan. Not clever the way you are. When you go out on parties with your Rosensteins and Schultzes, just count me out. See?"

"Kay!"

For a moment Shannon's face seemed to narrow avidly. With a supple movement of the body she jerked upright.

"Kay, you're not going to be silly about Otto Schultz, are you? If he asks you out, you're to go and be your very sweetest to him. He's a dear, really. And clever! Just your sort. Oh, for the love of everything, take that smile off your face, can't you?"

"I'm sorry, Shan. But I meant it. I'm different. Hopeless! You'll have to resign yourself to being the only successful woman in this family, honey."

"Didn't you learn anything in Paris except the names of a few dead and alive painters?" Shannon demanded at length, baffled and exasperated.

Kay murmured: "Lots of things. You'd be surprised. I even figured out all about love," said Kay softly and reflectively. "One of these days I'm going to fall in love like hell, Shan."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

How to ATTRACT

EVELYN BRENT, *famous beauty of the Screen, says there's one Irresistible Charm*

Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

EVELYN BRENT, irresistibly lovely star, in the luxurious bathroom designed and built for her in Hollywood. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. "An exquisite complexion is always alluring," she says. "You can keep your skin smooth and flawless just as we screen stars do."

Evelyn Brent

"A GIRL may be appealing for ever so many reasons," says Evelyn Brent, the star whose own magnetism has proved so irresistible on the screen. "But the most compelling charm of all is smooth, soft skin.

"An exquisite complexion, somehow, is *always* alluring. It attracts and holds attention as nothing else will.

"Long ago the directors in Hollywood found out that no girl could hope to win out on the screen unless she has the kind of skin that makes you fairly gasp with admiration. The close-ups, you know, are taken under glaring lights that would show up mercilessly even a tiny blemish.

"And now that the talkies are here, there are more close-ups to face than ever. So you may be sure we all take mighty good care of our skin!

"I can't remember who began it," this charming star goes on, "but now almost every girl in Hollywood uses the same method I do—regular cleansing with Lux Toilet Soap. We find it most refreshing. Indeed, it is Hollywood's favorite soap.

LILA LEE, charming star, says: "I always use it to guard my skin."

"So naturally when girls write to ask me the secret of being attractive, I'd like to say to every one:

"*Keep your skin really lovely—smooth and flawless. You can do it just the way we screen stars do.*"

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in *all* the great film studios. On Broadway the stage stars are equally enthusiastic. And even in the European capitals the screen stars are now using this fragrant white soap!

AGNES AYRES, beautiful star, faces the close-up without a qualm!

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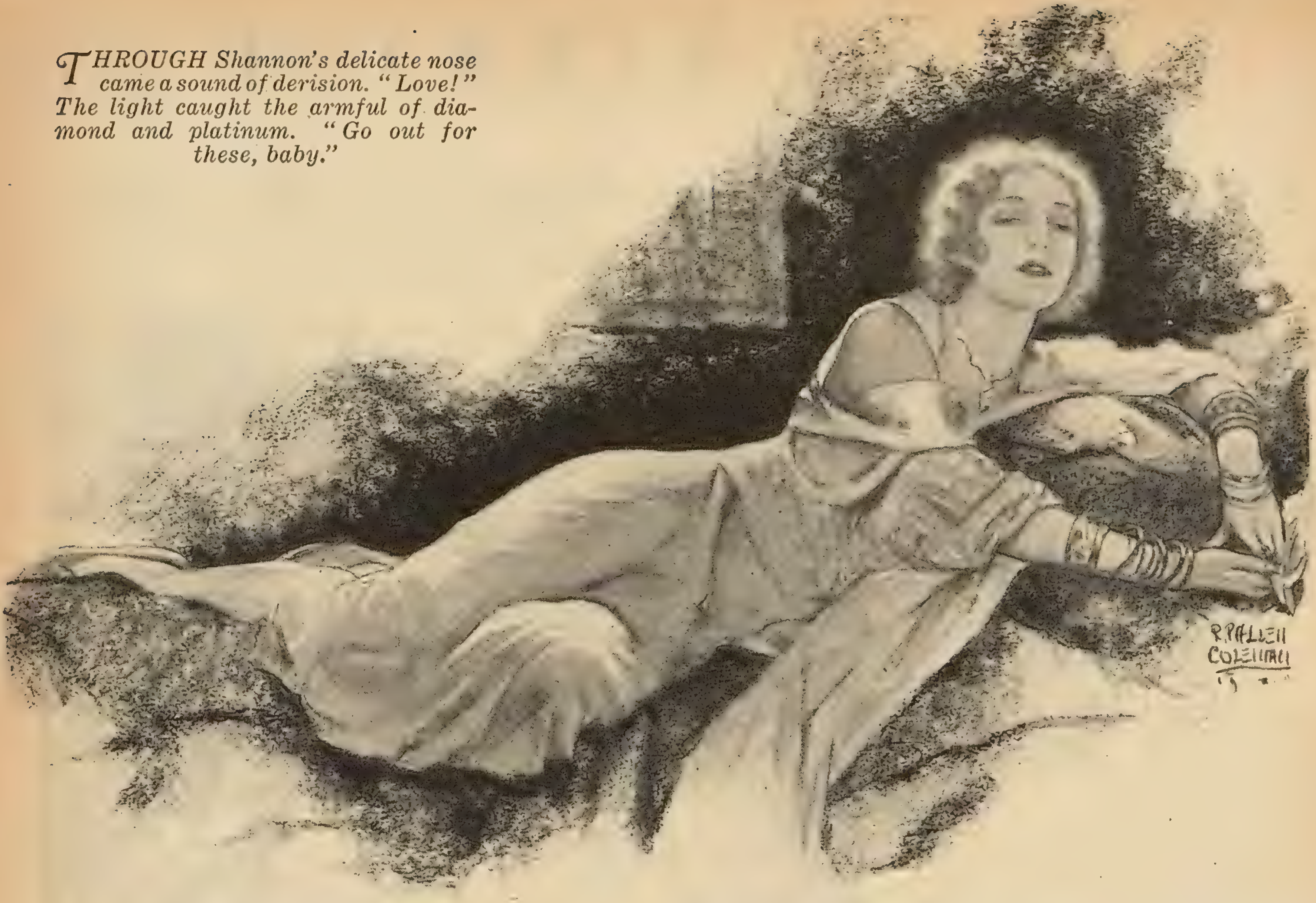

THROUGH Shannon's delicate nose came a sound of derision. "Love!" The light caught the armful of diamond and platinum. "Go out for these, baby."

DIAMOND AND PLATINUM
Continued from page thirty-two

Through Shannon's delicate nose came a grunting sound of derision.

"Love! For Pete's sake, you poor innocent!" The light caught hold, enraptured, of the armful of diamond and platinum slipping down below the ivory chiffon of her negligée. Her fingers were scorched by them, that blaze of slow fire crawling from wrist to elbow.

"Go out for these, baby. They'll hurt less in the end."

"Maybe," Kay agreed philosophically.

With philosophy she had accepted a strange country, a strange new existence at the convent which Shannon had chosen with such fierce care. Now, with equal philosophy, she accepted this even stranger life and all that went with it. Shannon; the flabby good nature of Mrs. O'Day; eternal and noisy parties; Shan's men friends; a good deal of family affection and loud-voiced squabbles in that sluttishly magnificent flat, so full of flowers and Shannon's scent and the smell of expensive cigars; learning to quell dressmakers with pressing accounts; learning to cut people, swiftly and coldly, before they cut you; more Shannon.

KAY'S young life began and was rounded off with Shannon, until, with a fierceness that frightened her, its whole meaning seemed focused on the central figure of Richard Treherne. But she was too much an O'Day to be without a good touch of family shrewdness; too much Shannon's sister to be wrong in her instinctive knowledge of men. Right at the beginning she had known somehow that Shannon, the adored Shannon, menaced this wonderful thing between her and Richard. She fled from the thought, hot with shame, but it would not let her escape. When, tucking her into his car that first evening, he had asked her where she lived, she had answered briefly, "With my mother and sister," and had realized with a guilty sigh of relief that it sounded right, that Richard, nodding contentedly, would ask no more questions.

"Kay O'Day—funny name," but she saw that it meant less than nothing to him, although his way of saying it turned it instantly into something quaint and precious.

She had met him with one of her school friends from the convent. Richard Treherne was not an Otto Schultz. Sometimes Kay wished that he was equipped with a thick Schultz hide to take the knocks that would undoubtedly come to him. He was so obviously, in a dark, sensitive way, one of those people who would ask to be hurt by life. Its ugliness offended him as it could not offend Kay, who had spent her babyhood crawling in stinking alleys. Sometimes the hurt look seemed to well up from his skin like blood. It gave Kay the feeling that, for all his height and broad shoulders, she was sturdier, stronger, more fully armed to protect.

ON that first evening, after standing at the door of the flats watching the red eye of his car disappear into the thick jungle of the London night, she stepped into the lift and shot two floors too high before she realized it. She felt queer, light, unstable, as though her body had turned fluid and the stiltlike heels of her gold slippers were wings.

Mrs. O'Day, lying on a velvet settee in a soiled pink wrapper and a run-over pair of Shannon's mules, was soaking cold cream into her face and sucking something pungent out of a paper bag.

"'Alloa, duckie! 'Ave a good time?"

"Wonderful," said Kay absently.

She fidgeted round the room.

"Where's Shan?"

"Gone to the Embassy with the dook, I think, dear."

"Oh!"

Mrs. O'Day looked up and saw her younger daughter's small, intent white face, the eyes a mad, blinding blue, the mouth sleepily smiling as she smoothed her curls in front of a mirror.

"Nothing wrong, is there, Kay duckie?"

"Wrong!" said Kay hoarsely.

Richard's eyes seemed to float in front of her, just level with the old lacquer *armoire* that Shannon's Mr. Rosenstein loved to appraise furtively with his plump, clever finger tips. Her heart ached wildly. She gave a queer croaking laugh and cried:

"Wrong? Hell's wrong! No, I'm not tight, darling—

only in love. I'm going to see him tomorrow. I think I'm going to die. Good night, precious."

Staring blankly at the slammed door, a peppermint suspended halfway between bag and mouth, Mrs. O'Day muttered:

"I wish Shannon was at 'ome."

But Shannon did not get back until nearly dawn, and she was sleeping like the dead in her painted Venetian bed long after Kay had slipped away with young Richard. It was a spring morning that gave even London the lightness, the silly elegance of a Watteau pastoral. On a morning like this, said Kay, all the lamp posts should be tied up with idiotic fluttering pink ribbons. She sat in Richard's car hugging violets he had brought her, and looking at him as he stood hatless on the pavement.

"Where shall we go?" he was asking.

"Brighton," said Kay firmly.

"Hateful place—hateful people. It's my idea of hell."

"That," Kay explained, "is why we're going there. Places like Brighton are good for you, Richard—noisy, vulgar, cheerful places. You know, Richard, you're a bit of an idealist in your way. It wants shaking out of you. I don't want you to get hurt."

"Don't you, Kay?"

She cried swiftly, looking away:

"Come on! Get in, Richard! You're going to take me to Brighton, and eat winkles, and go on the pier, and put pennies in all the slot machines, and— Come on, Richard! Make this old car hum!"

"All right," he said, and just for a moment his hand covered hers as they slid into Curzon Street.

THE soft green countryside opened up for them like a pool into which they dived headlong, swift, breathless, laughing. There were pale sprinklings of cowslips in the fields. "Let's stay here," urged Richard, taking his foot off the accelerator, but "Winkles!" cried Kay, and they shot on to a steadier roar than before.

A thousand little candles had been lit on the blue glass surface of the sea. After lunch they walked to the end of the pier and found a quiet place to sit down in the sun.

"Tell me about yourself, Kay."

"Nothing much to tell."

"What's your sister like?"

"Perfectly beautiful. Perfectly wonderful."

"Not married?"

The corner of Kay's mouth lifted in that mocking little smile.

"Oh, yes!"

"Why are you laughing, Kay?"

"I was thinking of poor Bluebell."

"Bluebell?" In a low, disturbed voice: "Kay, I adore you."

She cried, tugging at his hand:

"Let's—ah, let's go and put pennies in the slot machines, Richard?"

After they had wasted a shilling or two peering hilariously at A Night in Paris—for gentlemen only (stout ladies in pompadours and frilly panties, considered seductive in 1890), and getting their fortunes on pasteboard slips (You can take the brakes off for a jolly time, but beware of an auburn man—he will lead you up the garden path), they wandered weakly to the little kiosk at the end of the pier. Here were sold picture post cards, celluloid dolls, bead necklaces, oranges, and Elinor Glyn.

"Choose what you want," ordered Richard grandly.

Kay murmured: "Oh, isn't my gentleman friend kind? I think I'll have a bracelet. Blood will out."

"That smile of yours is the devil, Kay. Especially when I don't know what you're smiling at."

They chose a little bracelet of cold pink shells. Richard fastened it on her wrist.

"There! Take good care of this, my girl. A handsome piece of jewelry doesn't come your way every day."

But Kay's face was solemn. She covered the bracelet with one hand as though it were something alive.

"I'll always wear this, Richard."

"Promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

He said nothing, only nodded, and slipped his hand

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[DIAMOND AND PLATINUM
Continued from page thirty-five]

through her arm. They walked back slowly with dragging feet, suddenly conscious of an immense fatigue as though they had run up a mountain.

On the way home they stopped for dinner at a little country inn. The night was cool and still. Coming out afterward, they found stars pricking through the branches of plum blossom. Kay turned her grave young face toward them.

"Lovely night."

"Rather like you. I suppose you'll laugh like hell, Kay, if I say there's something"—brusquely—"something awfully pure and virginal and—and sexless about you. Like that plum blossom."

"I'm not laughing, Richard."

"Oh, Kay, I love you. I love you, Kay. It had to happen. It's got to happen. We'll love each other forever, Kay."

"Listen, Richard. Listen, darling. There are—things that might make it difficult. I can't have you hurt, my precious! You're so easily hurt, aren't you, Richard? And you don't know two things about me, really. Our families—"

"Damn our families! Kiss me again, Kay. . . ."

It was strange that in his arms she should think suddenly of Shannon. The dimly remembered young Shannon would come home, grumbling but indomitable, with her brittle ankles swollen from standing about behind the stocking counter in the January sales' rush. Not the Shannon who was rather tipsily watching Oscar Rosenstein slither his thick lips up the length of her arm just as Kay tiptoed into the flat that night to dream of Richard.

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK—

Edwin Balmer *and* William MacHarg

a famous writing team, join forces again in an exciting tale of adventure in the air.

Mazo de la Roche

the Canadian author of Jalna, contributes an unusual and memorable short story.

Lawrence Saunders

whose Smoke Screen appeared in Liberty recently, offers a lively comedy of young love.

Nights were best, lying there in the darkness with her thoughts. They were drowsy then, too drugged with satisfied love to do any more than reconstruct the shape of his head, the slope of his big shoulders, his voice as he said "Kay." Nothing seemed to matter, listening to Richard whispering "Kay" through the darkness of the little room near Shannon's. But in the daylight her common sense was too unpleasantly obtrusive; she could not escape that streak of irony in her nature that made the reading of Richard's character as easy as the reading of a child's primer.

He is weak. You are strong. No, no! He isn't weak! Then, if that is so, tell him about Shannon. Tell him how she dragged you out of the gutter with her. Tell him that Shannon is good, really. Noble and wonderful. . . . But things hurt Richard so easily. He's an idealist. A bit of a fanatic too. Oh, my precious, you're going to be hurt so badly if you go about expecting life to come up to those beautiful, damsilly, tormented ideas of yours. . . .

HER eyes began to look a size too large for her face. Shannon noticed it, and asked, not unkindly:

"What's the matter with you, baby? You look a bit hipped. All burned up over some man?"

"Maybe," said Kay shortly.

"Well, you know best. You've got a good head on your shoulders, I'll say that. Any money going with the prize?"

Kay's face burned a dull red.

"Oh, shut up! We're not *all* gold-diggers in this family." She added instantly: "Sorry, darling. Don't know what's got into me these days."

Shannon, shifting the weight of diamond and platinum further up her slim wrist, merely laughed and yawned.

"Don't worry—it won't last. My God, don't I know it! Well, bring him along one day, Kay. I'd like to look him over."

Kay said miserably: "You're such a darling, Shan."

She would have given anything to be able to do that, simply and naturally, like any other girl. Why not? Bring Richard home to introduce him to her sister and mother. It sounded so right, so pleasant. Even Richard asked one day as they lunched together for the sixth time in a week:

"When am I going to meet your people? Aren't they wondering about me, rather?"

Kay, fingering the little shell bracelet, murmured evasively:

"Oh, no. We're—we're a funny sort of family, Richard. We all go our own ways and—notice anything about me, h'm?"

"Nothing out of the way."

"Stoopid! Look again. Look, our darling little bracelet, Richard. I'm wearing it, see?"

Under the tablecloth his hand found the bracelet, closed over her wrist, crushed the shape of the little shells into her flesh.

"Ouch! You're hurting! . . . Richard . . . darling . . ."

"Let's get out of here. Quickly. I want to kiss you, Kay. The bill, waiter! Kay, it's not fair to come out to lunch in a public place and look as infernally sweet as that."

WHILE he thumbed the crisp notes out of his wallet, the head waiter passed their table. Giving quick orders in Italian, unctuous and smiling, a fussy little tug steering the glossy bulk of Mr. Oscar Rosenstein into a reserved alcove table.

And, one hand possessively through Rosenstein's arm, smiling round the crowded grillroom, was Shannon. Shannon lovely in black and silver foxes, out of which her throat and small hard face rose luminous and dazzling.

Richard looked up. Shannon, passing their table, sketched in an expressive wink as she called, "Halloa, darling!" Rosenstein rumbled paternally, "Halloa, Kay!"

They sat down; a clustering group of waiters hid their table from sight.

Kay came slowly to life again. Feeling for her powder box, she caught sight of Richard's face. It did not answer her smile.

"I didn't know you knew those people, Kay."

"No? Anything wrong with them?" The hand holding the little onyx box was trembling absurdly. She steadied it, repeated in a light, brittle voice: "Anything wrong with them?"

"Wrong!"

Oh, Richard, my precious, don't be so bitter about things. Don't let them hurt you so. Laugh them off; don't sit there with that white, angry look on your face. . . .

"I suppose that Rosenstein's about the biggest scoundrel unhung in Europe. Sorry, Kay, if he's a—friend of yours. And the other—the Firminger woman—"

"Yes, Richard? Go on. Tell me!"

"Kay, you're such a baby. You simply don't understand. Idiotic to get angry with you when you're such a funny, innocent, stupid little baby, Kay."

She beat her clenched fingers against the table.

"It's you—*you* who don't understand."

"Listen, Kay. Darling. Cut those people out. Promise me? It makes me sick to think of you having anything to do with that sort—with *her* sort."

"You're talking like a movie subtitle, darling."

"Don't laugh, Kay."

"Why not? Good to laugh when you can—and when you can't, too."

"She's rotten, Kay. Rotten as you make them. That fat beast Rosenstein is keeping her now—or was. It's difficult to keep track—"

Kay sat so still that even the blue of her eyes seemed frozen. She heard Richard say impatiently, "Let's go!" and though her body never moved, in imagination it was following him through the grillroom, past the danger spot of Shannon, out into the safe sunshine. And once there? "Let's get married at once! Richard? Please! Let's get married and tell everyone afterward, Richard." Tell Shannon afterward. Tell Richard afterward when she had him so fast that he could never get away; when strength to face the ugliness of life had flowed into his flesh from the flesh of Kay who had spent her babyhood crawling in stinking alleys. . . .

Suddenly, high above the clatter of the restaurant, rose Shannon's laughter, curiously fresh and naïve. Shannon. Kay's fingers unclenched slowly on the tablecloth. The young Shannon, with her flimsy little shoes and slim chilblained fingers, gayly bringing home a bag of caramels. Shannon late for the dress shop because she was trimming a hat with daisies for Kay. "There you are, duckie. You're going to look a regular bit of sweetness in it. My word, I'll catch it from the old hag this time!" Shannon's mouth before she painted a cruel vermilion bow over it in the mornings. Shannon arriving at the convent in sables and an enormous yellow Renault; asking the Reverend Mother shrewd, businesslike questions about Kay's health; streaking her make-up with tears as she hugged the child good-by. . . .

And now Kay was denying Shannon because she could not bear to see the contempt come into Richard's eyes.

"Come on," he was saying. "Let's get out of here. Ready? Kay, I believe you're half asleep."

Richard who was weak. Kay who was strong. Strong enough to smile, to get up and walk through the restaurant as though something inside her was not crying itself to death, to stop at Shannon's table and smile again into Richard's astounded face.

"SHAN, I want you to meet Richard Treherne. Richard this is my sister Shannon." Her eyes searched frantically for his, and the smile was quenched in them like a blown-out candle. "I've—I've been wanting you two to meet. You've heard me talk of her so often, how she brought me up—hard job, wasn't it, Shan?—and how splendid . . . how perfectly heroic . . ."

Shannon, touched, mystified, patted Kay's desperately clutching hand.

"Why, baby! Darling! Ossy, meet my new press agent, will you?"

Mr. Rosenstein rumbled:

"Now you will both sit down and have coffee with us? No? All right, then. So long, Kay, my dear. Goot-by, Mr. Uh-huh."

Shannon was thoughtful. "Something up with those kids."

"A nice-looking boy, Kay's young friend. That's all I noticed, my dear."

There was a gleam of teeth for a moment under a sardonically lifted edge of lip.

"Yes, that's about all you *would* notice. Where money isn't concerned you can't see further than your nose, Ossy. For Pete's sake, are they out in the back yard strangling that chicken you ordered?"

Mr. Rosenstein, squinting complacently down the impressive feature she had mentioned, murmured a little thickly:

"I can see far enough to recognize a peautiful woman when I see one, Shannon." . . .

Perhaps you saw some of the numerous photographs of Kay O'Day taken just before her marriage to an Italian count who made up in income and Holy Roman titles what he lacked in chin and sanity. Perhaps, like everyone else, you murmured, "Another successful O'Day!" as you studied that indomitable jaw line and the slow tide of diamond and platinum creeping up one arm. Two-inch strips, gorgeous and glittering, from wrist to elbow . . . and on the other arm nothing except a little bracelet of pink shells. The sort of twopenny-ha'penny thing that you might buy for fun on the pier at Brighton and lose next day . . . or wear forever to remind you of stars pricking gravely through branches of plum blossom.

THE END

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THE gay young debutante—Society's Pet—is ever radiant, peppy, alluring. On the go every minute, her life is one round of luncheons, teas, dinners, theatres, dances—and yet how vital, how bubbling over with boundless energy she remains throughout! You, too, can have her pep, vitality, gayety, by using a magic French Lotion for the Body, Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne, that stimulates, soothes, and energizes *like an expert massage.*

Try it! Pat it over your exhausted body, your tired limbs. Feel the sudden thrill of your blood awakening, circulating. Your muscles become lithe, supple, relaxing. Into every pore it goes, limbering, freshening, deodorizing. How tingling, how delightful, how like an exhilarating treatment from a masseuse. How unbelievably enchanting is the subtly seductive flower fragrance that lingers on.

Be full of pep! Mail the coupon below and receive, with our compliments, a generous free flacon of Cheramy's Floral Eau de Cologne, the new French Lotion for the Body—and most popular in Paris.

FLORAL
EAU DE COLOGNE
"A BODY LOTION"
by CHERAMY
PARIS

ODEURS

JOLI SOIR (Gloaming)
FOUGÈRE (Fern)
MUGUET
JASMIN
LILAS
POIS DE SENTEUR (Sweet Pea)
MIMOSA
ROSE
VIOLETTE
LAVANDE
CHYPRE
APRIL SHOWERS

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. E14
539 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

You may send me without charge, a trial flacon of Cheramy Floral Eau de Cologne—a new Lotion for the Body.

Please designate perfume desired

....

Name..

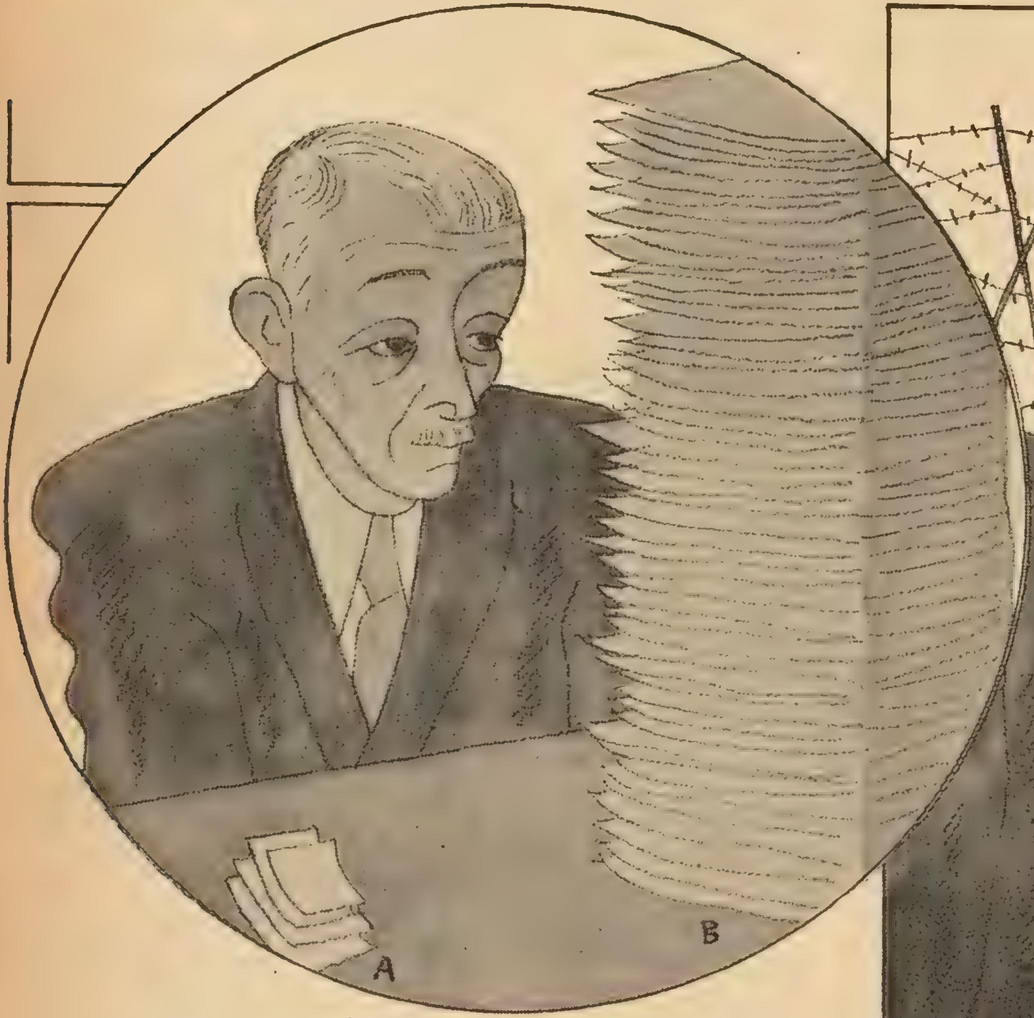
Address..

City.............................. State..............

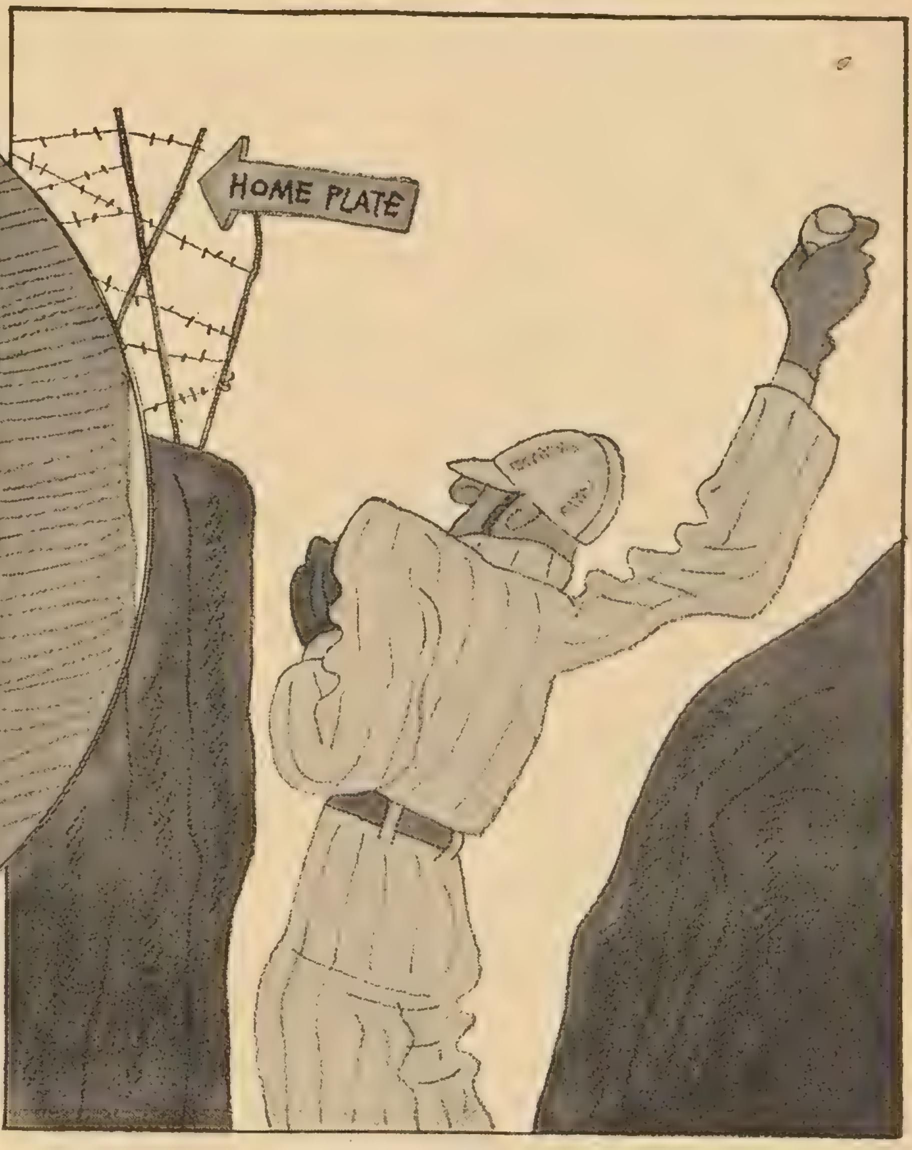
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



REVIVED INTEREST IN POETRY. John Masefield, new Poet Laureate, sorts press clippings on his appointment into two stacks: (A) those describing his poetry, and (B) those dwelling on two months in 1897 he spent as barkeeper's helper in New York.



BASEBALL becomes still more thrilling with the introduction of a still livelier ball.

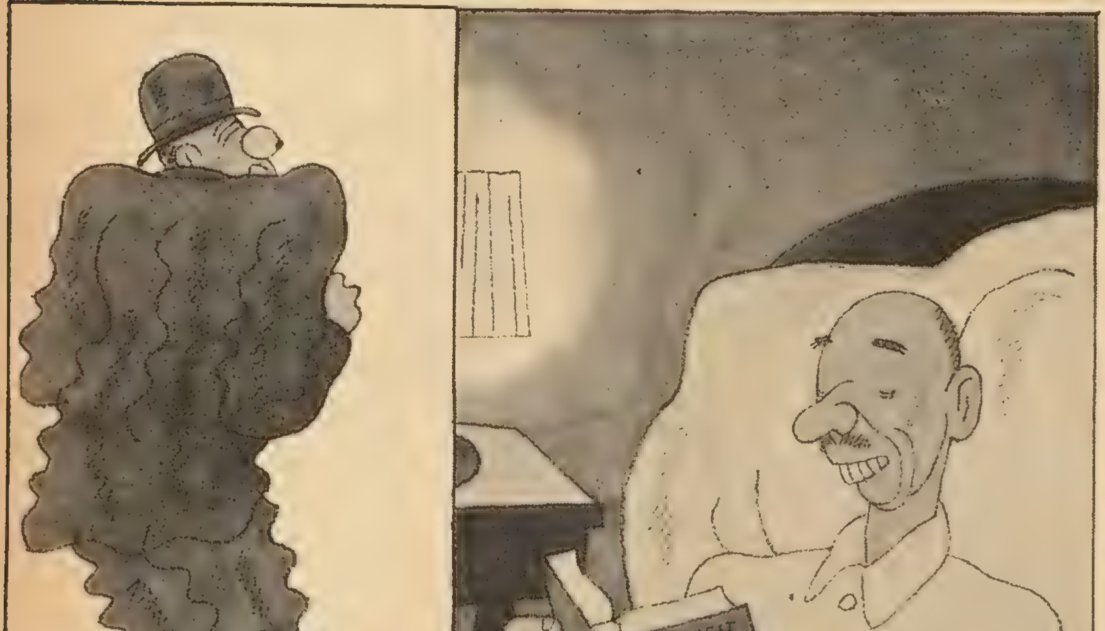
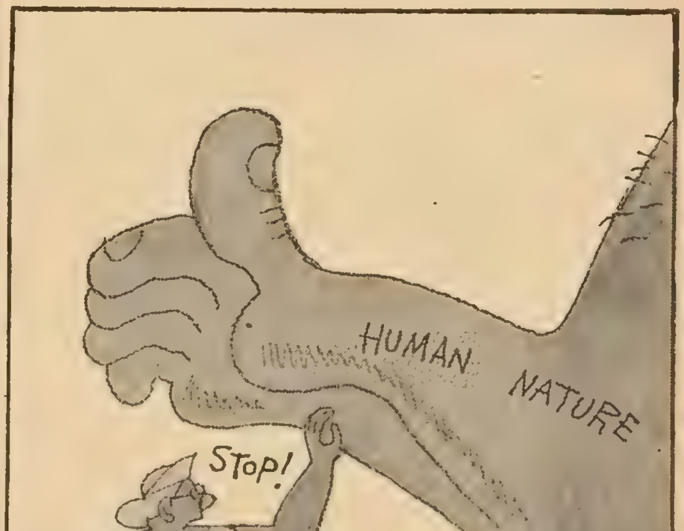

THE GREAT OIL SCANDAL

DIAGRAM of a Corrupt Official quaking in his boots over the fear of exposure, and a second diagram showing how the Plain People take the exposure when it happens.


HUMAN NATURE
STOP!
THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW
RALPH BARTON

ANOTHER NOBLE EXPERIMENT. "Paris court holds that a wife must obey her husband."—*Headline.*

Junk for Sale

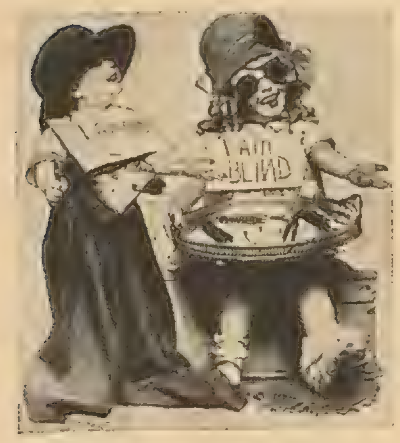
A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

"I CASH clothes! I cash clothes!" a man with baggy trousers and a brown derby bellowed down Lil's quiet street. "Clothes! I cash clothes!"

"Say it after him," Gwendolyn whispered to Ulysses in her front yard. "I dare you."

"Clothes!" he piped up like a parrot screaming for a cracker. "I cash clothes!"

Front doors opened. Buttonless vests and old coats with ripped, frayed sleeves were waved in the sunlight, and neighbors made dimes and quarters.



This week's cover picture.

"Good beezness," the cheap-skate clothes king decided as he continued yelling his slogan around the corner.

"See?" Gwen asked U., making her nose twitch like a rabbit's. "Didja see what happened?"

"Sure," he told her. "He stealed clothes an'—"

"Stealed?" she laughed. "You're dumb as a beer bottle with the top knocked off. You're dumb as a skunk."

"Wat's a kunk?"

"KUNK!" she yelled, flopping down on a porch step to giggle. "If they wuz a nother boy around here to play with—I'd play with him. Kunk, kunk, kunk! Gee! That man didn't *steal* clothes. He *sold* 'em an' got money."

"Money, big fat money!" U. hopped up and down.

"That's the first good thing you ever said," he was told, "since the day the crazy old stork—" A wild light had just flashed in her eyes.

"Come inside and keep quiet," Tess, the cook, commanded at the kitchen door. "You're makin' such a racket I bet me chaw-ko-lit cakes'll drop. Inside!"

The wild light still flashed in Gwen's blue eyes.

"We're goin' to sell things," she said. "We're goin' to sell things an'—an' make money!" She felt as proud as Newton when he discovered why the apple turned into apple sauce. "Outdoors," she added.

"Outdoors in the street?" U. asked stupidly.

"Sure, ninny. Who'd buy things indoors in the house?" She yanked him into the kitchen and pushed him in front of Tess. "Help us dress up funny," she begged. "We're goin' to sell things outdoors."

"Come on," Tess said. "Today's me good-natured day. You'll stop traffic when I finish wid you."

They went upstairs to the second-floor hall closet. Tess dragged out a pair of faded golf knickers and a priggish tan velours hat which had been in style in 1926.

"I'll fix you," she said. And she led the way downstairs to her kitchen. She perched the hat on Gwen, shook U. into the knickers and caught them up with clothesline. She put sun spectacles on Gwen's pug nose.

"It looks like rain," Gwen giggled, "but we'll sell things. I'll get 'em." And before Tess could laugh, she was back with her mother's tea tray and a funny assortment of spoons, pens, pencils, and lipsticks.

Tess picked up a lipstick. "You're dumb and blind," she said, printing two signs, "an' decreppid." She pinned a napkin around Gwen's foot. Then she carried U. to the front door, and snatched Mr. Smithers' derby from a hook.

"You're dumb!" Gwen shouted as Tess hung that sign over U.'s head. "I'm only blind."

Tess left them out in front. U. stood on the sidewalk like the Walrus, and Gwen sat on a box.

"I'm dumb!" he yelled. "I'm dumb!"

"Sure, you're dumb!" she yelled back. "An' I'm blind an' we got junk for sale—holler, holler—pencils, pens, spoons! Junk for sale!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Lobster)

Your skin can be as

Fresh and Young

as Spring itself

Let your complexion reflect all the youthfulness of Spring! Here is a new beauty treatment that makes even sallow, dingy skin lovely, coarse pores fine, and stops oily skin. It eliminates acid impurities, cleanses thoroughly, and is mildly astringent.

THE newest discovery in beauty culture is that cremed magnesia beautifies the skin instantly, in the same easy way that milk of magnesia purifies the stomach. This is because skin impurities are acid. Doctors treat acid inside the body with milk of magnesia. And now, dermatologists are getting amazing results in banishing complexion faults with cremed magnesia. All you do is anoint your skin with it, massage and rinse with water. It's as simple as washing your face.

It reduces enlarged pores to the finest, smoothest texture. Being astringent, it drives away the tell-tale signs of age. It rejuvenates the skin so quickly that any woman can look lovely tonight, years younger. It changes dull, sallow skin to radiant clearness and fades out freckles better than a bushel of lemons.

To get genuine cremed magnesia, ask for Denton's Facial Magnesia. The regular price is sixty cents and one dollar. If your favorite drug store or toilet goods counter cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct, parcel post prepaid. Just pin a dollar bill to the coupon and mail it today.

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON TODAY

DENTON PRODUCTS, Inc., L-6-7-53
11 East 36th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me prepaid a large full-size dollar bottle of Denton's Facial Magnesia on your money-back guarantee of satisfaction. I enclose one dollar in full payment.

Name.................. *Address*.................

City...................... *State*.............

To Protect Dry Skin

Women who have fine skins often find ordinary cleansing too harsh. The skin becomes dry, especially after washing the face. As every woman knows, dry skins easily wrinkle and quickly show signs of age.

To safeguard the complexion against this dangerous dryness, use Denton's Dry Skin Creme. It is mild and soothing to the most delicate skin.

India

The World's Biggest Powder Magazine

By

LOTHROP STODDARD

who has written much on race problems and racial heredity, and always interestingly. One of his most discussed books is The Rising Tide of Color Against White World Supremacy, and he has contributed several articles to Liberty on features of that subject.

THAT'S what India is today—a powder magazine heaped with all sorts of political, racial, and religious high explosives. On guard stands John Bull, equipped with a patent fire extinguisher in the shape of an able officialdom and a small yet highly efficient army. More than once in recent years revolutionary fuses have been lighted whose ominous sputterings have boded ill; but John Bull has been right on the job and has extinguished the flame in the nick of time.

Now another fuse is alight, and is throwing off sparks and smoke. Will John Bull again turn the trick and stave off the big explosion? One thing is certain: if all that assorted T. N. T. and dynamite ever should go off, the blast would rock the whole civilized world.

Consider the mere size of this explosive area. India is as large as all of Europe minus Russia, or of the United States west of the Mississippi. This vast land is inhabited by no less than 320,000,000 people—nearly three times our present population, and almost one-fifth of all mankind. Next to China, India is the greatest human aggregation on earth.

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Mahatma Gandhi at the end of his march to start the civil disobedience campaign.

P. & A. photo

Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the Nationalist Congress, whose arrest caused rioting in Calcutta.

Acme photo

Some of Gandhi's followers who volunteered to break the British law against making salt.

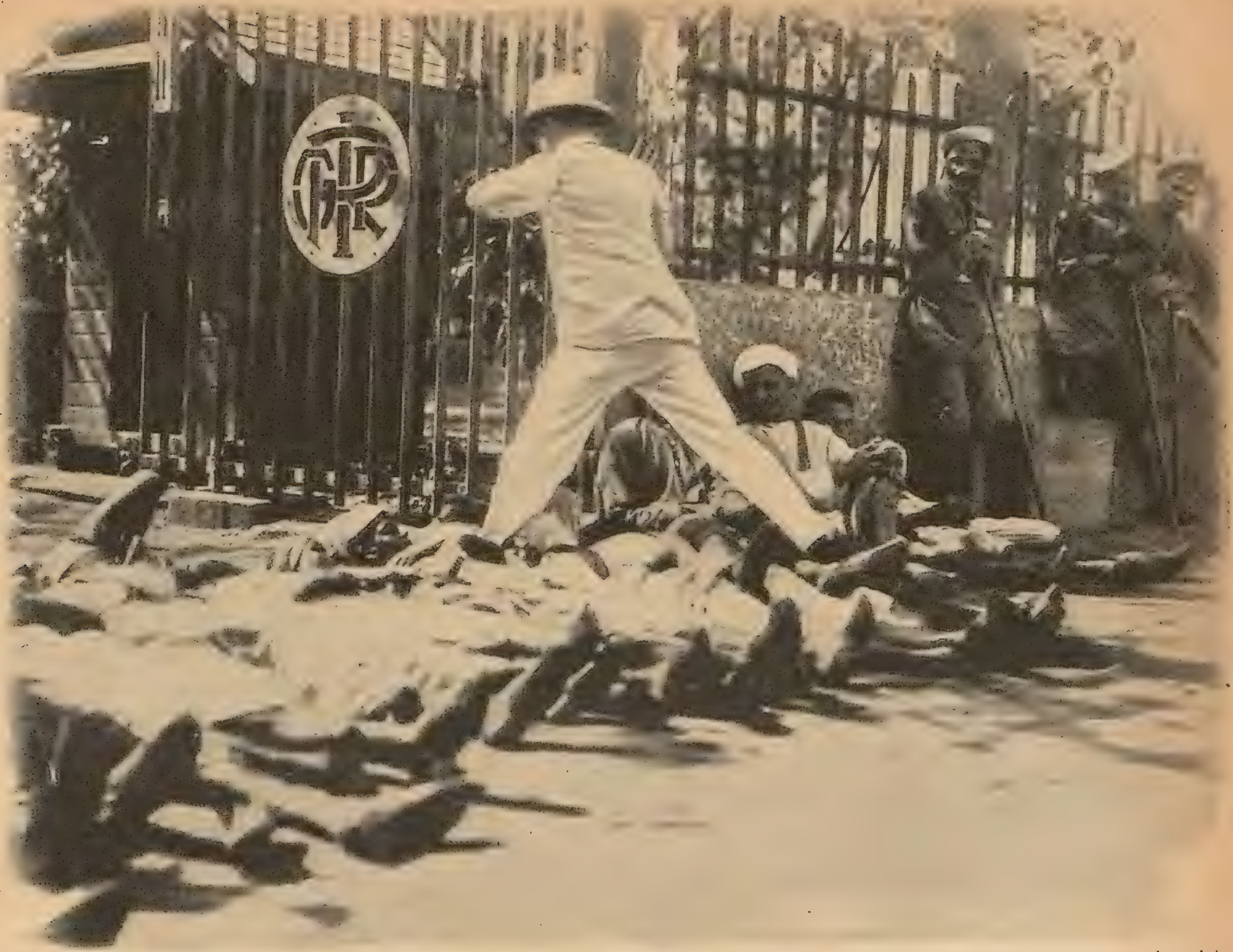
Right here some Doubting Thomas may rise to remark: "Speaking of China: it's been revoluting now for twenty years, and though locally it's a mess, the world doesn't seem to be badly upset. Why worry unduly, then, even if India does follow suit?"

To which I reply: "My dear Mr. Thomas, there's a vast difference between China and India. If India ever really gets out of hand, you'll probably see something that will make the Chinese Revolution look like a garden party. And (as a current celebrity phrases it) 'I'll tell you why'":

Broadly speaking, China is "off the main line" in world affairs, with relatively little foreign capital or foreign trade—considering its huge size and population. Therefore Chinese ructions do not vitally affect either the political or the economic balance of the world at large.

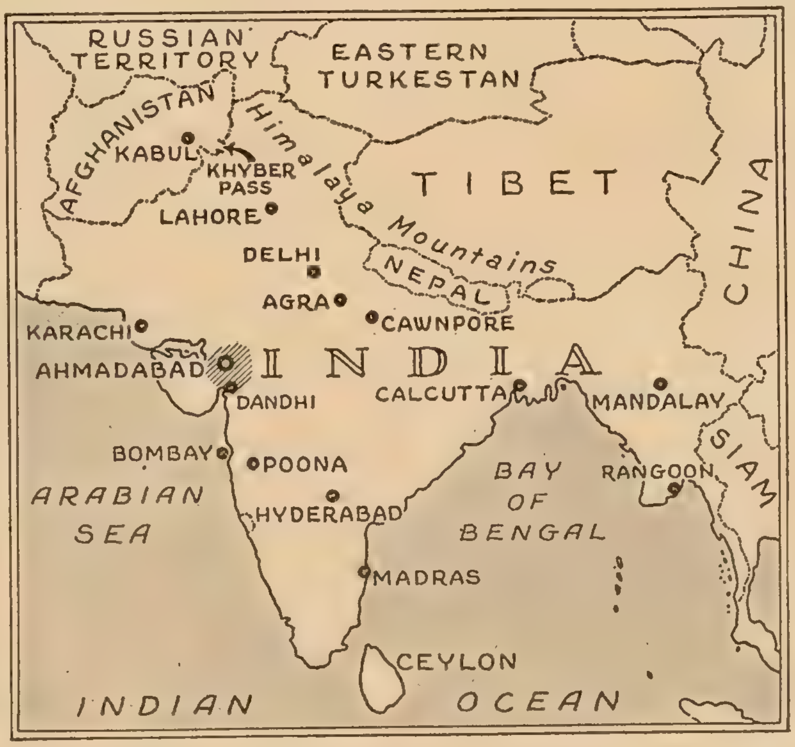
Furthermore, the Chinese are not a warrior race, but a canny lot who prefer "business as usual" to "victory or death." Many of the fights now going on in China are mere squabbles over local graft. The average Chinese soldier regards his military service as a job, while the average Chinese general will make a "deal" with his opponent quicker than he will fight a battle. Indeed, outside of spoils and party politics, the Chinese haven't really much to fight over. They are basically one people, with no deep-going racial cleavages; they are tolerant in religious matters; and they possess a matter-of-fact outlook on life which indisposes them to fanatical clashes of irreconcilable ideals.

How different is India! In the first place, India is not a country but a subcontinent, inhabited by a bewildering variety of races professing several religions, speaking over two hundred different languages, and sundered from one another by gulfs of hatred and rivalry which have existed for ages and which grimly persist today. Some of India's stocks are preëminently warrior breeds, who would literally rather fight than



Acme photo

Strikers lying on the ground outside the railway offices at Byculla to prevent access to the building. An official is stepping over the prostrate figures.


RUSSIAN TERRITORY
EASTERN TURKESTAN
AFGHANISTAN
KABUL
KHYBER PASS
Himalaya Mountains
TIBET
CHINA
LAHORE
DELHI
NEPAL
AGRA
CAWNPORE
KARACHI
AHMADABAD
INDIA
DANDHI
CALCUTTA
MANDALAY
SIAM
BOMBAY
POONA
RANGOON
ARABIAN SEA
HYDERABAD
BAY OF BENGAL
MADRAS
CEYLON
INDIAN OCEAN

Gandhi on his march took a meandering course from Ahmadabad through various small villages in the area shaded on the map to Dandhi, where he led his followers in making salt. After his arrest he was taken to Poona. The arrow shows Khyber Pass, through which for centuries Moslem invaders pushed their way into India.

eat; while even the least warlike elements can easily be roused to sudden outbreaks of wild fanaticism.

Most of India's long history is a bloody chronicle of internecine strife, and only since Britain imposed its alien rule upon India about a century ago has there been genuine peace and order in the land. Yet the *Pax Britannica* has been a peace imposed from without, which has succeeded in enforcing a prolonged truce, but has not really healed the old feuds. If John Bull's heavy hand were withdrawn, it is practically certain that the ancient foes would promptly spring to arms and India would be ablaze with war once more.

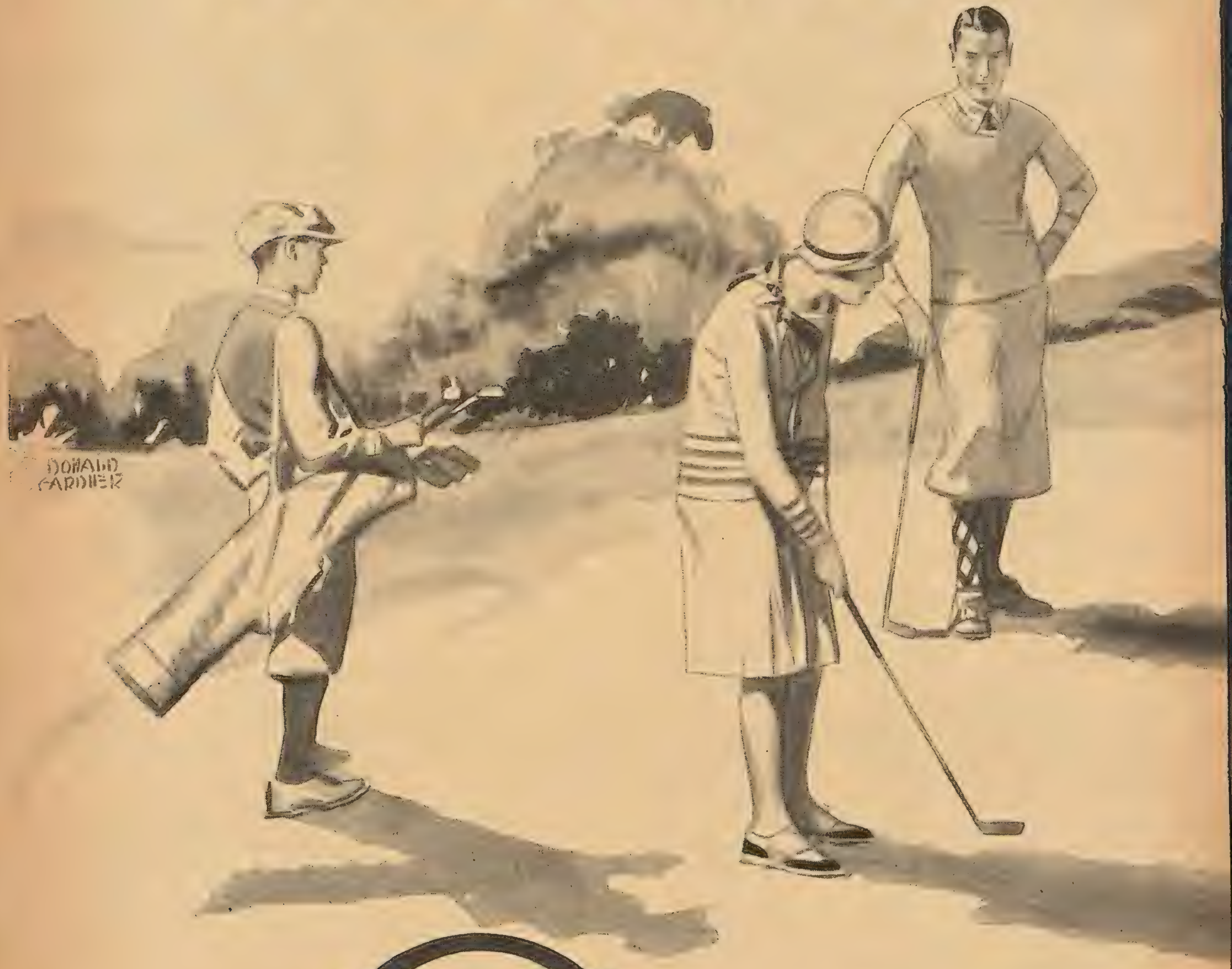
Of course the Indian revolutionists will hotly dispute this statement. They lay all the blame for India's ills on British rule and assert that if this alien yoke were got rid of, India would stand forth as a united, progressive people among the great nations of the earth. They have asserted this so insistently and so eloquently that many persons outside of India have come to believe them. Yet a dispassionate survey of India's past and present throws grave doubts on such roseate optimism. Let us, then, examine the outstanding obstacles to the establishment of a stable, independent India.

First and foremost: religion. That may seem a strange item to head the list, but it reveals how different conditions are in India from conditions elsewhere. In India, religion is far and away the "paramount issue," ranking ahead of politics, race, and business; or, rather, determining men's attitude toward all other matters.

The average Indian takes his religion as intensely as folks did in the Middle Ages, and as fightingly as they still do in Ulster. And, as already stated, there are several kinds of religion in India, chief among them being the Hindu and the Mohammedan. The Hindu-Moslem feud is the most chronic of India's ills and is unquestionably the chief rock upon which the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

. . . on the green it's ACCURACY!


DONALD GARDNER

Cheste

SUCH POPULAR

© 1930, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

... in a cigarette it's
TASTE!

THE merest touch can spoil a good putt. In surprising degree a slight change can make or mar a cigarette.

* * *

Man . . . Science . . . Nature . . . all work together for taste in Chesterfield. Tobaccos, selected regardless of cost, are blended and cross-blended with scientific precision to an exact formula that cannot be copied.

* * *

And such tireless patience pays; the cigarette choice of increasing millions today is Chesterfield with its mellow richness and always satisfying good taste —

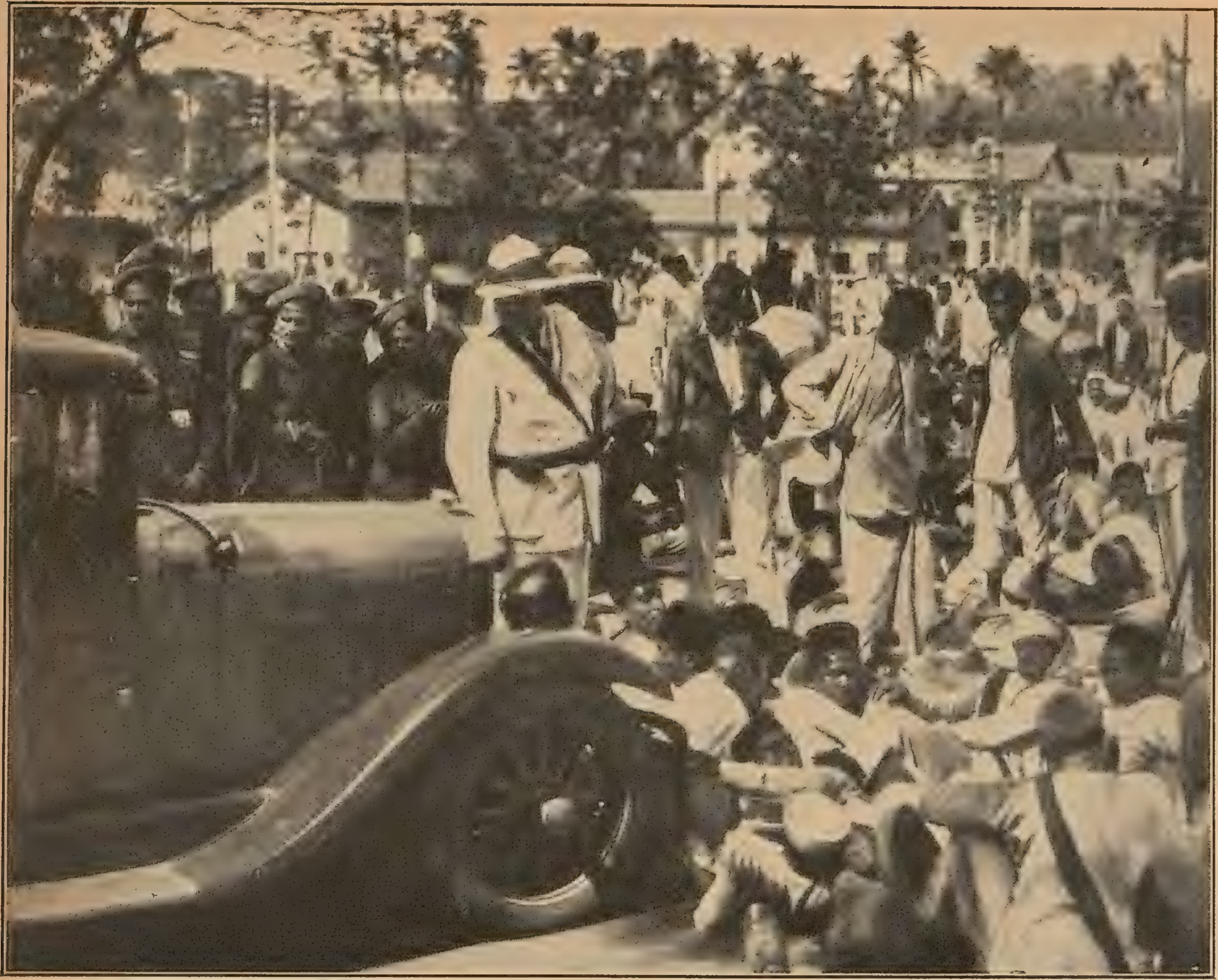
TASTE *above everything*

rfield

Y MUST BE DESERVED

Chesterfield
Twenty
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Chesterfield

MILD, yes . . . and
yet THEY SATISFY



P. & A. photo

Instead of threats and riots these strikers just tie up traffic by lying down in the street. This is a part of the disobedience program against British rule in India.

[INDIA
Continued from page forty-one]

cause of Indian national unity would split. Hinduism is the ancient religion of India and still claims the devoted loyalty of over two-thirds of its inhabitants. But for over a thousand years Hinduism has been faced by a militant rival in Islam, the faith founded by the Prophet Mohammed.

Entering India through the rugged passes of its northwest border (the only real break in the gigantic Himalayan mountain wall which shuts India off from the rest of Asia), the Moslem invaders pushed their conquests farther and farther until they had overthrown most of the kingdoms into which India was then divided and established the gorgeous Mohammedan empire of the Great Mogul. But the Mogul dynasty presently petered out, the Hindus rebelled, and India fell into a chaos of petty, warring states which ended only with the establishment of British rule.

Islam thus failed to destroy Hinduism. But it did make many converts, and their descendants, fused with the blood of the invaders, today form a large minority numbering fully 70,000,000. This minority not only hates the Hindus as blasphemous idolaters but, remembering the glories of the Mogul empire, regards itself as the natural ruler of India. That claim, of course, infuriates the Hindus, who look upon the Mohammedans as impious intruders, to be either expelled or subjected by the Hindu majority, thrice as numerous as the Moslems, with an aggregate of over 200,000,000 souls.

The smoldering hatred between Hindus and Mohammedans flares up on the slightest provocation, and the British authorities have to be constantly on the alert to prevent rival zealots from flying at one another's throats. The commonest cause of trouble is—music! On certain religious festivals the Hindus are accustomed to parade the streets, headed by bands playing a variety of weird instruments. But these weird sounds act like a tocsin of battle to the Moslems, and whenever a procession passes a Mohammedan mosque only a strong guard of police can prevent the Moslems from swarming forth like infuriated hornets and starting a riot which may end in wholesale looting and massacre.

IF hotheads on either side want to start *real* trouble, they resort to other methods equally strange but thoroughly efficacious. The Moslems do the trick by publicly slaughtering a few cows. That is enough! To pious Hindus the cow is the most sacred of animals, and he who kills a cow has committed a sacrilege so unspeakable that his blood alone can expiate the sin. As for Hindu troublemakers, they just hurl a pig or two through a mosque gateway. So disgustingly unclean is a pig in Moslem eyes that the mosque is utterly defiled, and Hindu blood is the only known antidote.

Now imagine trying to found a united, democratic nation on such a state of mind. Indeed, Hindu-Moslem antagonism was the chief obstacle to the working of the first installment of self-government which the British gave India a few years ago.

When the project was discussed, the Hindus urged general suffrage on the ordinary Western model. But the Mohammedans hotly protested against the idea. "What!" they exclaimed. "See ourselves hopelessly outvoted by the Hindu majority? Never!" So the British devised a scheme of proportional representation by which offices and legislative seats were apportioned beforehand between the rival elements.

In the elections Hindus could vote for Hindu candidates, and Moslems for Moslems, just as Democrats and Republicans do with us in party primaries; but no cross-voting was allowed, and neither side was permitted to oppress the other in the actual functioning of legislatures and offices.

Of course, this scheme works after a fashion so long as the ultimate power remains in neutral hands. But fancy Hindus and Mohammedans pitted fully against each other in the political arena, with no paramount authority to " hold the ring "!

FURTHERMORE, this is only the beginning of the story. Thus far we have considered the Hindus as a unit. But, as a matter of fact, the Hindus are not united among themselves. On the contrary, they are divided into a series of sharply distinct groups known as *castes*. Caste is an extraordinary institution, utterly unlike the classes we have in the West. A Hindu is born into his caste, and can never rise into a higher grade. A high-caste beggar would scorn to eat, drink, or associate with a low-caste millionaire, and would be scandalized at the very thought of giving him his daughter in marriage. As there are several main castes and over 2,000 sub-castes, the upshot is that Hindu society is divided into a series of closed groups—mutually so exclusive that they have about as much to do with one another in the normal relations of life as have the various fenced-off inmates of a zoölogical garden.

In Hinduism there is only one way of changing your caste status. That is by breaking caste rules. But it is a very terrible way; for it does not simply reduce you to a lower caste but drops you out of the caste system altogether and makes you an *out-caste*. Henceforth, you *and your descendants* are treated worse than we Westerners would treat lepers roaming at large. You are an " untouchable," whom no caste-man can so much as lay a finger on without pollution. If your shadow falls on a high-caste man eating his dinner, he must throw away the food and himself be ceremonially purified.

Since outcasting has been going on for ages, there has accumulated at the bottom of Hindu society an immense mass of despised persons, estimated at fully 50,000,000, collectively termed the " depressed classes." On the other hand, at the apex of this social pyramid stand the Brahmins—the priestly caste. Their power is enormous, since, among other things, it is they who degrade for caste offenses or purify those who unwittingly break the caste code.

Naturally, the proud Brahmins intend to rule India if the British leave. It is significant that nearly all the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rêve d'or
Rêve d'or
L.T. PIVER
PARIS - NEW YORK

The "mode of the Lady"

inspires a new Scent

THE Lady — fragile — dainty — *lives again!* Again, all is softness and subtlety —lace and chiffon—allure—delicately feminine. And for the new "Lady" is the new REVE D'OR. Acclaimed in Paris, REVE D'OR brings to America its soft fragrance—its elegant delicacy, as feminine as the "Lady" herself.

Piver, oldest of French perfumers, has created REVE D'OR for the new mode. It is here in America in REVE D'OR *Face Powder*, in four flattering tints, including the new *Basanee (an "after sun-tan tint")* at $1—REVE D'OR *Perfume*, $10 and $4 (also a purse size at $1)—REVE D'OR *Toilet Water*, $2.50—*Talc*, $1—*Bath Powder*, $1. At all good perfume counters. L. T. Piver, New York and Montreal.

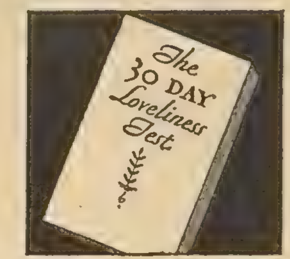
Rêve d'or
(Golden Dream)

PRODUCT OF PIVER ••• PARIS

Is a month too long to plan for LOVELINESS?

The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test

"...*Loveliness is within every woman's power!* ...Take away the mystery. Think of loveliness seriously. The glamorous ones have never been the ladies with perfect noses and bodies built to scale, but those who have brought skill and determination to bear upon their natural endowments, and have *willed* themselves to be admired..."



FREE!

So begins one of the most interesting booklets for women ever published, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Here are easy instructions! Here is splendid information! But above all here is a *definite program* . . . a plan you *know* will bring you each day nearer to lovely charm!

Send for this unusual booklet. Remember that it's being offered *free!*

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, L-1
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."
Name..........
Address..........

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock". These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

INDIA
Continued from page forty-five

Nationalist leaders are Brahmins or almost equally high-caste men. Gandhi, a man of medium caste, is almost the sole exception to the rule.

But this Brahmin leadership of the Nationalist cause has aroused the resentment of the depressed classes who would lose all protection if British rule were withdrawn. The Brahmins have already shown their hand in instances like certain provincial elections where they threatened to out-caste all who refused to vote the Brahmin ticket.

Surely a unique political dodge!

If such be the attitude of the "depressed classes" among the Hindus, one can imagine how long the Mohammedans would tolerate the autocratic sway of those whom they detest as the chiefs among their idolatrous foes. Not a very promising basis, you see, for the united, peaceful Indian democracy which Nationalist propagandists assure us would speedily follow the exit of British rule.

P. & A. photo

The home of Mahatma Gandhi in Ahmadabad.

Of course, we must not forget that there are some minor religions whose adherents hold strong views that might make considerable trouble in addition to what we have just described. However, we will pass them by to observe a major complication in the political field—that of the native states.

TO the outer world, India is all British. Internally this is not true. Spread irregularly across India are several hundred political entities, some as large and populous as European countries, while others are tiny affairs covering only a few acres. But they all have native rulers, who govern their domains subject to the oversight of a British "resident" and to treaties which regulate their relations with the British crown. In the aggregate, these native states cover no less than one-third of India's total area and one-fourth of its entire population.

P. & A. photo

Gandhi's favorite sacred cow.

Now these native states are not mere picturesque historical survivals; they are a genuine force, to be seriously reckoned with. Most of the rulers hold the loyalty of their subjects and are not at all inclined to vanish in favor of the united India preached by Nationalist agitators—who, by the way, are nearly all in *British* India, their propaganda not being tolerated in most of the native states. Also, the more powerful native rulers are immensely wealthy and maintain well drilled local armies which, though small in numbers, would become important military factors once British power was removed from the scene.

YEARS ago one native potentate, when asked what he would do in such a contingency, exclaimed frankly:

"I would mobilize and march; for within a month there would not be a rupee or a virgin left in Bengal!"

Again, what of India's neighbors? Beyond the northwest frontier lies Afghanistan, abode of tremendous fighters who are likewise fanatical Moslems. Does any informed person doubt that, were Britain's frontier guards withdrawn, Afghan hosts would speedily come pouring through the passes, as they have done so often in the past, for Islam, for loot, and for dominion?

And, beyond Afghanistan, crouches "The Bear that Walks Like a Man." Russia, whether Czarist or Bolshevist, is a perpetual menace to India. Today, Russia is more formidable than ever, for a new strategic railway is being laid to the Afghan frontier, and Red armies of immense strength could be easily concentrated thither in a relatively short time. Russian agents are also busy among the Indian malcontents, and communism has found a foothold in the poorer quarters of the towns. Think of the repercussions on world politics from an India dominated by Red Moscow!

Think also of the shock to world finance and world trade if India should either go communist or fall into a welter of ferocious civil strife. Many billions of Western capital have been invested in India. Most of this capital is British, but some of it comes from other Western nations, including our own. As for India's foreign trade, it is large, and increases rapidly with every decade.

The financial and commercial stake of the West in India is thus a great one. Yet the revolutionary elements leave us in no doubt as to the fate of Western capital invested there if they get control. Recently, Nationalist leaders have publicly announced that India's national debt (almost wholly held by British bondholders) would be repudiated by a Nationalist government, while British capital invested in India would be promptly "nationalized." In other words, the Indian revolutionists, if successful, plan to do just what the Russian revolutionists did when they set up a communist republic on the ruins of czardom. Since the debts to be repudiated and the invested capital to be "nationalized" total fully $10,000,000,000, picture to yourself, gentle reader, the resultant crash on the London stock exchange and the reflex crashes on other stock exchanges throughout the world!

WE now begin to realize not only the magnitude of the explosive forces in India but also the shattering effects of a great Indian explosion on the world at large—including ourselves. And the possibility of such a catastrophe becomes apparent when we note the extremely slender *material* bases of British rule in India. No one has ever described the realities of the situation and its latent dangers better than that brilliant Englishman, Meredith Townsend, who, many years ago, when British rule in India was still practically unchallenged, wrote the following prophetic lines:

> The English think they will rule India for many centuries or forever. I do not think so, holding rather the older belief that the empire which came in a day will disappear in a night. . . .
>
> Above all this inconceivable mass of humanity, governing all, protecting all, taxing all, rises what we call here "the Empire," a corporation of less than 1,500 men, partly chosen by examination, partly by coöptation, who are set to govern, and who protect themselves in governing by finding pay for a minute white garrison of 65,000 men, one-fifth of the Roman legions—though the masses to be controlled are double the subjects of Rome.
>
> That corporation and that garrison constitute the "Indian Empire." There is nothing else. Banish those 1,500 men in black, defeat that slender garrison in red, and the empire has ended, the structure disappears, and brown India emerges, unchanged and unchangeable.
>
> To support the official world and its garrison there is, except Indian opinion, absolutely nothing. Not only is there no white race in India, not only is there no white colony, but there is no white man who purposes to remain. There are no white servants, not even grooms; no white policemen, no white postmen, no white anything. If the brown men struck for a week, the "empire" would collapse like a house of cards, and every ruling man would be a starving prisoner in his own house. He could not move or feed himself or get water.

NOW note that those lines just quoted were penned when the British *raj* in India was still untroubled—long, long before Gandhi and his "passive resistance" slogan were even heard of. Gandhi's scheme of what amounts to a gigantic boycott of everything British is thus not the visionary dream which many Westerners suppose, but is rooted in the basic realities of the situation. For if the great mass of Indians could be solidly mobilized to Gandhi's plan, British rule in India would, as Townsend says, collapse in a week like a house of cards.

Neither could Britain hold India long against anything like a general insurrection. However poorly armed the rebels might be, Britain simply could not send the vast armies needed to crush a really rebellious India. This was probably true even when Britain was at the height of its power. It is doubly true now, when Britain is still staggering from the effects of the Great War, with depressed industries and a citizenry bowed beneath a terrible burden of taxation.

The truth is that today, as in the past, Britain holds India, not by brute force but by certain nonmaterial factors, chief among which is prestige. And the most ominous aspect of the situation is that it is precisely those imponderable moral factors which seem to be on the wane. A generation ago British prestige in India was immense. To get some conception of it, read Kipling's earlier works, describing Indian life as it was during the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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INDIA
Cont'd f'm page 47

'80s and '90s of the last century.

Now, all is changed. British rule is still universally feared and widely respected, but the white man is no longer revered and is bitterly hated in many quarters. Gandhi denounces the British *raj* as "satanic" to dumb multitudes who worship him almost as a god. And Gandhi, remember, is for peaceful methods; whereas most of the younger Nationalists, though giving Gandhi lip service, are ripe for violence and terrorism. The example of Ireland is eagerly taken to heart.

P. & A. photo.

Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India.

In order to appreciate the dramatic series of events that are taking place in India, we should briefly survey the swelling tide of Indian unrest. The first point to note is that, though this revolutionary ferment has grown with ever-increasing rapidity, it is a comparatively recent thing.

Down to the opening years of our century there was no organized agitation against British rule. What precipitated trouble was the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905. The defeat of a great European power by an Asiatic people sent an electric thrill through the whole nonwhite world. White prestige went down everywhere, and in India this loss of prestige (the real basis of British rule) had immediate and serious consequences. By the end of the year 1905 revolutionary agitation had begun in India, and soon reached alarming proportions.

The British rulers of India met the storm with a mixture of firmness and conciliation. Violence was sternly repressed, but moderate demands for governmental reforms were discussed, and in 1909 a first installment of limited self-government was granted, with the understanding that, as the Indians proved their ability to work their new institutions, further measures would be accorded.

This wise policy had good results. Indian public opinion welcomed the reforms and revolutionary agitation died away. It became evident that at that time active unrest was limited to the younger "intellectuals" among high-caste Hindus—men for the most part educated along European lines, who had imbibed Western ideas and were eager to play a rôle in politics themselves, instead of leaving everything in the hands of alien rulers.

So matters went until the Great War shook India to its foundations. Those war years not only bore hard on India but dealt another blow to white prestige. Facing a shattered white world and noting Britain's exhaustion, Indian malcontents took heart and spread revolutionary propaganda which appealed not merely to the younger intellectuals but to other elements as well. Soon India was seething with unrest from end to end. Fierce riots had to be put down, some-

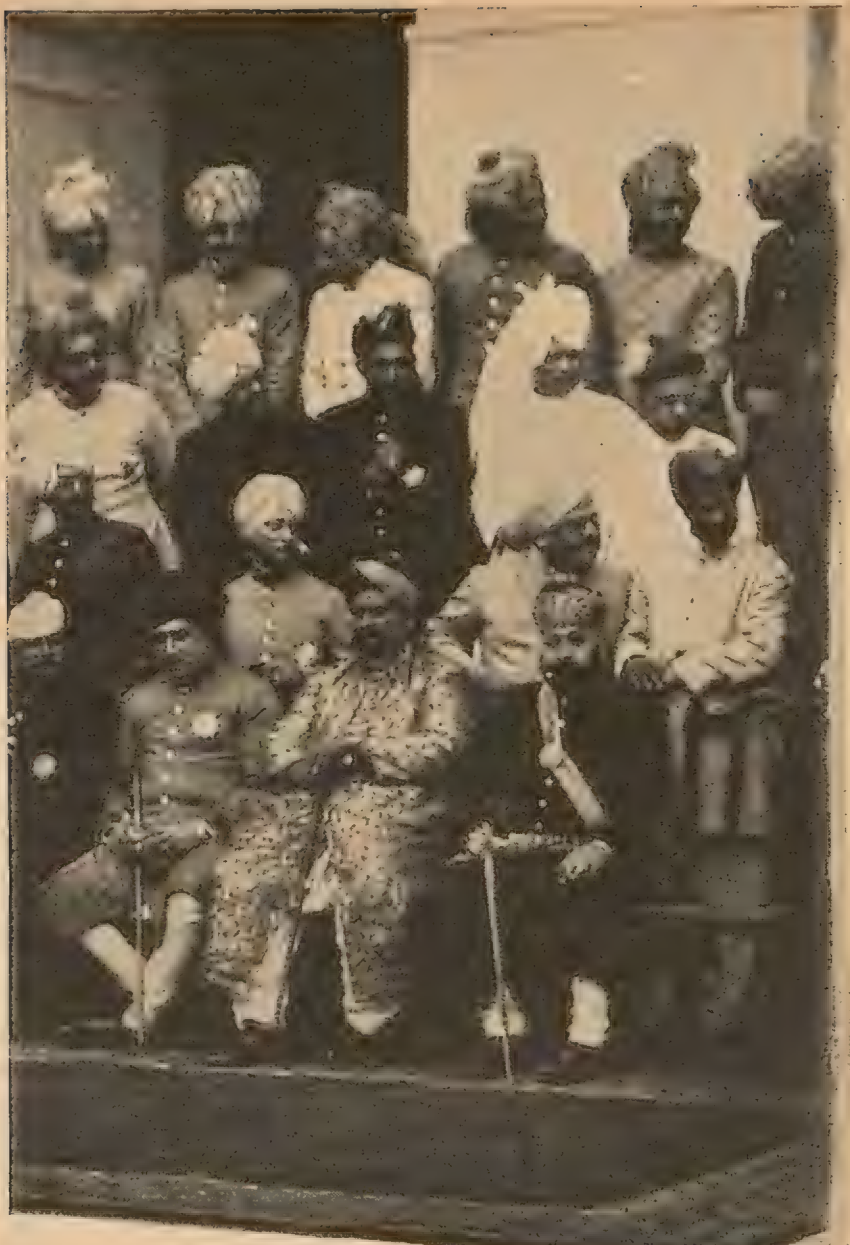

Photo © Deutscher Photo Dienst

The viceroy and a group of maharajahs as spectators at a festivity. Lord Irwin, the viceroy, is in the middle of the front row. To the right of the viceroy is the Maharajah of Alwar, who represented India in the League of Nations. Third to the right is the Maharajah of Patiala. To the left of the viceroy are the Maharajah of Bikaner and the Maharajah of Kashmir.

times with much bloodshed which, in turn, further inflamed Indian public opinion.

It was at this moment that Gandhi appeared with his idea of a general boycott of everything British. And Gandhi very nearly succeeded!

WE know this on the very best authority; because, in a surprisingly frank interview with the well known journalist, Drew Pearson, no less a person than Sir George Lloyd, former governor of Bombay, thus revealed the inside story of those critical days:

Just a thin, spindly shrimp of a fellow was Gandhi! But he swayed the people and held them at his beck and call. He didn't care for material things. He preached nothing but the ideals and morals of India. You can't govern people with ideals! Still, that was where he got his grip upon the people. He was their god. India must always have its god. First it was Tilak, then Gandhi, now someone else tomorrow.

He gave us a scare! His program filled our jails. You can't go on arresting people forever, you know—not when there are 319,000,000 of them. And if they had taken his next step and refused to pay taxes, God knows where we should have been!

Gandhi's was the most colossal experiment in world history; and it came within an inch of succeeding. But he couldn't control men's passions. They became violent and he called off his program.

You know the rest. We jailed him.

GANDHI'S imprisonment and the failure of his peaceful boycott gave a momentary breathing space which the British authorities cleverly used to offer India a further installment of self-government. But these reforms did not appease Indian discontent as had those of a decade before. More and more loudly the disaffected elements demanded full self-government as a "dominion" of the British Empire. But this the British refused to do, declaring that, in face of India's internal feuds and rivalries, full self-government would spell civil war and probably anarchy.

That refusal, however, merely hardened the temper of Indian unrest. Instead of abating their demands, the discontented elements increased them. More and more, power passed to the extreme Nationalists, who openly agitated, no longer dominion status within the British Empire, but for absolute independence. At the annual National Congress held at the close of 1928, the radicals decisively outvoted the moderates, and the Congress thereupon issued an ultimatum to the British government declaring that if, before December 31, 1929, full dominion status had not been granted, nothing short of independence would thenceforth satisfy Indian nationalism.

It was under these tense circumstances, with the time limit almost expired, that the recent congress convened. The ultimatum having expired without compliance by the British government, the Nationalists made good their threat and issued a declaration of independence. Then Gandhi made his dramatic march to the sea, where he and his followers deliberately broke the law and invited arrest by making salt in defi-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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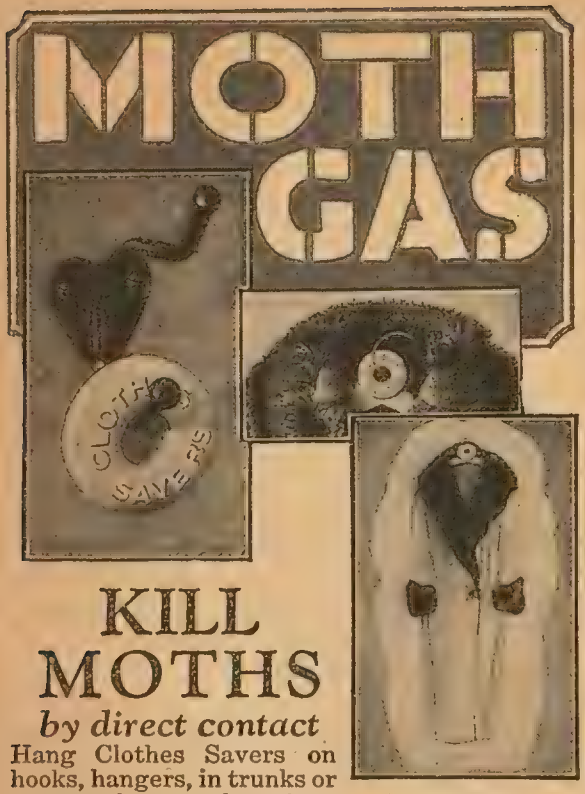

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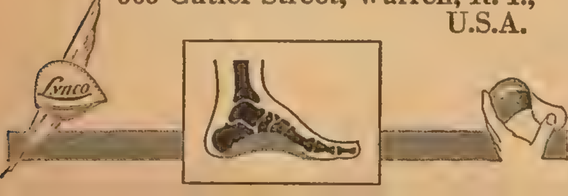

INDIA
Continued from page forty-nine

ance of the government salt monopoly.

Gandhi hopes to win India's freedom by what he calls " mass civil disobedience "; in other words, a general ignoring of the British government and its laws, including such crucial matters as the payment of taxes. But it is generally agreed that Gandhi cannot hold his people in line, and that his program of passive resistance must soon degenerate into violence and terrorism.

Indeed, that is precisely what is now happening. Every day the news dispatches from India bring ominous tidings of riotous mobs battling police, of terroristic outrages by armed insurgents, and of wholesale arrests of Nationalist agitators. Highly significant of the trend of the time is the personality of the present head of the Nationalist party—the pundit, Jawaharlal Nehru. A young man of fiery spirit, Jawaharlal Nehru openly avows that independence is his goal and that he will not scruple to use any means to attain it. Furthermore, he is an avowed socialist and is probably a secret communist, for not long ago he visited Moscow, where he hobnobbed with the Bolshevik leaders in truly fraternal fashion. The pundit himself has been jailed, but he has plenty of able lieutenants to carry on his work, and his imprisonment has of course made him a martyr to his followers.

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

NOW, all this looks bad, and the outlook is admittedly dark. However, British officialdom in India is very wise and very shrewd. Its members are mostly picked men of long experience, and at their head stands the viceroy, Lord Irwin, a calm, cool-headed English aristocrat of the best type. Few native troops and police have thus far shown signs of disaffection, while the British garrison, though relatively small in numbers (about 70,000) are so well equipped with tanks, airplanes, and other modern war paraphernalia that they can cope with mob uprisings as never before.

Furthermore, the present independence movement, though widespread, is by no means unanimous. Though the Hindu masses are unquestionably stirred to active support of their high-caste leaders, it still remains almost exclusively a Hindu affair, and certain powerful elements of Indian public opinion have come out in open opposition to Nationalist aims and tactics. First and foremost, the Mohammedans condemn the sort of independence aimed at by the Nationalist Congress (which implies Hindu domination) and the Moslem leaders are warning their followers to keep out of trouble. Secondly, the native princes are frankly alarmed at both the political and social radicalism of Jawaharlal Nehru and his associates. Lastly, the " depressed classes," having vainly besought the Brahmin leaders of the congress to reform the caste code, stand coldly aloof.

IT all comes back, you see, to those deep-going religious and social cleavages which instantly appear to bedevil the situation whenever projects of harmonious Indian nationhood are broached.

The present situation, therefore, though grave, is by no means hopeless. And yet, assuming that the British authorities do weather the storm and restore order, what of the future? It is there that the outlook is darkest.

Indian politics for the past quarter century has been a record of recurrent crises, each graver than the last. As we survey those troubled years we seem to be watching a series of mighty waves rolling in on a rising tide from a dark ocean of unrest. Against those waves stands the British *raj*—a dike well built indeed, yet essentially fragile and with moral foundations which are being steadily undermined. Unless the storm winds shift and the tide sets in to ebb, that dike cannot permanently endure. And if it falls and the pent-up flood of revolution sweeps over India, the crash of its destruction will reverberate like an earthquake clear around the world.

THE END

One Strong Thing

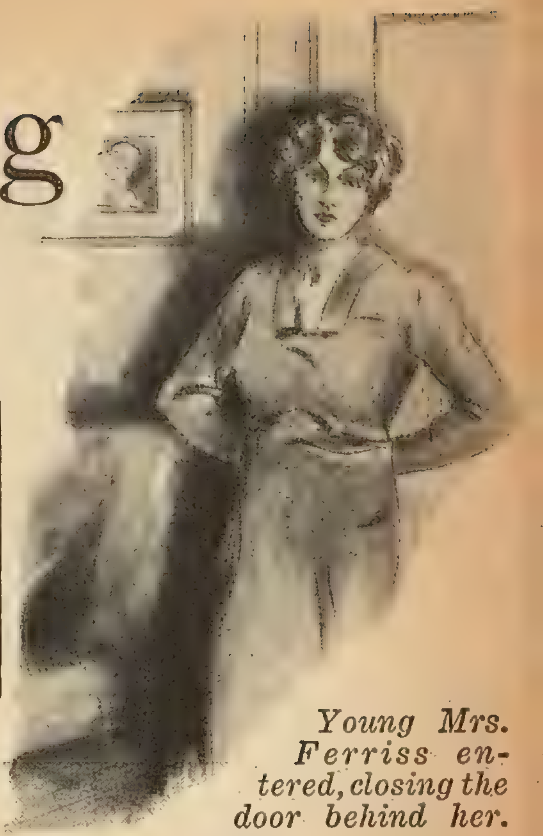
A Short Short Story

By

CARRIE TIBBETS McCAUSLAND

a Connecticut housewife with three children and the habit of snatching a few moments a day for writing something. Her family bet her she wouldn't send in a story to us. She surprised them and we surprised her.

Picture by CHARLES E. PARKER



Young Mrs. Ferriss entered, closing the door behind her.

RUTH was nice about things like that. Kind.

Old Mrs. Ferriss gazed mistily out of her bedroom window with its sunny southern exposure, and reflected that when they moved into this cheerless apartment Ruth could easily have poked her into that little side bedroom with its one window opening into the airway. But Ruth never did things like that. She was kind. A daughter-in-law in a million. Poor Ruthie!

Jim, now, Jim was a young beast. The old lady's face flamed with disapproval, mother love, disgust. Not so young any more, at that. Jim was what you might call nearing middle age. She had hoped he'd improve as he grew older, but he hadn't. He had grown worse. Like his father before him. Like "Old Jim," who grew worse and worse until he had grown old and coarse and useless, and she had grown old and parched and dry, and finally death had come and ended it all.

How she had wished that he would go first, so that she could have some peace. Peace from his drink and the shame of his bad women. Flaunting them in her face—always—and Young Jim growing up.

Time and again she'd planned to take Young Jim and leave—but never had. Just when she'd worked up her courage to the leaving point, he'd tire of the other woman and come home. Sick from drink and dissipation. Needing her so. And she'd weaken, nurse him back to sanity and respectability, and they would go on. Until next time.

And now he was gone and there was no peace, for Young Jim had begun where his father left off. And Young Jim's children growing up—beginning to notice.

Well, she'd tell Ruth to be strong: take the children and leave Jim before they learned too much; go back to Birmingham and start over; put this life behind her. A woman gained nothing by wearing a crown of shame for a shameless man. Nothing. Look at her! She had been weak, but Ruth must be strong.

Old Mrs. Ferriss drew her bent frame up proudly and set her thin old mouth in a tight line. She'd tell Ruth to leave Jim. Jim. Her beautiful baby, her handsome boy, big, lovable, shameless Jim.

Young Mrs. Ferriss entered softly, and, closing the door behind her, leaned for a moment against it. Then she came forward and hovered over the old lady's chair.

"ARE you comfortable, mother? The house is chilly. Junior and I can't seem to get the hang of the furnace, and with the place cluttered up—" She drew up a chair and sat down on its edge. Their knees almost touched, but they avoided each other's eyes.

Young Mrs. Ferriss smiled reassuringly and patted the old lady's cold hand. "Don't be discouraged, mother, we'll soon be all fixed up comfy. It isn't such a bad place. Of course, it isn't cheerful and nice like—like—" Her tired voice trailed off to silence and she sat staring absently out the window.

"—like home," the old lady finished in her thoughts. Leaving the lovely boulevard home was hard for Ruthie and the children, but what with Jim neglecting his business and throwing his money away on bad women—and folks talking— She cleared her throat.

"Ruthie," she said, "I've been wrong not to tell you before. I've been selfish—for Jim. But it's no good sticking to him. I want you to go. He won't ever get any better, Ruthie; he's like his father before him—getting worse and worse. You take the children and go now—back to your people in Birmingham where you can look folks in the face and be somebody. The children are growing up, Ruthie—beginning to notice. Junior heard about this last woman and asked questions. Don't stop me, Ruthie! I've thought it all out. I'll stay on and keep a place for him to come back to—between times—while I live." The old lady chuckled mirthlessly.

"I've spent most of my life doing just that. Might as well finish it that way. You go on, Ruthie. You'll just grow old here, waiting for the between-times. In Birmingham you can forget and find some happiness. You got to think about the children now. It's no use sticking to Jim. He's no good. Like his father before him."

YOUNG Mrs. Ferriss nodded wearily. "I guess you're right, mother. I'll go. I don't like leaving you to bear it alone, but I guess it's different—with mothers. You can love him and—hate him, too. I'll go pack up." But she sat on, holding the old lady's hand, staring out the window.

"Ruthie," the old lady urged, "you hurry. Junior saw his dad on the street this morning. I reckon they must be back. You got to hurry before he comes home."

"Yes, mother, I'll go get ready." But they sat on, avoiding each other's eyes. Like conspirators.

There was a scuffle at the front door, Junior's high voice clamoring, heavy footsteps in the hall. The two women turned their eyes on the door, watching.

Young Jim floated in, handsome, disheveled, smiling. He lurched, and young Mrs. Ferriss shot from her chair and dove for him. Old Mrs. Ferriss rose from her comfortable rocker and patted up the fat cushions. Supported by his wife, Young Jim eased himself into the chair. He caught his mother's hand and kissed it fondly, winking at her the while. Her old cheeks grew pink, but she stood stiffly by, waiting her cue from Ruth.

Ruth stood for a moment looking down at her husband. He looked at her with the eyes of a beaten dog and the grin of a satyr. She dropped quietly to her knees and began unlacing his shoes.

"Mother," she said simply, "will you fix up the bed in the airway room for Jim? Junior got the frame up, but I didn't get the bed made up."

Old Mrs. Ferriss bustled to her own bed and folded back the soft blankets. Her old face beamed, but she avoided her daughter-in-law's eyes. "Put him in here, Ruthie," she said meekly. "This is the sunniest room for sickness."

"And, mother"— Ruth was tugging the coat from an inert body —"will you make Jim a pot of tea? Strong tea, mother, and—"

Old Mrs. Ferriss was already halfway to the kitchen. She knew the rest of the order by heart.

THE END

Vox

Miss Robinson and We Are Told Some Things That May Do Us a Lot of Good

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—No one who would publish an article such as "The Amateur Competition," by Grace Robinson, is a gentleman.

It is the crudest, most disgusting, repulsive article I have ever read in a supposedly high-class magazine.

I resent the statements Grace Robinson makes regarding the girl of today.

Who is this person that tells the world the majority of the girls of the present day are crooked?

Since when did men cease to demand purity in their expected wives? They never have and never will.

I pity the person that views life as does Grace Robinson.—*M. A. K.*

PERRYSBURG, OHIO—"The Amateur Competition," by Grace Robinson, was about the most refreshing "frank discussion" article I have ever read.—*G. R. C.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Grace Robinson's article got my goat.

Of course, I know that figures do not lie—but liars figure.—*Louis G. Rodrigues.*

ATLANTA, GA.—Grace Robinson's "Amateur Competition" interested me greatly. The older people rave over our petting, but they have never stopped to realize that it is *one* particular boy for each girl. All the illicit relations are as monogamous as marriage could possibly be.—*Seventeen.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Thank God as many people read Vox Pop as read Grace Robinson's latest! I crave to read what's to be said about "The Amateur Competition." There was such a lot of good in the article that it was a pity to flaunt a license to us youths to indulge in promiscuity.

May I suggest not a cure but a preventative measure—youthful marriage. I married my wife at fifteen; have two children and have been married seven years. We still are happily married, and I have never been with nor desired to be with any woman during the seven years, except my wife.—*One Who Blushed at Page Twenty.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Grace Robinson's "The Amateur Competition." Also I have read the last Liberty I shall ever buy (nor would I accept one as a gift).

I would suggest, Mr. Editor, that you adopt a red lantern as a permanent cover design.—*Doc.*

PUEBLO, COLO.—Before some yelping Vox Popper jumps up to libel Grace Robinson's "The Amateur Competition" as "salacious," let me say that the splendidly frank, fearless sex articles are the finest, most vital things Liberty has ever published. Have the courage of your circulation!—it's big enough, now, to mold public opinion, not cringe to it.

The conditions described are far from ideal but are certainly a step in the right direction, for any brand of vice is better than the commercialized variety. The modern youth finds a girl whose beauty and refinement appeal quite as much to his spiritual as to his physical nature, and enters into a relation as tender and ardent as any. Not infrequently it terminates in marriage, or else may be actually more permanent than many marriages, and is always more romantic.—*Arthur Heshbon.*

DURHAM, N. C.—I have held my tongue up to now but after reading "The Amateur Competition," by Grace Robinson, can hold it no longer.

Just who gives Miss Robinson the authority to say that "few men demand absolute purity in their expected wives. They have ceased to regard it as important"? I think that she has yet something to learn, and that if a poll was taken of men themselves she would have to change her statement.—"*Tar Heel.*"

LEMONT, ILL.—I have just finished reading "The Amateur Competition," by Grace Robinson. From her standpoint, I will admit that it was interesting, but highly exaggerated and unfair.

People draw their conclusions from their environment, and what chance has a reporter got of getting an unbiased view along this line? Reporters are after news. It is no news to find people who live an ordinary decent life, and follow a legitimate business. That's too common.—*Joseph Armand Fraser.*

BOSTON, MASS.—If the conclusions reached in Grace Robinson's article, "The Amateur Competition," are true, then America has fallen far below the moral standards of ancient civilization at their very worst. In Rome, for instance, aristocratic matrons had their names inscribed on the list of public prostitutes in order to avoid the penalty attached to adultery, but even so, they saw to it that their young daughters remained pure.

There is not even the excuse of an impulsive, overwhelming love affair in the young girls of today. It is nothing but coolly planned, calculated indulgence.—*Helen L. Kolbins.*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Congratulations on printing one of the clearest, cleverest, and most interestingly frank bits of sociological truth I have ever had placed before me. If Grace Robinson has another story just one-third as good as "The Amateur Competition," let it come forth.—*C. S. B.*

"Singing in the Rain"

OMAHA, NEB.—I just can't refrain from telling you what magic Leslie Thrasher's cover, "Singing in the Rain," has worked. It carried me back forty years and I can just picture myself when I happened to don a pair of high-heeled shoes and a high-busted corset, feeling all dressed up.

Then I hied myself to the sidewalk in front of a distillery at Cass and Kinzie streets, Chicago, where I proceeded to do a Spanish dance, kicking and twisting my legs to a fare-you-well. Had hair of spun gold with brown eyes, and attracted plenty of attention. Oh, for the mind of a child! The forty years have brought many sorrows and tears, as well as a paralytic stroke, but, thank God, I have left a sense of humor and a poetic and romantic soul which expresses itself in various ways and through this medium I have been enabled to overcome many obstacles.

Hope to have many more hearty laughs and want to thank you for having furnished such a generous supply of laughing tonic for the small sum of five cents—a nickel.—*Effie Greenman.*

ST. JOHN, CAN.—Don't let any of those highbrow babies kid you any more about Leslie Thrasher's stuff.

That cover picture of his on the May 3 issue of Liberty, "Singing in the Rain," should be dolled up in oils and hung up among the collections of Whistler and those Big Boys. These owls that hoot at him—to my mind—about size up to them French post cards that Mike sent to Marge's old man.—*Fresh Canadian.*

Well, as a Matter of Fact, Who Would?

MINOCQUA, WIS.—Read your "They're Off!" by Benchley, and I couldn't resist telling you that I believe his blood is about as cold as a Polar bear's kiss.

He must be one of these "They're All Out of Step But Jim" boys.

Anyone who goes to a horse race and sees a fine bunch of thoughbreds straining every muscle to win, and can't feel the excitement, keen pleasure, and good sportsmanship exhibited at a good horse race, wouldn't give a nickel to see Gandhi in the ring with Dempsey.—*H. A. McFarland.*

It's Still Perfectly Good

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Liberty, issue of May 3, 1930, under "Bright Sayings of Children," the sum of five dollars was paid for one of the oldest gag jokes ever told in this country: "Red, if you weren't Irish, what would you be?" "I'd be ashamed." Robinson Crusoe reprimanded his man Friday when Friday resurrected that one, and Columbus kicked his Indian guide for the same offense.—*C. H. Davis.*

Pop

Oh, So That's How It Is

VALRICO, FLA.—In answer to "Just a Doctor" of Ottawa, Kan., I want to say that Jenner and Pasteur are the laymen you medical doctors welcomed with open arms, and like vipers in your bosoms they will sting you to death.

The advanced thinkers of the race are getting to know what disease is, and the cause. To cure a disease is to do the patient an injury. Disease is Nature's method of ridding the body of the congestion of toxic poison—the only disease there is. You give the effect 2,000 different names. The cause of disease is eating second-hand foods, grown on de-mineralized soil and robbed of their mineral salts and infra-red sun rays through cooking.

Eat your foods as Nature intended you to and there will be no need for sickness, the cleansing process. Smallpox is the greatest cleanser of all. Serums will not prevent diseases.

Childbirth under natural conditions is easy and practically painless, and does not need any help from drugs, instruments, and over-important doctors. When Science and Nature do not agree, Science is always at fault.

To the junk pile with your hospitals, instruments, serums, and drugs. Your sun is setting in the fog of oblivion.—*Franklin Wheeler, N.D.*

Story

PERRYVILLE, MO.—If "Story," by Viña Delmar, was really a story, for gosh sakes don't print any more stories. With ever so much love—*Dot.*

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Please allow me to compliment you on the selection of Viña Delmar's "Story." Of course, she's a famous novelist now, and you can't hardly turn her down—but just the same it's *good.* She's got a clever style and very frank; you never can tell what the devil she's going to do!—*Railey G. Boydston.*

The Series Was Not Supposed to Be Geographically Typical

PASADENA, CALIF.—How does it happen that of the seven installments of your murder mystery series so far published, four relate to crimes committed in San Francisco and vicinity? If this series were taken as geographically typical, it would seem as if the Bay City pulled off about as much dirty work as all the rest of the world combined.

What's the big idea? Are you trying to make people think there is at least one town worse than Chicago?—*A. K.*

The Judge Will Be Spoken to

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is a pity that such an excellent article as "To Know or Not to Know" should have been so smudged with purely volunteered and utterly irrelevant cracks at the liquor question.

Although he appears to be a judge and is presumed to have the judicial temperament, Mr. Oberwager, like most other wets, is evidently so prejudiced and fanatical that he cannot discuss any subject without taking a slam at prohibition.

We wonder if he could repeat the Lord's Prayer without getting off on his pet hobby and saying: "Give us this day our daily booze; lead us straight to our bootlegger, and deliver us from the prohibitionist."

We hope Judge Oberwager will contribute other articles and that he will henceforth refrain from insulting a host of his readers; for, although we well know Liberty is "as wet as the Atlantic Ocean," the drys read it just the same.—*S. E. F.*

Mild Indeed

NEW LONDON, CONN.—We will dip the ensign and then fire a twenty-one gun salute to Dixie Willson. Is she a wow? Oh, oh, that's putting it rather mild, but words are feeble things when it comes to praising her story, "Mr. Venus." Let's have more and more of her stories.—*A. T. La Vigne.*

Attaboy Ira, Nothing Like a Little Constructive Optimism

DALLAS, TEX.—My personal opinion of your contests is that they are a bad thing for the morale of the losers. Understand, I am not griping because I was left out in the cold. I did not expect anything, therefore was not disappointed.

If you had two million entries and I was the one person that had submitted all the entries, something would go wrong with the contest and I would lose out. I am one of those people who will never get anything except by working for it by the sweat of my brow.

You claim to have the most popular magazine on the market today. The reason for it is that you publish the most loose-jointed, immoral stories that it is possible to get into print and get by with it. It just goes to show which way the morals of this country are going. We are riding for a fall. Rome got it and we will get it. The present generation may not live to see it but it is coming just as sure as day follows night.

It is our boast that we are the richest, most enlightened country on the face of the globe, but we should hang our head in shame with our murder record. No one can write a story nowadays without the eternal triangle as a theme, and the movies are the same thing. Anyone would think that all the people in this country are thinking about is somebody else's wife or husband.—*Ira N.*

The Case of Mrs. Temple Houston

DETROIT, MICH.—I read with much interest your editorial, "The Case of Mrs. Temple Houston," with reference to the verdict in a libel suit against you before a Texas jury. I wonder what you expected. Texans are human.

If you have studied your history with the purpose of ascertaining facts you are fully aware that every epithet, every villainous word, every caustic phrase that has ever been coined by man, has been hurled at the South at some time during the past century by individuals and organizations domiciled north of Mason and Dixon's line. And it is still being done.

Technically you violated the Texas libel law and the fact that the jury assessed you only $25,000 shows that they believed the violation was not intentional. But they have been deceived too often in the past by ulterior motives behind friendly gestures to accept unreservedly your profession of friendship.

Don't expect Texans to kill the fatted calf.—*H. H. Miller.*

EL PASO, TEX.—Congratulations, Mr. Editor, re your editorial, "The Case of Mrs. Temple Houston." No man or corporation is perfect, and the man who admits an error, even when made absolutely unintentionally, as it was in your case, shows clean sportsmanship to endeavor to make amends.

The jury who tried the case were probably swayed away from their better judgment by a patriotic speech and did not thoroughly weigh the evidence as they should have done.

If the court of appeals accepts your editorial in the true sense it was written, there is no doubt the unjust fine will be canceled.—*R. G. Ponsford.*

Huh

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I want to congratulate Liberty—and to express my surprise, too—at its inclusion of such a high-grade story as "The Lost Picture," by F. H. Brennan. I am not merely an agnostic, I am a forthright atheist, but I was thrilled at the depiction of the peasants and their Passion Play.

Better be careful, Liberty, or the spirit of worth-while literature will get you.—*Mary.*

We'll See What Can Be Done

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—I am a young boy but can understand and appreciate your stories, articles, and editorials better than a majority of your Vox Pop jeerers. Nevertheless I am still a boy and would enjoy reading, occasionally, a story for a boy, about a boy, by a writer who understands boys (there are not many who do).—*A Man of Tomorrow.*

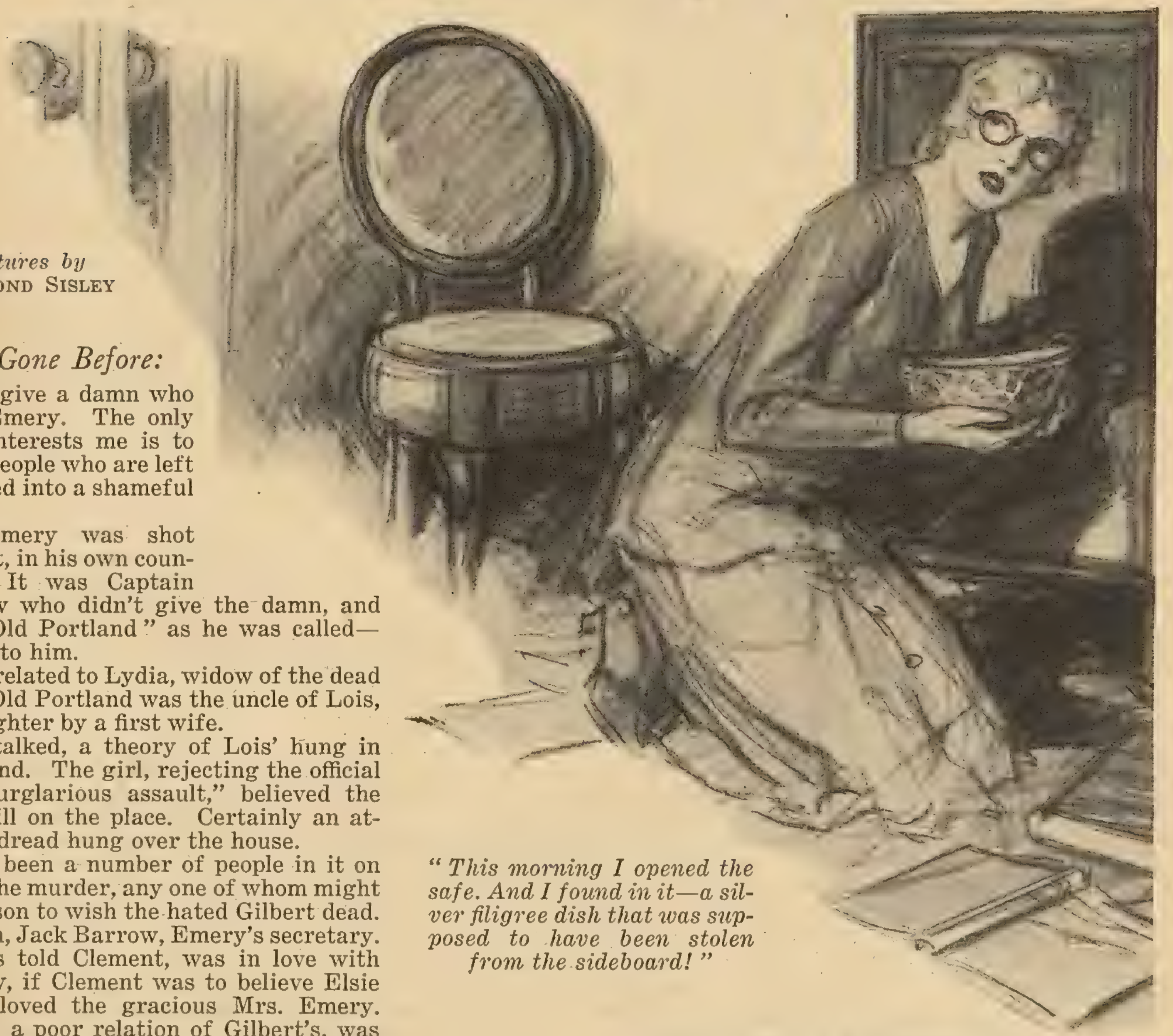
The Chain of DEATH

The Story of a House of Mystery

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY



"This morning I opened the safe. And I found in it—a silver filigree dish that was supposed to have been stolen from the sideboard!"

What Has Gone Before:

"I DON'T give a damn who killed Emery. The only thing that interests me is to see that the people who are left aren't dragged into a shameful scandal."

Gilbert Emery was shot dead, at night, in his own country house. It was Captain Marcus Snow who didn't give the damn, and Clement—"Old Portland" as he was called—who listened to him.

Snow was related to Lydia, widow of the dead Emery, and Old Portland was the uncle of Lois, Emery's daughter by a first wife.

As Snow talked, a theory of Lois' hung in Clement's mind. The girl, rejecting the official solution, "burglarious assault," believed the killer was still on the place. Certainly an atmosphere of dread hung over the house.

There had been a number of people in it on the night of the murder, any one of whom might have had reason to wish the hated Gilbert dead. To begin with, Jack Barrow, Emery's secretary. Jack, so Lois told Clement, was in love with Lydia. Snow, if Clement was to believe Elsie Evans, also loved the gracious Mrs. Emery. Elsie herself, a poor relation of Gilbert's, was filled with a fanatical hatred of all the rich. Even the unhappy Lydia gained wealth and freedom by Gilbert's death.

Then there was Duncan Sommerfield, Lois' demoralized fiancé. Right after the murder he was seen holding the hand of Agnes, the chambermaid.

No murder motive discernible here, but, astonishingly, Duncan was missing.

The night before, Clement and Lois, driving out from the city, were to have picked Duncan up at the suburban station. He was not there. Further on they encountered Barrow, on foot, and later Stevens, the chauffeur, in the car which should have met Barrow's train. Neither of the men knew anything about Duncan—so they said.

But the next day Sommerfield was found. Stevens drove into the garage with him propped up stiffly on the seat. It was Clement who touched Duncan's chalk-white forehead. It was cold as stone! Now go on with the story.

PART THREE—A KILLER AT LARGE

"THE chauffeur here found a man dead by the boulevard this morning," Clement told the police. "He picked him up and brought him back here. His name is Duncan Sommerfield—an—an acquaintance of Mr. Emery's. . . . All right!"

He turned back to Stevens.

"They're sending someone up at once," said he.

"Yes, sir," said Stevens, unexpectedly deferential again. "Will you tell Miss Lois, sir?"

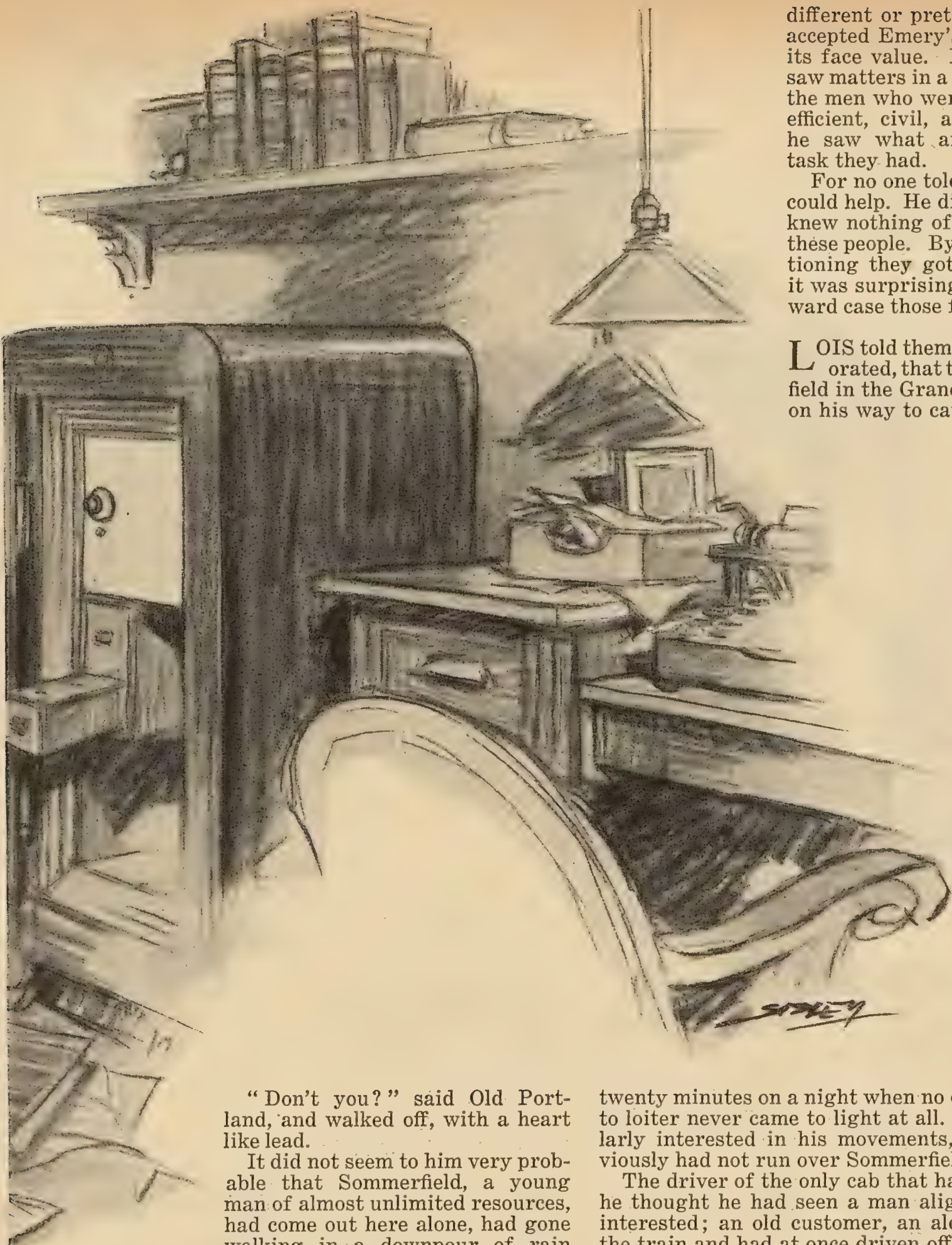
Clement looked at him; saw the young man standing, cap in hand, looking at the car, for all the world like a movie hero.

"You'll be asked questions, Stevens," he observed.

"Yes, sir," said Stevens. "I reckon everyone will be."

"They may reopen the question of that alibi of Sommerfield's."

"I don't see why, sir."



“Don't you?” said Old Portland, and walked off, with a heart like lead.

It did not seem to him very probable that Sommerfield, a young man of almost unlimited resources, had come out here alone, had gone walking in a downpour of rain along the lonely boulevard at night, and had been accidentally run over. Not very probable.

He thought of Stevens as he had seen him last night, with the little trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth. Stevens, who had brought the dead man back. And he remembered a saying of his old nurse, from the remote days of his childhood:

“Them as hides can find.”

Then suddenly he remembered Barrow striding along that empty road—Barrow, with that desperate look on his face. . . . And no good reason for being where he was.

Wherever he looked there was confusion, darkness. But in his mind there was one definite thought: He believed now that Emery had been murdered, not shot down by an escaping burglar. And he believed that Sommerfield had been murdered.

“There's a killer loose here,” he thought.

Clement had an opportunity, that morning, of observing some of the practical difficulties which the police encounter. He had thought the police either pretty indifferent or pretty stupid for having accepted Emery's death so readily at its face value. But this morning he saw matters in a new light. He found the men who were sent to investigate efficient, civil, and painstaking, and he saw what an almost impossible task they had.

For no one told them anything that could help. He did not, himself. They knew nothing of the relations among these people. By dint of patient questioning they got the bare facts, and it was surprising what a straightforward case those facts presented.

LOIS told them, and Clement corroborated, that they had met Sommerfield in the Grand Central, apparently on his way to catch the last train out to Moorewood. After that, no one had seen him again, alive. No one had noticed him getting off the train. Barrow said that he himself had swung off the last car and ducked under the gate.

He had looked toward the station, but, not seeing the car that should have come to meet him, had gone to Hague's drug store and tried to get a taxi by telephone.

Then he had set off on foot, being presently picked up by Clement and Lois.

The fact that he had gone only half a mile in twenty minutes on a night when no one would be disposed to loiter never came to light at all. No one was particularly interested in his movements, anyhow; for he obviously had not run over Sommerfield.

The driver of the only cab that had met that train said he thought he had seen a man alight, but had not been interested; an old customer, an alderman, had come by the train and had at once driven off in his cab.

Stevens was questioned more closely. He said he had left the house in time to meet Mr. Barrow by that train, but he had punctured a tire, and, the weather being so bad, had stopped at a garage to put on his spare. Two mechanics at the garage corroborated this. They had not particularly noted the time, but they said it had been after twelve. Then Stevens had gone on, and had presently met Clement's car. And Sommerfield's body had been found some distance nearer to the station than the place of that meeting, on a part of the road which Stevens had not reached.

The police examined the spot where Stevens declared he had found Sommerfield, and the evidence was unmistakable in the sodden ground. Stevens repeated the account he had given to Clement. The cook had sent him for a bottle of cream; he had noticed a hat; he had stopped, got out, found the body, and recognizing it had brought it back. He was sharply reprimanded for having done this, but he was not at all contrite.

The body was examined by the police doctor and later

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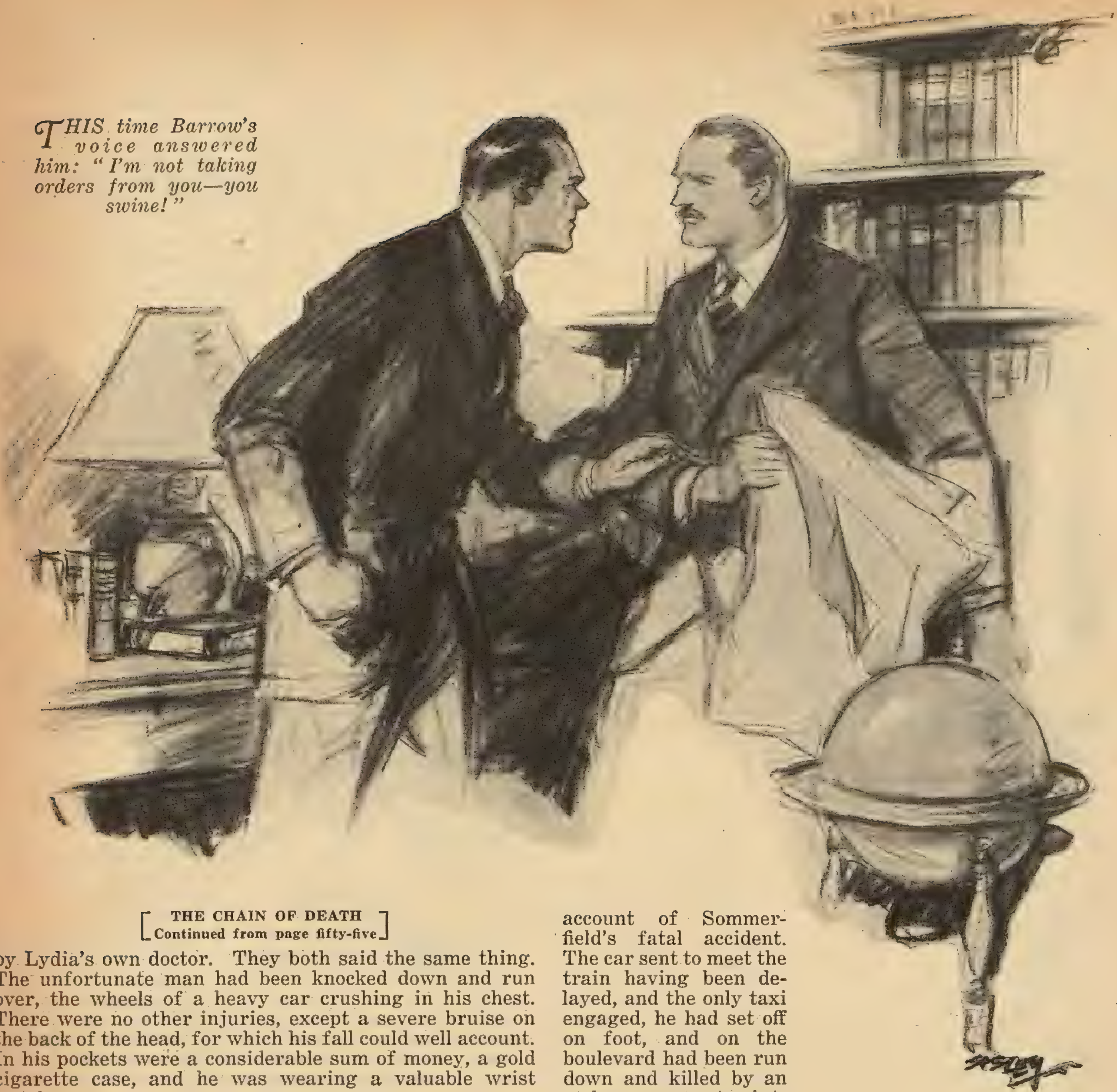


THIS time Barrow's voice answered him: "I'm not taking orders from you—you swine!"

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page fifty-five

by Lydia's own doctor. They both said the same thing. The unfortunate man had been knocked down and run over, the wheels of a heavy car crushing in his chest. There were no other injuries, except a severe bruise on the back of the head, for which his fall could well account. In his pockets were a considerable sum of money, a gold cigarette case, and he was wearing a valuable wrist watch.

It was by no means an unheard-of thing for a motorist to run down someone and escape without ever stopping to see what damage had been done. In this case, it seemed that the driver, with some paltry remnant of decency, had at least dragged his victim's body aside from the road. There was absolutely no clew to the perpetrator of this; there was no reason whatever for suspecting a deliberate murder.

In a surprisingly short time the reporters began to arrive. What interested them was the rumored engagement between Sommerfield and Lois. Old Portland would have sent them away, none too tactfully; but Lois did not agree with him.

"That's a mistake," she said. "They'll print something anyhow, and I'd rather it was my tale than theirs. I've got a pretty good line. You can listen."

He did listen, and marveled. She was graver than he had yet seen her, but perfectly cool. She said they had not been engaged, only old friends, and that Sommerfield had been a friend of her father's too.

"Both of them dead inside of three weeks," she said somberly. "It sort of shows you, doesn't it, how lawless the country's getting. Gunmen, and reckless drivers . . ."

The reporters took that all down, along with the simple account of Sommerfield's fatal accident. The car sent to meet the train having been delayed, and the only taxi engaged, he had set off on foot, and on the boulevard had been run down and killed by an unknown motorist. Then she added a few more remarks about the "growing lawlessness in the country."

Old Portland saw what she meant to do. Inevitably Sommerfield's death would recall her father's shooting, and she had decided to point out the connection herself, and herself supply an explanation. She then told them that Mrs. Emery was prostrated, and that she herself was "just about all in." She shook hands with all of them, and they departed.

"YOU handled that well," said Old Portland.

But as she turned to him there was no look of triumph on her face, only a great weariness and grief.

"We could have prevented it," she said, "if we'd let Duncan come in the car with us. I knew something was going to happen. I could have saved him!"

"My dear girl, if he'd simply waited at the station for us the accident would never—"

"You needn't bother to call it an accident to me," she said.

"What's this? More feminine intuition?" he asked. For he wanted her to think it was an accident.

He had noticed before that she never took offense, but was inevitably ready to explain her own point of view and to listen to his. Even now, after this atrocious shock, in all her sorrow and fatigue, she answered him with valiant patience.

"You see," she said, "I knew Duncan better than anyone else did. He'd never dream of starting to walk to the house on a night like that. If he wanted a taxi he'd get one, if he had to buy out a garage. And there's another thing. You saw the things they took out of his pockets. There was his cigarette case. I know he always carried that in his breast pocket—and it wasn't even dented."

"What do you make out of that, Lois?"

"I haven't had time to do much thinking—yet," she said soberly. "But I've got to. It's up to me to see that nothing more happens."

"Good God, girl! You're not expecting—"

"Everyone's still here," she said. "Whoever killed father and Duncan is *still here*."

Old Portland's scalp prickled; a shiver ran along his spine.

"If you believe that," he said, "you ought to tell the police."

"That's about the last thing I'd do."

"Why?"

SHE stood for a moment, staring at the ground.

"I'm going up to Lydia now," she said. "She's badly upset."

"One moment! What are Barrow and Snow staying on here for?"

"Jack's got work to finish, winding up father's estate. He was his secretary, you know. And Marcus—Lydia asked Marcus to stay. Anyhow, it's better for them to stay, now, until after the inquest."

He stood looking after her as she walked off, that girl who within three weeks had lost her father and her fiancé, or whatever she called Sommerfield. She had had no illusions about either of them; yet, thought Clement, she mourned them honestly. She was involved now in tragedy and crime as well as grief, and how sane she was, how strong, how steadfast!

"By heaven, she's got to get out of this," he thought. "I suppose she'll have to attend the inquest, poor child. But after that she'll have to get away. Then the rest of 'em can stay here and go on with their killings, if they like."

He had had no breakfast but a cup of coffee gulped down in haste, and he had been smoking incessantly all the morning; he felt altogether out of sorts.

"I'LL take a walk," he decided. "Have to find out first what time lunch will be."

He rang, and very promptly the housemaid, Agnes, answered his ring.

"Feeling all right again?" he asked her.

"Yes, sir," she answered, with a pretty blush.

And she looked all right again. An extraordinarily attractive young person, with her dark hair and her blue eyes and that soft innocence about her.

"Life must be pretty hard for a girl like that," he thought; but compassion did not deter him from asking certain questions that he had in mind.

"Must have given you a nasty shock," he said sympathetically, "going into the garage like that. I suppose you were looking for Stevens. . . ."

"It was the cook sent me to call him in to breakfast, sir."

"And when you went past the car you happened to look into it," he proceeded. "I think I heard you cry out."

"Yes, sir."

"No wonder!" said he. "Enough to upset anyone. And then, I suppose, the police bothered you with a lot of questions?"

"No, sir," she answered in her subdued, respectful little voice.

"The newspaper men?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SIMPLE Now to Rid Arms and Legs of HAIR

Without Fostering Bristly Re-growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes ever vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth. The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

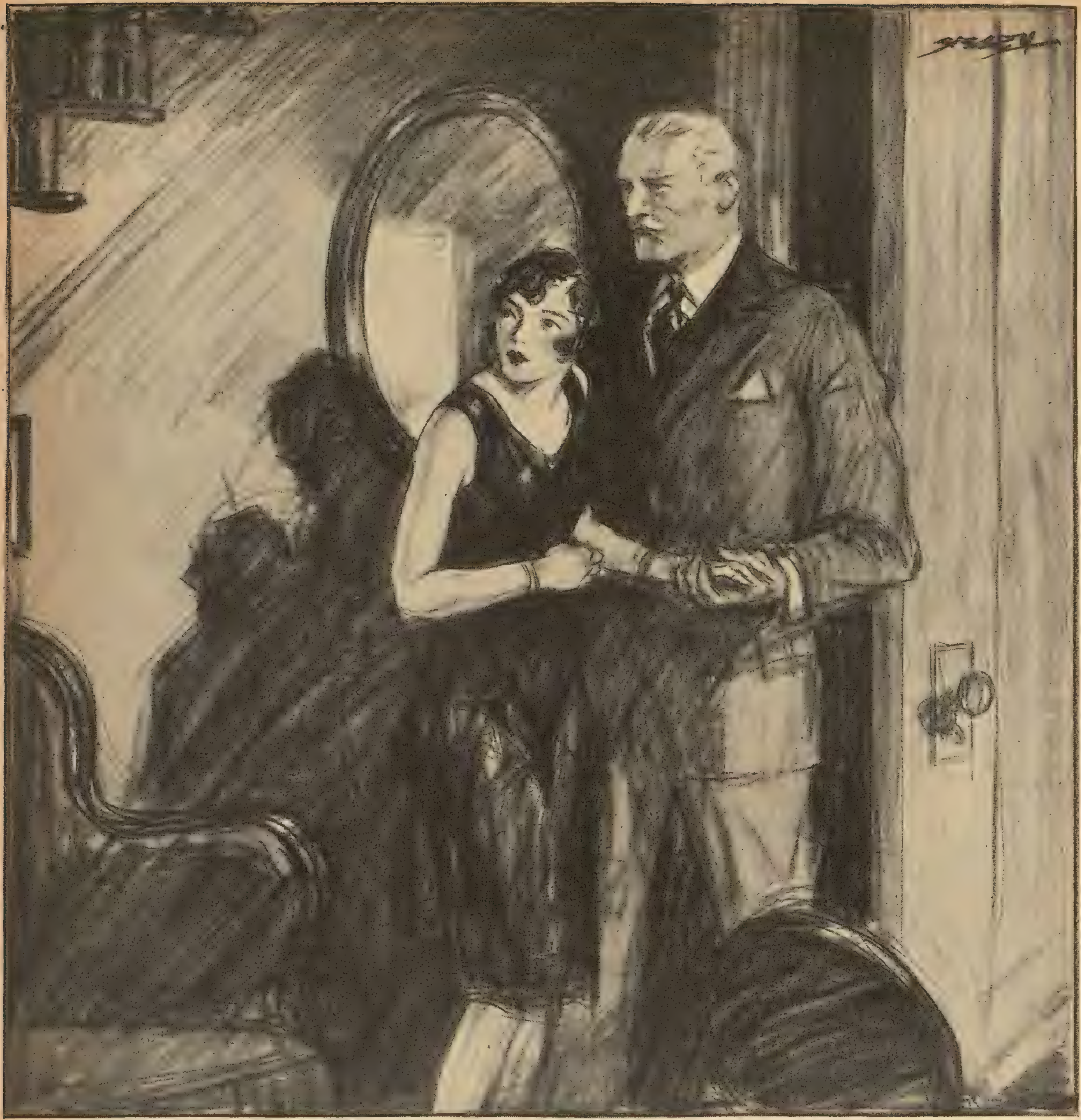
It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 249

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.



" Everyone's still here," she said. " Whoever killed father and Duncan is still here."

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page fifty-seven

" No, sir. They didn't talk to me at all."

" I'm afraid we haven't finished with them yet," said Old Portland, sighing. " Sommerfield was a fairly prominent figure—in certain circles. . . . Visited here a good deal, didn't he? "

" Yes, sir."

He was not getting much out of *her*. He could not even read anything in her shy, pretty face.

" Well! " he said, with another sigh. " I suppose there are some people who *won't* be much upset by this. A fellow like Sommerfield must have had plenty of enemies."

She raised her eyes to his face, and he saw in them the same look of terror he had seen across the hedge; then her lids closed and a deathly pallor came over her. He sprang forward and caught her arm. She swayed for a moment; then she opened her eyes again.

" Sit down! " said he. " I'll get you some water."

" No, thank you, sir," she said, almost inaudibly. " I've me work to do."

Old Portland put a bill into her hand. She thanked him and went off, leaving him confused.

" Now, what does this mean? " he thought. " Did she care so much for Sommerfield? Well, hang it all! I'm not going to ask women any more questions. Makes me feel like a brute. . . . I'll take a walk. I need to think. Haven't had any time for thinking since I came out here."

He went into the hall, took his hat and stick, and, opening the front door, stepped out on the terrace. Immediately the door opened again and Elsie Evans came out.

" Mr. Clement! " she said. " I want to speak to you! "

Perhaps it was a lingering remorse for the effect of his questions upon the housemaid; whatever the reason, he felt sorry for Elsie. Her dark dress looked so shabby in the bright spring sun, her young face so worn.

" Certainly," he answered. " Come and sit down here! "

She followed him to a stone bench at the end of the

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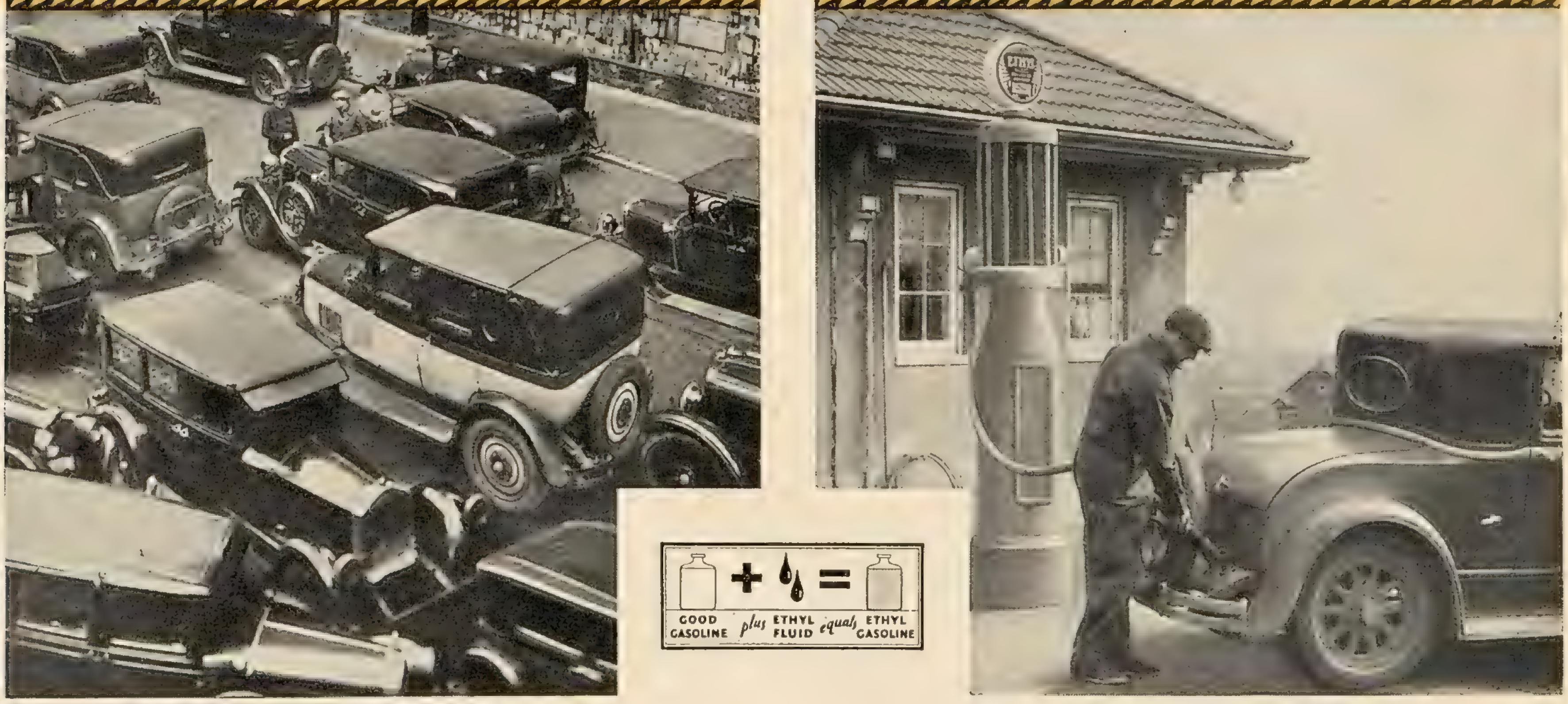
You can't *avoid* TRAFFIC

–but you *can* use ETHYL



WITH
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ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that "knock"

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of ordinary compression and to develop the additional power of the new high-compression models.

DRIVING in heavy traffic is easier with Ethyl Gasoline in your tank.

That's because the Ethyl anti-knock compound it contains enables you to slow down to a crawl when necessary, then pick up again smoothly . . . without shifting. And when the line speeds up, the quicker acceleration that Ethyl gives keeps you in your place with so much less effort.

Ethyl means easier handling and better control because it is good gasoline *plus*—quality gasoline of high anti-knock rating. It gives added power, pick-up, smoothness, to *any* car. And the high-compression cars require a fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard to do their best.

Wait until your tank is almost empty; otherwise the Ethyl will be diluted and its effectiveness lessened. Then fill up with Ethyl and give it a trial in the worst traffic you have to contend with. See how greatly the strain *can* be eased. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

Mobility

LIBERTY readers travel. They go south or to California in the winter. In summer they go to summer resorts. They travel by train, by ship, by automobile, by motor bus. Our mobile circulation indicates that hundreds of thousands of Liberty readers take a major vacation trip at least once a year.

This is no idle guess. The proof lies in the greater seasonal demand for Liberty at the vacation spots.

Picking forty typical summer resorts we find our circulation 57% greater during July and August than it is during the winter months. And in twenty well known winter resorts, Liberty's circulation is 25% greater in January and February than it is in summer.

Take Miami, Fla., for instance. During the past season the circulation was 13,095. Out of season it is 7,409.

Or take a city which can be reached only by steamship. Liberty's summer circulation in Honolulu is 4,300. In winter it is 5,125. Nearly 1,000 extra travelers buy Liberty in Honolulu every week during the season.

And wherever they stop along the line of travel, they find Liberty at the newsstand. When they arrive at their destination, Liberty is there, too. They buy it at the newsstand, just as they buy it at home...The subscription magazine cannot keep pace with fast moving Americans. Forwarding is too slow. Change of address requires too long a notice.

Liberty circulation is mobile. Because it is 99% newsdealer, there are no unseen, unread copies. Because it keeps pace with its traveling readers, there is no break in advertising continuity. Liberty's traveling readers get Liberty at home and away from home.

The advertising pages of Liberty reach this alert active group of more than 2,400,000 buyers—at the lowest cost per thousand pages in the field of major magazines.

We estimate that *before* 1935 Liberty will have the largest magazine circulation in the world...

Robert R. McCormick
Joseph M. Patterson

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

For 1931 · Liberty guarantees 2,700,000 *average net paid circulation*

No change in rates until the issue of April 11, 1931

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

terrace, and they sat down side by side.

"You won't like what I have to say," she began.

At her peremptory tone his sympathy commenced to dwindle.

"Won't I?" he said.

"No. You'll try to deny it. You'll think up all sorts of excuses."

"See here!" said Old Portland. "Let's take it for granted that I'm a bigoted, thick-skulled imbecile to start with. It'll save time. We'll assume that I'm incapable of understanding anything you say and that I have a constitutional prejudice against the truth. Now we can go on."

"Oh . . ." she faltered, very much taken aback. "I didn't mean it that way. . . . I only meant . . . I only thought that—your sympathies would probably be on the side of—"

"Of Mammon," said he. "They probably will be. Now, what's the latest crime committed by the plutocrats?"

"I only meant," she said, "that I could see things that other people, who hadn't had my experience, wouldn't think of looking for."

He felt sorry for her again; her with her experience.

"Everyone else," she went on, "was perfectly satisfied with that burglar theory. Well, I wasn't. I worked on a newspaper all summer, and I came in contact with criminals. I thought, from the very beginning, that it was something different. I nearly gave myself away to you this morning when I said 'if the silver ever was stolen.' Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"And now I know!" she cried triumphantly.

"Go ahead!"

"WELL, this morning, after this other thing—after they'd taken Duncan away—I made up my mind. . . . I wanted to look at Cousin Gilbert's will. Of course he didn't leave a penny to me—but I wanted to see all the people who benefited. I knew there was a carbon copy in the safe in Jack Barrow's room, and I knew the combination—"

"How?"

"Cousin Gilbert told it to me, the night he was killed. He sent me to get something for him. Jack wasn't fit to do anything then. So this morning, when I knew Jack was busy in the library, I went into his room and opened the safe. And I found in it—a silver filigree dish that was supposed to have been stolen from the sideboard!"

Her blue eyes were bright behind her spectacles; her triumph shocked him.

"Nevertheless," he said, "finding that dish doesn't by any means connote that Barrow—"

"But it does!" she cried. "When you realize that Jack was terribly in debt, worried sick about money troubles. When you realize that he owed money to Cousin Gilbert and that he hated him."

"And you'd be glad if you could prove it was Barrow?"

"Certainly I'd be glad to find out—"

"You'd like to help to send the fellow to the electric chair?"

"Oh, I don't—mean that!" she cried, paling. "It's only that I—I want to see—innocent people cleared from suspicion . . ."

"Nobody's been accused."

"But someone will be! Duncan's death will bring it all up again."

"Elsie," said Old Portland, using her name for the first time, "why did you come to me with this story?"

"Why . . ." she faltered, "because—you seem—you seem to be—the right one—"

"I'm not the right one," he said, rising. "I wouldn't lift a finger to help hound that fellow to ruin—to death."

SHE had risen too, looking at him in dismay.

"I didn't think of it—that way," she stammered. "I only wanted to spare other people . . ."

"What other people?"

Her face grew scarlet, then pale again.

"But—don't *you* want to see justice done?" she asked.

"I'm not sure if I know what justice is," he answered.

There was not a vestige of that triumph on her face now.

"But—do you think I ought to—just do *nothing*—when I've found out . . . ?"

"What have you found out? That Barrow has a silver dish that doesn't belong to him. Ask him about it."

"But if I ask him . . . Don't you see? . . . He'd—"

"Then if he were guilty he might have a chance to escape from justice? And that wouldn't do, would it?"

Her eyes still questioned him in wonder and dismay.

"But—what do *you* think I ought to do?" she asked.

"It's impossible for me—"

"Don't say that!" she interrupted, seizing his sleeve. "Just tell me! I'll do whatever you say!"

He was surprised and considerably touched by that.

"Suppose—" he began, when the door opened and Agnes came out and crossed the terrace.

"Lunch is served, sir," she said, paying no attention to Elsie.

He nodded briefly and looked after her thoughtfully as she returned to the house. Then he turned back to Elsie.

"Suppose we have a talk with Barrow," he said. "You and I?"

"All right," she answered. Then, as they moved toward the house: "Perhaps I'm not—quite so horrible as you think," she said unsteadily.

"You're remarkably poor at reading my thoughts," said he.

That lunch was, to Old Portland, a very nightmare of a meal. Lydia had seated him at the end of the table. On one side of him sat Lois, cool and self-possessed as usual, but very silent and with reddened eyes. On his other side sat Elsie Evans, who never once spoke

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page sixty-one

a word. Beside her was Captain Snow, stiff and impassive. Next to him, at the other end of the table, sat Lydia, pale, obviously half ill, but making her valiant effort to talk, to be the good hostess. And the only one who played up to her was Barrow, at her left hand. He talked, thought Old Portland, a little too much, and ate too little.

A more careful study revealed that Barrow was not so young as he looked—about thirty-five probably, not a boy.

There was about him an indefinable air of uneasiness and misery which disturbed Clement profoundly. In debt, Elsie had said, "worried sick about money troubles." . . . And he did not look like a man who could endure any sort of trouble with much fortitude. He was the type that hits back at ill fortune. But a murderer? A man who could shoot his employer and rob him, and go on as if nothing had happened? . . .

It occurred to Clement that most murderers had to go on as if nothing had happened. And also in his mind every moment during that interminable meal was this perfectly plain fact. Of all the persons here, Jack Barrow was the only one who had demonstrably been able to kill both Emery and Sommerfield. He had been in the house the night Emery was shot—and he had in his room a silver dish stolen from the sideboard. He had certainly passed the spot last night where Sommerfield met his death. And Sommerfield had died after having hinted that he knew more than he had told about the first tragedy.

Clement entirely lost track of the conversation. He drifted off into a sort of daydream in which he saw Barrow, neat and slender in his blue shirt and dark trousers, walking down a corridor at the end of which stood that Chair. . . .

He roused himself with a start as Lydia pushed back her chair and rose.

"If anyone—" she began, and stopped. "Lois, you'll look after everyone, won't you?" she asked.

"Yep," said Lois briefly. "You'd better go and lie down."

With a polite smile that included everyone, Lydia withdrew. Lois leaned back in her chair and lit a cigarette.

"Does anyone need any looking after?" she asked.

"You do, yourself," thought Old Portland. "This is harder for you than for anyone else."

But he knew better than to say that. She would not like it. Just then she turned her head, and their eyes met. She laid her hand on his for an instant, and then rose and left the room, leaving with him the memory of her tear-stained young face, her steady eyes.

"My God!" he thought. "She's got to get away from this thing—from this whole atmosphere. The child's suffering—and no one seems to bother about her. Of course Lydia's cut up—but she's an older woman. She ought to be able to help the child."

HE rose, with a frown, and would have walked out of the room if Elsie had not touched his arm. Then he remembered.

"If you're not too busy, Barrow," he said, "can you spare me a few moments?"

Barrow did not seem at all suspicious or alarmed by this request.

"Certainly," he said. "What about the library? I've got all my papers and so on in there, so that if you want any information—"

It was obvious that he thought Clement's talk would be concerned with Emery's estate. Not remarkable, considering that he had been the brother of the first Mrs. Emery, and that a part of the estate consisted of property left by her.

This unsuspiciousness should have pleased Old Portland in his rôle of investigator, but it did not. He followed Barrow along the hall to the library in an uneasy and unhappy humor.

"Sit down!" said Barrow. "Have a cigarette? It's—"

He stopped, and for the first time looked startled; for Elsie had come into the room and seated herself near the window.

"Is Elsie in on this?" he asked.

"Look here!" said Old Portland. "I don't care to—take you by surprise. I give you fair warning that this is—a pretty unpleasant business."

He closed the door into the hall, and stood near it.

"It's a matter of a—a silver dish," he said curtly. "Found in your room."

A blank silence followed. Reluctantly he glanced at Barrow, and saw how the words had stricken him.

"Now's your chance to explain, Barrow," he said.

"I have nothing to say," said Barrow.

"Yes, you have," said Old Portland. "You're not speaking to—an enemy. Naturally, the thing has to be cleared up, in justice to other people; but, beyond finding out the truth, I've no concern with it."

Again Barrow was silent for a time.

"Then—in that case," he said—"if you take the dish back, and I clear out . . ."

"Not quite good enough, Barrow," said Old Portland. And he thought he was not likely ever in his life to go through a more difficult scene than this. He felt that he would remember all his life how Barrow looked, that neat, slender young fellow in his blue shirt and dark suit, trapped here, and well aware of it. His eyes were desperate, but he spoke quietly.

"I'll—make a bargain with you," he said. "I'll—enable you to—get the rest of the missing silver—if you'll give me twelve hours' start of the police."

"BARROW," said Old Portland, almost gently, "do you realize that what you're saying doesn't accord with the theory that Emery was shot by a burglar—"

"It doesn't affect that in the least," said Barrow. "The burglar was frightened before he'd collected anything. He got away. I saw him."

"How did you see him from the library window and yet get into the dining room in time to take—"

"I simply shoved the stuff into a drawer in the sideboard," said Barrow. "Then I came down later and got it. No one thought of searching just then."

He spoke with a sort of careless ease, but his face was pitiable to see, so strained, so white.

"You've got all the silver, Barrow?"

"Yes. I'll tell you where it is, if you'll give me a chance to get away."

"Why was that one dish in your room?"

"I meant to pawn that," he answered, "in case I had to get away. I'd have left the ticket behind."

He brought out his cigarette case, but his hand shook so that he dropped it, spilling the cigarettes on the carpet.

"Have one of mine?" said Old Portland, producing his own case.

Barrow looked at him sidelong—an odd look.

"You don't seem—very—very prejudiced," he said.

"Well, you impress me as pretty amateurish at this game," said Old Portland. "I don't think you've had much experience in—stealing, Barrow."

"No," said Barrow. "You're right. I—haven't."

Old Portland struck a match for him, and he inhaled deeply.

"I'll—tell you where the silver is," he said. "I'll write a—confession that I—took it. If you'll let me go."

"You wouldn't be likely to get far, Barrow."

"All right. If I'm caught, I'll have to pay."

"There'd be a pretty heavy payment demanded, Barrow. You'd better face the facts."

"I—have," said Barrow.

He was in torment, and gallant in his ordeal.

"You said you ran in after the shot, and found Emery dead. You were there, with him, when Snow and the others arrived. If you admit that you took the silver, Barrow—"

Barrow said nothing.

"Do you understand?" asked Old Portland.

"Yes," said Barrow; "I understand."

"You understand that you'll inevitably be accused of murder, Barrow?"

That word was like a blow to Barrow. He sank down into a chair, and stared at the floor, in a stony silence. Then, in a moment, he pulled himself together.

"It's—not inevitable," he said. "If you get the stuff back—and I get away—you can—let it drop."

"It would be out of my hands, Barrow. The police would have to know that the silver had been returned."

"Well," said Barrow, "suppose I confess—everything—and then shoot myself. That makes a nice, neat ending."

"No!" cried Elsie, and the two men started violently. They had forgotten Elsie. "No!" she cried again. "Oh, let him go, Mr. Clement! It's—*horrible!* I never thought . . . Let him *go!*"

"You started this," said Clement.

"I didn't realize . . . It's so—horrible! . . ." She had risen, and stood gripping the high back of the chair. "Do you know who's really responsible for Cousin Gilbert's death? It's he—himself!"

They both stared at her, and she looked back at them, her thin cheeks flushed, her blue eyes brilliant behind the spectacles.

"*HE'S* responsible!" she cried. "No matter who actually fired the shot! He was cruel—bad—hateful. He hurt everyone who came near him. Long ago he used to encourage my mother to do—foolish things—to—to toady to people. He's been a bad influence in my life ever since I can remember. *He* started that vile lie about Captain Snow—"

"What lie?" asked Clement.

"That he has fits of insanity. There's not one word of truth in it! One night Cousin Gilbert said things to Lydia—dreadful things—and Marcus knocked him down. Then Cousin Gilbert called for Stevens. He told Stevens that Captain Snow mustn't be blamed—that he had these attacks. . . . He got the story going—in a sort of sympathetic way—'poor old Snow.' And Marcus couldn't deny it without bringing in Lydia's name. It's spoiled his life. Whatever he does, people see signs of his 'insanity.' When he's been impatient—or careless—like anyone else—people have thought it just another sign. . . . Nobody will trust him. . . ." She stopped, and bit her lip; her eyes brimmed with tears.

"He's done harm to everyone! No one could be in this house—without growing worse for it. He made Duncan Sommerfield worse—he made Marcus so bitter and different. Jack—you know all he's done to you—"

"No," Barrow interrupted. "Emery—nobody's responsible for anything I've done—except myself."

It gave Old Portland singular pleasure to hear that. It probably wasn't true; he thought it more than likely that Emery had exerted a strong influence for the worse on Barrow. He thought Barrow reckless, careless, easily moved to anger and resentment.

"But he's a *man,*" thought Clement. "He's taking this well."

"*I* know what he's done to you," Elsie went on. "I've seen him—encouraging you to drink—encouraging you to borrow money from him and then sneering at you. It was Cousin Gilbert's own fault! He started all this hatred and bitterness. I didn't realize what I was doing! I'm sorry! Jack, I don't—blame you for what you did!"

With tears running down her cheeks, she held out her hand to Barrow, and he took it, looking at her with a sort of incredulity.

"You think—I shot him?" he asked.

"I don't care!"

"You think I shot him?" he repeated.

Her eyes widened; she stared at him with an expression Clement could not reach. "*What* . . . !" she cried.

Barrow turned to Clement.

"D'you think I did it?" he asked.

"I'll believe anything you give me your word is true," said Clement.

"Then—" began Barrow, "I'd like to tell you something that"—when he was interrupted by the entrance

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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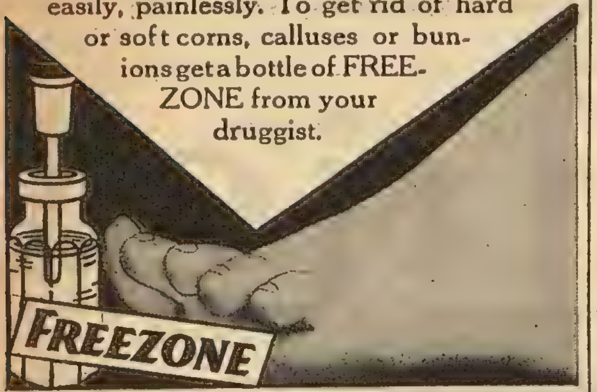

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THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page sixty-three

of Snow, who came in through one of the open French windows.

"Sorry!" he said. "Is this a private conference? Or may I stay?"

Nobody answered him, but he seemed quite undisturbed by that. There was a new cheerfulness about him, an air almost gay.

"I've got an evening paper," he observed. "The first account of our little show down here. Extraordinary, isn't it, that the thing's in print already?"

With something like a shock, Clement realized that during this talk with Barrow he had forgotten Sommerfield, forgotten that there was a second death to be taken into account.

"A second death—" said Snow, exactly as if he had read his thoughts. "Of course the newspaper's playing that up. Now, if we were in a detective story or a play, there'd have to be a third one—"

"We're not, however," Old Portland interrupted curtly, for he did not like the look of Elsie Evans.

"Don't want any more faints," he thought. "Why can't that fellow hold his tongue?"

But Snow kept on.

"It's all here," he said, indicating the newspaper he carried. "Even photographs—of Sommerfield, and of the boulevard, with the usual cross to mark the fatal spot. They've called Sommerfield the 'millionaire clubman,' and they speak of the 'death car.' Nothing's been forgotten. And there's a little editorial about 'the growing lawlessness in the country,' introducing Emery—"

"Very amusing, no doubt," said Old Portland, more and more annoyed.

Then he remembered how Snow had spoken last night: "I hope we'll get good news of Sommerfield—that he's broken his neck—or that someone's broken it for him!" . . .

"I'VE been talking to our chief of police in Moorewood," Snow continued. "The inquest will be tomorrow. He going to subpœna Stevens, and you, Barrow, and you, Clement. And Lois . . ."

"Lois?"

"Matter of form. Simply to say what she saw in the garage. And young Agnes, of course."

"Let me see the paper!" said Elsie abruptly, and when Snow handed it to her she went out of the room.

After a moment Old Portland followed her. But he did not go upstairs; he opened the front door and went out on the terrace. And as he was strolling along there in the sun he heard something he was not meant to hear. The library windows were at the end of the terrace; as he passed them he heard Snow's voice:

"It's a damned lucky thing—for some people—that Sommerfield's out of the way."

There was no answer to this remark.

"He would have talked," Snow went on. "And now he can't. That ought to be—an object lesson—for other talkative people."

Still there was no answer.

"And *you'll* hold your tongue," said Snow evenly.

This time Barrow's voice answered him, sounding shaken and very young in comparison with the other's cool insolence.

"I'm not taking orders from you—you swine!"

Clement stood motionless, expecting to hear the sound of a blow. But not a sound came, and he walked on, profoundly disturbed.

As he turned the corner of the terrace he came upon Elsie Evans, standing close to the back window of the library. She did not see him or hear him; she was staring into the room, one hand pressed against her heart.

He turned back quietly, and hurried into the house. He looked into the library, but Snow sat in there alone, smoking his pipe and reading a magazine.

"If we were in a detective story or a play," Snow had said, "there'd have to be a third death. . . ."

Certainly Snow had seen his wishes in regard to Sommerfield most strangely fulfilled. Did he have a prevision. . . ? 'A third death' . . .

ONCE again old Portland felt a chill run along his spine, a prickling of the scalp.

"I've got to think this thing out!" he said to himself. "I've been no more use since I came here than a figurehead. I've got to *think*."

He wished to begin at the beginning, to marshal his facts in orderly array; but he could not dismiss the feeling of haste that was upon him, an almost panic sense of haste. For suppose *something else* were to happen? Suppose something else were already prepared?

Whoever had killed Emery and Sommerfield was still at large. Only by learning who the murderer was could he protect this household.

"I'll have to begin with Emery's death," he said to himself. "And I'm not going to worry about motives. Almost anyone, some time in his life, has cause to want to kill someone else. I have, myself. But I haven't done it. No; it's not a question of cause, but of character, temperament—whatever you like to call it. The thing is, who's capable of a murder here?"

He was strolling up and down the lawn, now, hands clasped behind him, big shoulders stooped.

"Sommerfield's out of it. He may have been killed because he knew who did it, but he didn't do it himself, or why was he killed? Then there's that fellow Stevens. . . . He says he was talking to a friend when they heard the shot. If that can be proved, it lets him out. I'll find out about that. . . . Then there's Barrow. . . . I don't think it was Barrow. I don't think it was Stevens. . . . Then there's Snow.

"Snow had a long score against Emery, because of that tale of his 'insanity.' According to what Elsie says, Snow's in love with Emery's widow. Snow was certainly threatening Barrow just now. Told him to hold his tongue. Held up Sommerfield as an example of what happens to people who talk too much. . . . It's physically possible for Snow to have fired that shot and gone up the back stairs and come down later.

"But Sommerfield . . . Snow was in the house when we got here last night. . . . But, after all, I don't know what time Sommerfield was killed. He may have been lying there dead when we drove past. Snow may have been out of the house earlier in the evening. That's another thing I've got to find out."

He felt that his reflections were tending a little too clearly toward Snow's guilt, and he distrusted that. There were too many things that did not fit in: Barrow and the silver, Stevens with his cut mouth, other less tangible things—glances he had seen, inflections in this voice or that, something in the very air to make him aware that there was so much he did not know.

"First thing to do," he reflected, "is to investigate Stevens' alibi. If it holds, then he's eliminated, and that's something."

AS he walked toward the garage his thoughts turned again to Lois, and with a heavy anxiety. He hated the prospect of her appearing at the inquest; he hated to see her here in this atmosphere of sordid tragedy, with heaven knew what more horrible disclosures ahead of them. He remembered her as he had seen her at lunch, with the marks of tears on her face, so plucky, so honest, so very much alone.

Her father had no doubt been fond of her in his own egotistic way, and she was loyal to him; but he had been no comfort or help to her. Sommerfield had been even less; she had thought only of what she could do for him, never of what he could do for her. Elsie detested her; Snow and Barrow seemed perfectly indifferent; and Lydia, though she was kind and conscientious, had, he thought, very little understanding of the girl.

"She's got to be taken away from here," he thought. "Got to meet a different sort of people. Now, there's that young Martin in the office. Good-looking boy; plenty of character; got brains, too. He'll get on. Just the sort . . ."

He stopped.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "Am *I*—matchmaking?"

He was shocked; he went on toward the garage with a quick stride and an ominous expression, intent upon nothing but the investigation of Stevens' alibi.

When he entered the garage, he noticed that the big car was gone. Only the two-seater was there, and his own car. He called Stevens, but there was no answer. He stood for a moment meditating.

"LAST night," he said to himself, "Stevens wouldn't let me go upstairs; said he had someone there—a friend. . . . I might do a little investigating now."

The idea was repulsive to him. "Snooping," he called it to himself.

"Well, if I don't snoop," he thought, "if I'm so damn' squeamish, I'll never learn anything. And I've got to find out. I've got to see that nothing else happens."

That spurred him on. Going to the door, he glanced all about. No one in sight. Then, crossing the garage, he mounted the stairs down which Stevens had come the night before. There was a door at the head of the stairs, and it was closed. Once again he turned away—when he heard a sound inside the room, a rustle.

He knocked, and there was no answer. And he was extremely reluctant to open that door and walk into Stevens' quarters.

"What do I expect to find, anyhow?" he asked himself. "And suppose the fellow comes back and catches me snooping?"

Another department of his brain informed him that clews must be sought for everywhere, and that he could certainly hear the car coming in plenty of time to get down the stairs. So he turned the handle and entered.

In next week's installment of the story, things come to light that leave Clement certain—miserably certain—who the murderer is. You'll be as shocked as he is when you learn what is disclosed to him.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—That part of grammar which treats of sentence structure.

2—Ninety.

3—One who has forsaken the faith or party to which he before adhered.

4—One having jurisdiction over maritime matters.

5—Nebraska and South Dakota.

6—A people inhabiting the western Pyrenees on the Bay of Biscay in France and Spain.

7—A pamphlet; a treatise or article published in such form.

8—Four thousand eight hundred and forty.

9—Indifference; carelessness.

10—One which produces an open wound through which the bone often protrudes.

11—The cheek bone.

12—Without care.

13—Morpheus.

14—The science of, or a system of, weights and measures.

15—In Baltimore, Maryland.

16—Señora. Señorita.

17—Pascuan Ortiz Rubio.

18—Chile and Peru.

19—Montreal and Toronto.

20—Norway.

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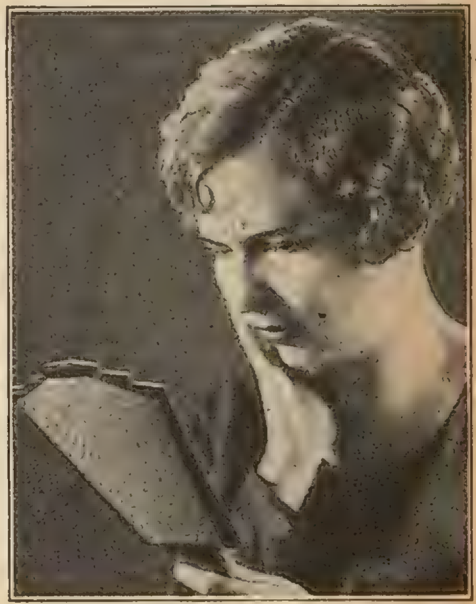
Gray Hair
Makes Her Look 40



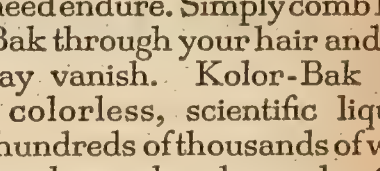
Now Comb Away Gray
This Easy Way

GRAY Hair is a tragedy no one need endure. Simply comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the gray vanish. Kolor-Bak is the clean, colorless, scientific liquid so many hundreds of thousands of women and men have already used. Gently and easily imparts the color, leaving the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. As easy to use as combing your hair. Don't risk messy, greasy preparations. The one bottle of Kolor-Bak does for blonde, auburn, brown, black.

Accept This Test Offer

Get Kolor-Bak from any drug or department store today. Use it all. If it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded any time you say.

Kolor-Bak
Imparts Color to Gray Hair



YOU'LL NEVER SAY
"SHE NEEDS CAULKING"

EVERY craft can't stand an outboard motor. But this "Old Town" can! She's an outboard boat by build. The stern is made so it won't sag or "give" under the motor's weight. Ribs and keel are extra-rigid. The heavy, non-leak canvas covering never needs caulking. No seams to open up! "Old Towns" are built for long life with few repairs. Swift, light and easy to handle.

Free catalog shows all craft. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes. Outboard motor-boats, including big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood family boats; rowboats; dinghies; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1116 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

a real
West Point shave!

Ever see inspection at West Point. Those boys can't get by with poor shaves. Note the clean smooth faces right down the line. Thousands of Radium Blades are used in Army and Navy. Your Uncle S.'s men know a *good* blade—and use it—and stick to it. Good example for every shaver—and get this straight—a Radium Blade is a graduated West Pointer when it comes to long lasting satisfying shaving service.

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are made of finest Swedish Razor steel by experts. Sold at Drug, Hardware, and Sporting Goods stores or send 38c for five or 75c for ten to Otto Roth Inc., 15 E. Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebusch & Hilger Ltd., Distributors, New York.

To Folks Who Take Laxatives

Ask Your Doctor About Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

When you haven't had a good movement in several days and you feel dull and sluggish, or you want to break up a cold or attack of grippe, the thing to take, as your doctor will agree, is Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Physicians recommend castor oil as the ideal laxative and Kellogg's is castor oil with the objectionable features eliminated. It's simply pure, fresh castor oil, full strength, with the old castor oil taste and odor removed by super-refining. It moves the bowels gently, but *thoroughly*, leaving no residue as do ordinary laxatives and without upsetting the stomach or causing after-nausea. It also exercises a healing effect upon the mucous membrane of the bowel, which is always desirable after a good purging and which does not follow the action of the ordinary laxative. Physicians recommend Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil. Children take it willingly. At all good druggists.

Kellogg's is never sold in bulk, but always in the original, *refinery-sealed* bottle which always comes in a carton. Both bottle and carton bear the full Kellogg label. Accept nothing else to be sure it is the genuine Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

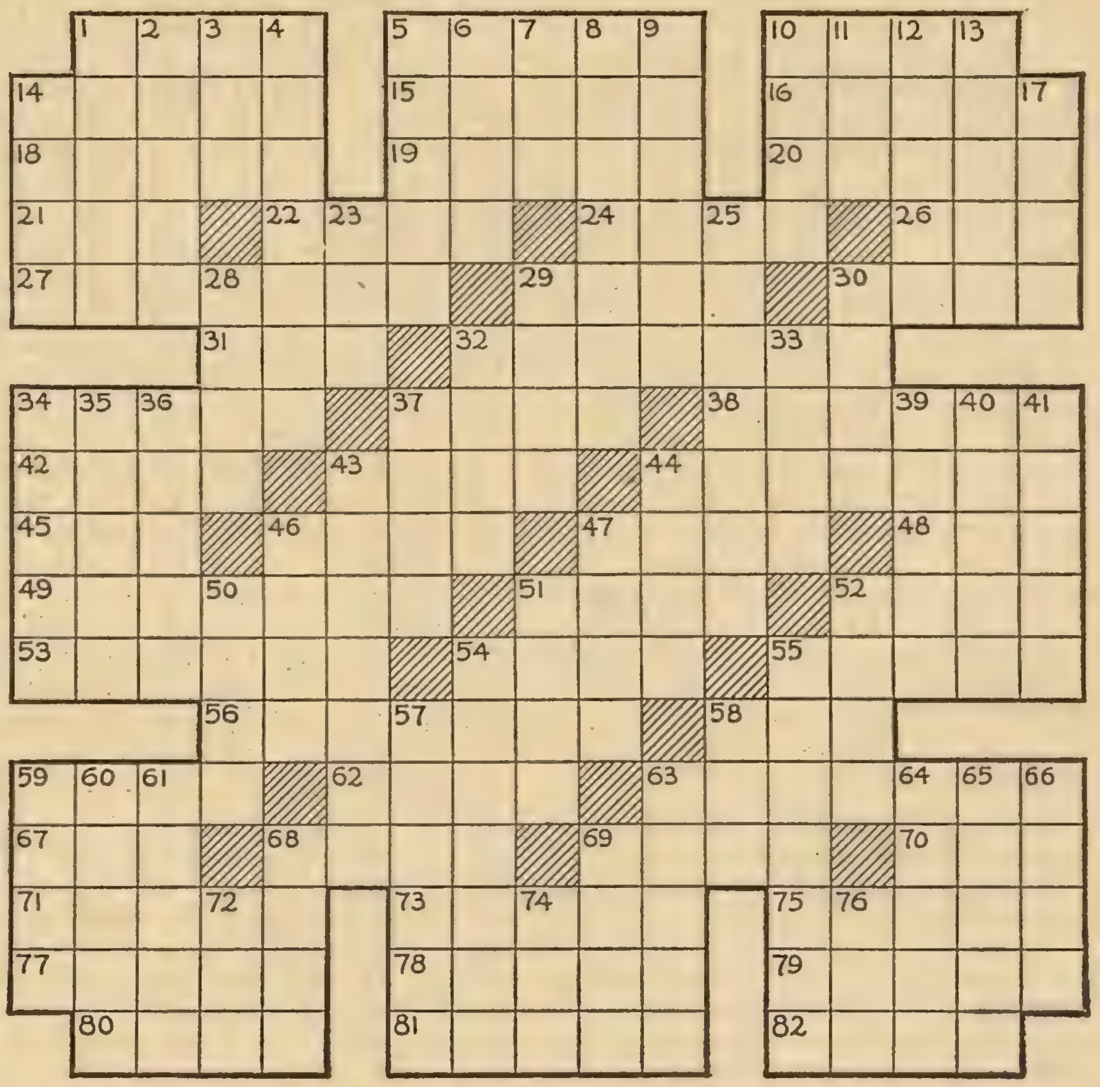
Hard of Hearing?
READ THIS
Vibraphones Reduce Head Noises

A new and scientific discovery stimulates the hearing processes by utilizing sound waves through small silver devices that fit the ears. The vibrators are built inside the sound chambers. The instruments are so small that your friends will seldom know you are wearing them. Comfortable, easily put in the ears or removed. No wires. No batteries. No head bands. Nothing like them. This new and scientific triumph produces marvelous results. Head noises are reduced. And hearing gradually improves. Don't be handicapped or embarrassed another day by impaired hearing which may be helped. Write for complete details.

VIBRAPHONE CO., Station 760
Central Nat'l Bk. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

VIBRAPHONES

Two New Puzzles

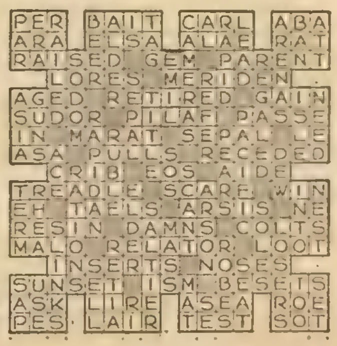


HORIZONTAL

1 Grant the use of
5 Strikes with the open hand
10 One hundred thousand rupees (plural)
14 City in Delaware
15 A guide
16 Declaim
18 Egg-shaped
19 Woman's name
20 Panels
21 Conducted
22 Helps
24 Man's name
26 Cardinal number
27 A foot lever
29 Allowance for waste
30 Greater than
31 Babylonian deity
32 River in South America
34 Charger
37 Measures of area
38 A golf club
42 Demonstrative word
43 To pillage; plunder
44 Illegitimate child
45 Tune
46 The rainbow
47 Of the like kind
48 Go about idly
49 Indisposition to motion or exertion
51 Man's name
52 A fact or principle granted (plural)
53 Recover or regain, as pledged property
54 Amend and revise
55 Responsibilities
56 Less extensive
58 Head covering
59 An army
62 Mounds
63 Feels contrition
67 American humorist
68 A ray
69 Such and no more
70 Prior
71 Lassoer
73 Surgical device for inducing discharge
75 Species of tree
77 Babble
78 Growing out
79 Upstanding
80 Dish of cold cabbage
81 Scatter
82 Defy

VERTICAL

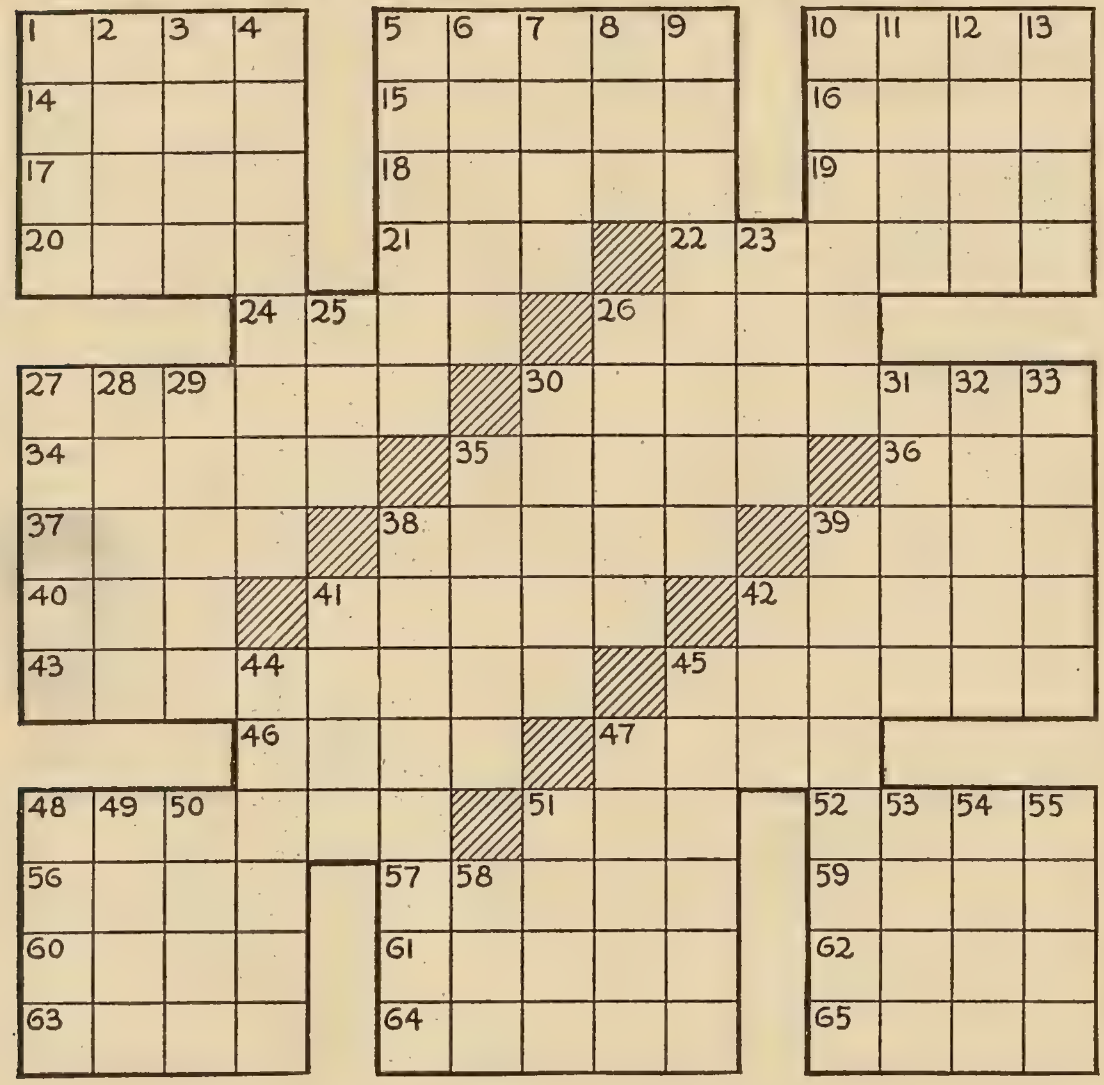
1 Sweetheart
2 Avoid
3 Mesh fabric
4 Anticipated with apprehension of evil
5 Garden implement
6 Covers
7 Malt liquor
8 The North Star
9 Part of a plant
10 Cuts off
11 A constellation
12 Division of a poem
13 Guide
14 Numskull; dunce
17 Anglo-Saxon slave
23 Evil; misfortune
25 An Indian of central Venezuela
28 Incite
29 A playing card
30 Greatest in quantity or number
32 Crude metal (plural)
33 To exchange for money, as a check
34 One of a flight of steps
35 Yours
36 Furnished with ear-like appendages
37 A song
39 Abraham's concubine
40 Angry
41 Collection of ancient Norse songs (plural)
43 Church dignitary
44 Handle end of a tool
46 Newspaper paragraph
47 Agitate
50 Repose
51 Poems
52 A fruit
54 One of the component parts of anything
55 Skipped; pranced
57 Rents
58 Pronoun
59 Stringed instrument
60 Scents
61 Division of the calyx
63 Restore to freshness
64 Fresher
65 Part of a harness
66 Dispatched
68 To concoct
69 A speck
72 Greek letter
74 Sailor
76 Anglo-Saxon coin



PER BAIT CARL ABA
ARA ELSA ALAE RAT
RAISED GEM PARENT
LORES MERIDEN
AGED RETIRED GAIN
SUDOR PILAF PASSE
IN MARAT SEPAL LE
ASA PULLS RECEDED
CRIB EOS AIDE
TREADLE SCARE WIN
EH TAELS ARSIS NE
RESIN DAMNS COLTS
MALO RELATOR LOOT
INSERTS NOSES
SUNSET ISM BESETS
ASK LIRE ASEA ROE
PES LAIR TEST SOT

Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds

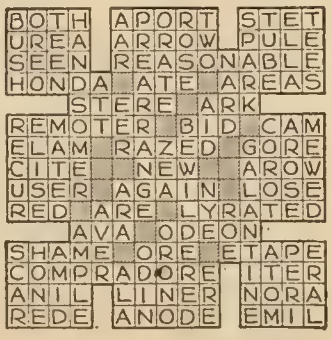


HORIZONTAL

1 For fear that
5 Gaseous product of burning materials
10 Term used by printers and proof readers
14 Property of a substance that affects the sense of smell
15 A son of Priam, King of Troy (Greek legend)
16 Woman's name
17 To cast amorous or coquettish glances
18 Goddess of peace (classical mythology)
19 To rub, as with a rough file
20 Mounds
21 Japanese measure of length
22 Women of affected modesty
24 At that time
26 Short blunt part of anything after the larger is broken off
27 Genus of lizards
30 Works of the highest class and acknowledged excellence
34 Roamed
35 Bleats
36 Regret
37 Day of the ancient Roman month
38 Dull discourse
39 Polish cake
40 Over (prefix)
41 Leading string
42 Lowest point
43 To alienate
45 Vocal compositions on sacred texts
46 Greek letter (plural)
47 Kind of boat
48 Cowardly
51 Encore!
52 Wish eagerly
56 Fixed routine
57 Proof reader's mark indicating insertion
59 Mohammedan noble
60 Biblical name (Ezra ii. 42)
61 Puff up
62 Russian hemp
63 Diminish
64 A sylvan deity (classical mythology)
65 Boil

VERTICAL

1 Plunder; booty
2 To move by little and little
3 Part of the foot
4 Supports for scaffolding
5 Steeples
6 A seaport town in Spain
7 Son of Jerahmeel (1 Chron. ii)
8 Kinsfolk
9 Having no septa (biology and zoölogy)


BOTH APORT STET
UREA ARROW PULE
SEEN REASONABLE
HONDA ATE AREAS
STERE ARK
REMOTER BID CAM
ELAM RAZED GORE
CITE NEW AROW
USER AGAIN LOSE
RED ARE LYRATED
AVA ODEON
SHAME ORE ETAPE
COMPRADORE ITER
ANIL LINER NORA
REDE ANODE EMIL

Answer to last week's puzzle

10 Rubs hard in washing
11 Amphibian of the genus Bufo
12 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
13 Spigots
23 The language of Russia
25 Secreted
26 Cut hastily and carelessly
27 Ascend
28 Knot, complication, or difficulty
29 Apparent; manifest
30 To stop, or fill up, as an opening
31 Sultan's decree
32 Ancient Roman measure of length
33 Burns to hardness
35 Boasts
38 Actions performed to show penitence
39 Those who fight, as soldiers
41 Recent
42 Prefix: not
44 To honor in estimation; venerate
45 To assemble, as troops, for roll call
47 Godliness; holiness
48 Crop of a bird
49 Ecclesiastical court (Roman Catholic)
50 Solar disk (myth.)
51 Contemptuous name for a child
53 Fail to include
54 A team of baseball players
55 Increased or developed in any way
58 A wing

QUICK HEAT
ANY TIME, ANYWHERE
BOILS, FRIES, BROILS
Warms Baby's Milk
SPECIAL STERNO STOVE 10¢

Always ready to heat water, milk . . . make coffee or tea without fuss or bother. Quickly warms curling irons, water for shaving, hot meals outdoors. Invaluable in sick room.

Sterno Canned Heat is absolutely *safe*. No sparks, smoke or cinders. Burns solid.

Your dealer has the new Sterno 3-in-1 Combination Cooking Set—improved enameled stove, new cooking pot, Heat and extinguisher—all for 98¢. For introductory Sterno Stove and new Cook Book, mail 10¢ to Dept. 106, Sterno Corp., (Est. 1887), 9 East 37th Street, New York.

Sterno Corp., Dept. 106
9 E. 37th St.
New York, N. Y.
STERNO CANNED HEAT
Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢ for Special Sterno Stove and new Cook Book.
STERNO COOK BOOK
Licensed by U. S. Govt. for use only as fuel

Sinus Trouble is CATARRH

When infection gets into the little pockets (sinuses) that connect with the nose, they cannot drain properly. A "stuffed up" head, distressing fullness, often with splitting headaches, are the result. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, because it acts through the blood, reaches the sinuses as no wash or spray can. Drives out poisons, reduces swelling, and restores the tissues to healthy tone. Get Hall's today!

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE

Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 226 Toledo, Ohio

Write for booklet, "7 Things You Should Know"

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home oil painting photographs, snapshots, enlargements and miniatures. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with working outfit and employment service. Write for particulars and beautiful Free Book to-day.
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Lucky Tiger Corrects
Scalp Ailments and stops falling hair, like Whyte-Fox No. 2 knocks piles, head colds and skin irritations. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. A toilet necessity. Valuable booklet free on request.
At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.
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Are You Wet or Dry?

Liberty has awarded $50 apiece—$1,000 in all—to the writers of the letters on this page

Too Much Is Plenty

New York, N. Y.—I consider that there has always been a tendency in the United States to go to extremes, and that there has been no better example of this than prohibition.—*Charles H. Russell.*

Save the Babies

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Just as I keep lye out of reach of my baby, so would I keep liquor out of reach of those who have not sufficient will power to let it alone.—*Florence Heath Kester.*

And So He's Dry

Cleveland, Ohio—Why I am in favor of prohibition:

Richard E. Stifel, M.D.

It gives us something to talk about. It has done away with the saloon. It holds people's attention so the big mergers can go through. It has revivified the home by establishing a home industry. Wood alcohol kills off a lot of fools. A drug store is nicer than a bar.—*Richard E. Stifel, M.D.*

Violent Partisans

Yonkers, N. Y.—I am a wet because I want no truck with the criminal classes who are the most violent supporters of the Eighteenth Amendment.—*Miss Harriet Gaylord.*

A Teacher's Voice

Springfield, Ohio—To a public school teacher of the past twenty years, the improvement of the past ten years is very marked. The children of America are living arguments for prohibition.—*Edgar G. Weller.*

The Saloon Argument (1)

Chicago, Ill.—The drys point to the absence of the saloon. One can remove a wart without amputating the whole finger.—*Katherine Andrews.*

The Saloon Argument (2)

Laurelton, L. I.—This prohibition question resolves itself into a choice between the Eighteenth Amendment and the saloon.

If we repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, then what stands between us and the return of the old-time saloon with all its train of evils? *Nothing.* Each state could then make its own laws—open saloons or what not.—*John H. Boyle.*

John H. Boyle

Appetite by Law

Wilmette, Ill.—I am very wet. Congress seeks to force me to obey an unjust, inhuman law. My appetite is of no concern to any legislative body on earth. —*Hugh W. Rivers.*

These are the last of the letters on Prohibition for which Liberty has been paying $1,000 a week. Approximately 150,000 letters have been received in the few weeks since the offer was first announced. Of these of course we have had room to print only a very few.

An interesting fact concerning all these letters is that, although Liberty has made it a policy to print an equal number from Wets and Drys, the actual proportion of letters received was 84 per cent wet to 16 per cent dry.

And—though we don't know precisely what it means—it is even more interesting to note that 86 per cent of all the letters thus far received came from men, and only 14 per cent from women. Of the letters from men, 89 per cent were wet and 11 per cent dry. Among those from women the proportion was 56 per cent wet to 44 per cent dry. Which may or may not be an illuminating commentary on Prohibition sentiment in the U.S.A.

Banks vs. Booze

New York, N. Y.—I am dry because I believe the revolving doors of a bank on every corner are more indicative of prosperity than the swinging doors of a saloon.—*Harriet R. Gourley.*

The Italics Are His

Bronxville, N. Y.—We *must* solve the liquor problem. And the liquor problem can never be solved *with* liquor—only *without* liquor.—*Walter M. Ostrander.*

Mrs. Gertrude Schreiber

For Mr. Schreiber

Lakewood, Ohio—Until prohibition came along I had a husband that one could live with. But since prohibition things are not so good. Hubby comes home and is nervous, cranky, and irritable. He won't talk and he don't know what in heck to do with himself.

And from what other wives tell me there must be lots of husbands just like mine.—*Mrs. Gertrude Schreiber.*

Better Times for the Family

Washington, D. C.—I am a dry. Prohibition has done away with the Saturday-night spree; it has done away with the corner saloon and made it necessary to hunt liquor instead of having it thrust upon you.—*D. Roland Potter.*

Better Times for the Crook

Hollis, N. Y.—I am a wet. Prohibition has made lawbreaking profitable. Formerly the criminal was a slinking fugitive. Today he is a swaggering defier of the law, a unit in a great organization that commands unlimited wealth. —*J. W. Duffield.*

Prolific Prohibition

Troy, N. Y.—I am wet. Prohibition has failed to eliminate the foremost object for which it was created: for every old-time saloon we now have four speakeasies.—*Chas. Harold Connolly.*

By Its Fruits

Mrs. Andrew Coburn

Evanston, Ill.—I am opposed to the Eighteenth Amendment—not because it is based on the odd conception that tastes, desires, and appetites can be legislated into people in the manner of a hypodermic injection; not because it is or isn't an infringement of what we may laughingly call "personal liberty"; not because it attempts arbitrarily and forcibly to alter the habits of mankind acquired over the last 2,000 years—but because, after ten years' trial, it is a failure!—*Mrs. Andrew Coburn.*

Legal Logic

Detroit, Mich.—The wets contend prohibition violates their constitutional rights. The Constitution gives no express right to sell intoxicating liquor.—*Kay Smith.*

Flora R. Davenport

Youth's Testimony

Sioux City, Ia.—Careful observation during my work as high school dean for many years has revealed that the post-prohibition improvement in home conditions, as reflected in the lives of children, is amazing.—*Flora R. Davenport.*

Laws and Life

Detroit, Mich.—I have my own life to live. When laws to govern my appetite are made, I believe in all sincerity that the laws are wrong.—*Edmonde H. Colliau.*

Consider Uncle Sam

Colusa, Calif.—Since the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, it's simply a question of whether we intend to support Uncle Sam or let him down.—*Mrs. John M. Coshow.*

The Price of Folly

Grays Lake, Ill.—Prohibition has proved the folly of dictating the appetite of a nation. Saloons, capable of being controlled, displaced by unspeakable speakeasies beyond control. An industry turned from business men into the hands of hoodlum murderers. Corrupted officiality. Increased taxation.—*Thos. L. Powis.*

Thos. L. Powis

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

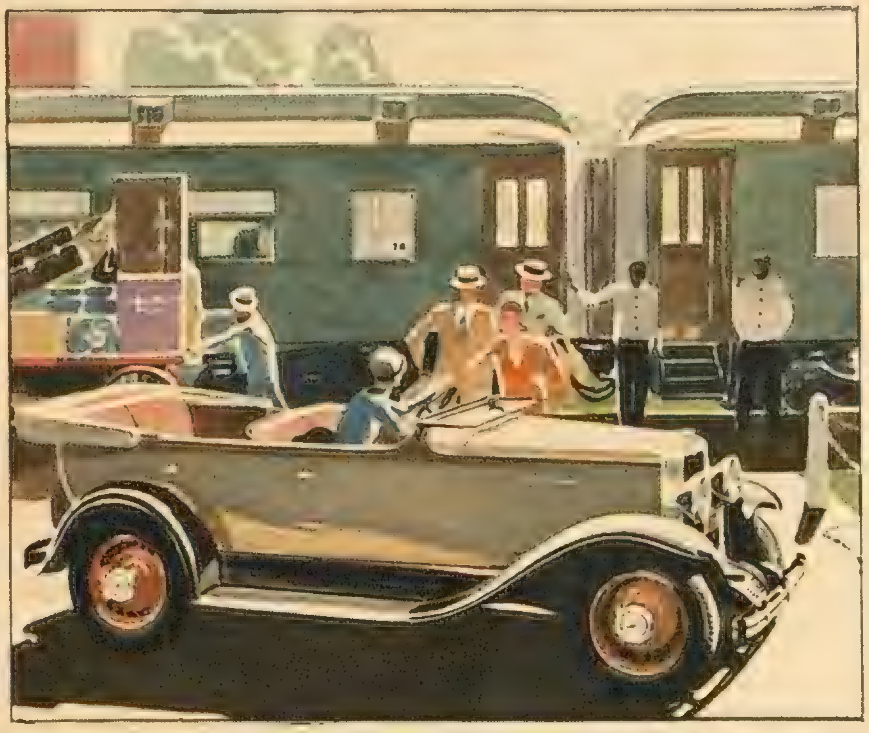
IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

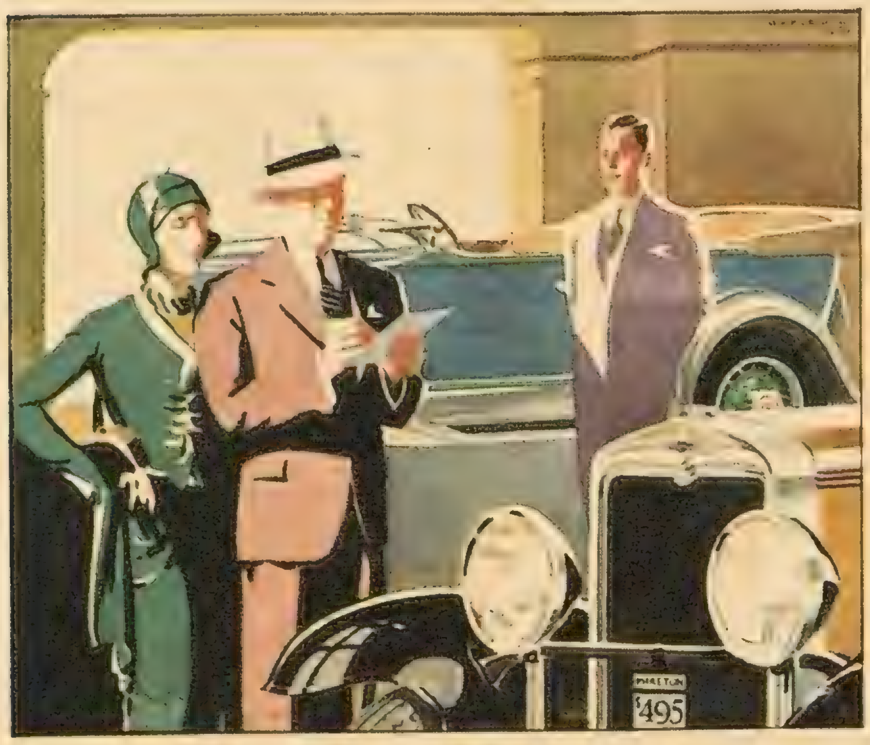
. . . and the Chevrolet Six is priced as low as $495

More and more motor car buyers in the low-price field are learning that it's wise to choose a Chevrolet Six—for modern ideas of power, speed and smoothness can best be met with six cylinders.

The flow of power is smoother in a Chevrolet Six. Hills and bad roads are traveled more easily and surely. High speeds are maintained without strain. And its six-cylinder smoothness saves the whole car from destructive vibration.

Yet, with all these advantages of six-cylinder performance—the Chevrolet Six is priced as low as $495, at the Flint factory. And it costs no more for gas, oil, tires, or upkeep.





In addition, the Chevrolet Six gives you the style, comfort and safety of beautiful Fisher bodies—built of selected hardwood-and-steel.

It gives you the travel-comfort and road-balance of four long semi-elliptic springs, controlled by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

It gives you safety and driving confidence by providing internal-expanding four-wheel brakes, completely enclosed against mud and water.

Near at hand is a Chevrolet dealer. See him today—and learn on what easy terms you can buy a Chevrolet Six.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

CHEVROLET SIX

The Sport Roadster..	$555
The Coach.........	$565
The Coupe.........	$565
The Sport Coupe....	$655
The Club Sedan.....	$665
The Sedan..........	$675
The Special Sedan... (6 wire wheels standard)	$725

Roadster or Phaeton

$495

Special Equipment extra

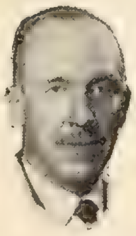
The Sedan Delivery..	$595
Light Delivery Chassis..........	$365
1½ Ton Chassis....	$520
1½ Ton Chassis with Cab............	$625
Roadster Delivery... (Pick-up box extra)	$440

All prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan

Louis Has a Good Night

A Story of New York in 1930

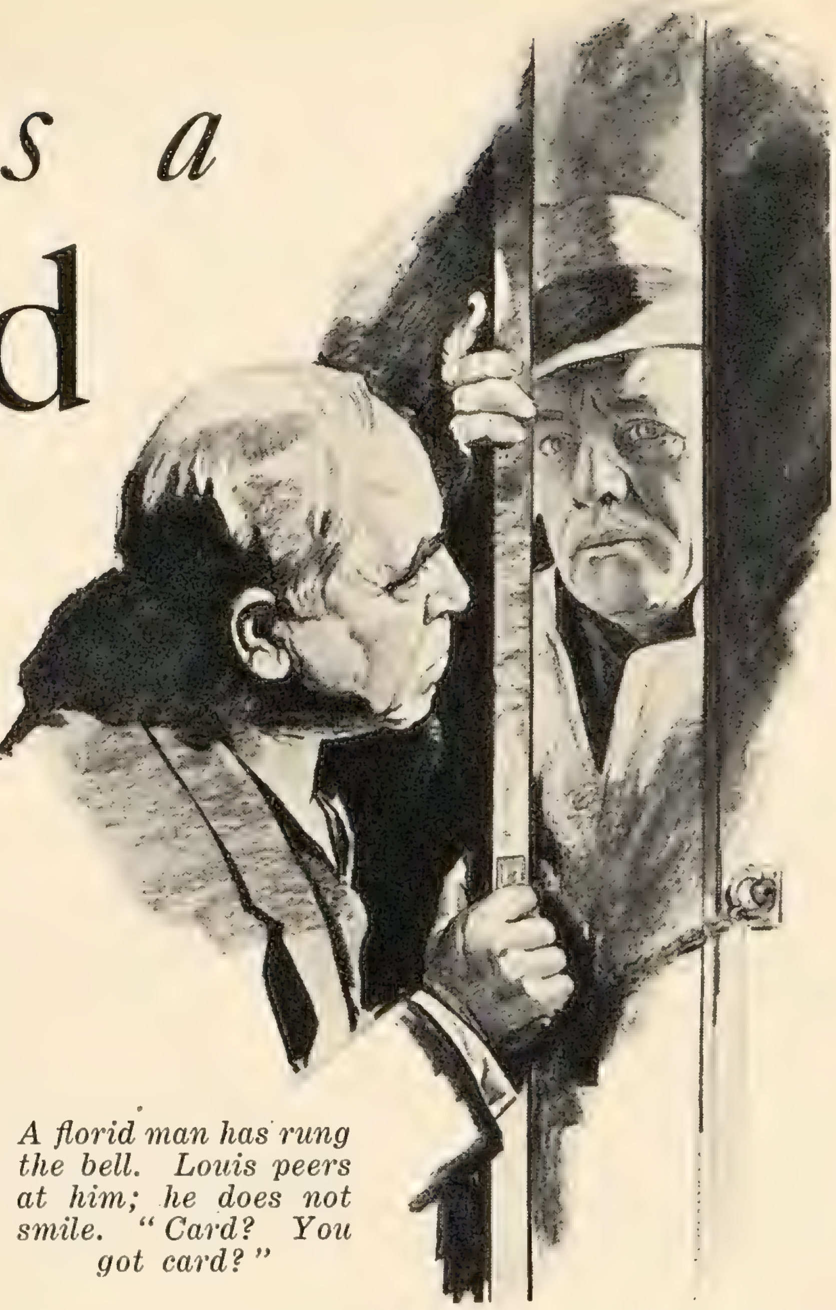
By



EDWARD L. McKENNA

a professor of mathematics at the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania whose other talent is fiction writing. He is the author of two recent successful novels and a large number of short stories. He has done newspaper reporting besides.

Pictures by J. HENRY



A florid man has rung the bell. Louis peers at him; he does not smile. "Card? You got card?"

IT had been snowing all afternoon. Upper Fourteenth Street was black and bedraggled, but this was further down—toward Tenth Avenue and the river. The rumble of motor trucks had died away; here and there a taxi was cruising, slow and wistful, its windshield clicking a melancholy obbligato.

But a snowy night's not bad in the speakeasy business. Spring's best, of course. There's nothing like an early spring evening to bring happy lovers and rejected ones, and settled couples, concealing whatever romantic yearnings from each other, to these Neapolitan hideaways. In the spring New Yorkers long for broccoli, for onions, for antipasto, for dandelions, and for that which in a happier time would have been Chianti, and not homemade stuff laced with gin. In the winter they seem to yearn for hard Sullivan Street liquor, but broccoli, antipasto, lettuce, and leeks appear to be its fine accompaniment.

How many young people in their day have made love or exchanged hard-luck stories or explained their theories of life and art over tough roast chicken and sour wine! Twenty years ago there were more Italian cafés on Twenty-fifth Street than there were in Tuscany. Since prohibition they have increased and multiplied. . . .

Business had been good at Scarrone's all night. The red and white checked tablecloths bore many a wet ring; a hundred times the doorbell had chimed, and the iron chain that barred the way had rattled. It was quite a ceremony at Scarrone's– that unlatching of the door. You'd ring, and presently there'd be a clank, and a scrunch, and the stout door would swing open an inch. A voice like Hamlet's father's would say, " Card? You got card? " and somber dark eyes would gleam at you. Now, who but a hick from the country ever carried a speakeasy card? " What's the idea? " you'd say testily. " I've been here often enough. Get Louis. Louis knows me."

" Awri," the voice would say and, in a moment, Louis himself, bald and stout and priestly, would be looking at you. Avanti! Bacigaloup! Rattle the chain, then, and open the door wide, and there'd be Louis, bobbing and smiling. Various dirty hands would reach to help you with your coat; you'd walk down the hall with the proud tread of one who knows his way around, and sniff the minestrone with the nose of a connoisseur.

Louis doesn't own this place; he's only a waiter. He's been a waiter at Carlo's on Twenty-fifth Street, back in the old days; at Allaire's on Third Avenue; at Feltman's in Coney Island; at the Palm Garden; at the Harlem Casino. That's a pretty complete undergraduate course. He's worked at some of the big hotels, too, and at Churchill's. Prohibition came along, and he was worried for a while. He laughs at that now. Marta Scarrone has been running this place for seven years; he's worked here four.

LOUIS speaks four languages; he comes from Piedmont. He can hear a spoon tapped against a glass a hundred feet away, but he can be deaf and dumb in every language in the world. He overhears snatches of all sorts of conversation with a blank stupidity which is the essence of politeness. Bland is Louis, indeed; much smoother than the Martinis you can buy here; as smooth and velvety as dark beer used to be. He's stout; he's bald; he must be old, but he's as deft as a juggler, as graceful as a spire or as Evelyn Laye. Whenever you order anything he smiles. Give him a quarter, he smiles, and his smile at a two-dollar tip will be more hearty.

" Spaghetti or ravioli? " he'll say. " Minestrone, every day, only on Friday, clam chowder." " Roast chi-cken, roastbif, steak min-oot." Away he goes, pattering, his face composed, solemn, serene. He never forgets an order, and when he begins bringing you your highballs already mixed, it's time for you to go. . . .

Over at table three, this snowy night, there was a party—three red-faced men, one woman, pink and white, and with wise, incredulous eyes. Their conversation was like this:

" So, Micky comes out for the third, fiddling, see? . . . So, Arnold puts the dog in a motor van, and he gets him there; they're puttin' the plates on him in the van. Whadya think of that, huh? Mars Cassidy is having a baby up there in the box, but, anyhow, they hold it up five minutes. Mars gets them together; up goes the webbing, bing! The dog breezes home, and me with a grand and a half on his nose. So don't tell me nothing about Arnold, see?"

Wonder what Louis makes of all that.

AT table four, three men, lean-faced, discontented-looking. Snatches of their talk come to Louis, too. "He stopped with Dubliners, I tell you. Yes, parts of the Portrait of an Artist, sure. . . . Lousy job—lousy job—Pulitzer prize—lousy job."

"Sure, sell 'em all rights. Whadya get for reprints? Ten guineas, and then try and get it. . . ."

At table five, a couple. The girl's been here before; Louis knows her. She's all lipstick and l'origan; she wears bangles and has a long cigarette holder, probably not jade. Just the introductory bars of Love's Old Sweet Song here; she's trying to be coy; he, ardent. They'll do better when the bottle gets lower.

At table six, two men, two girls. The men look like bond salesmen. The girls look like girls who'd look good to bond salesmen.

At table seven, a girl, all alone. Tinkle, tinkle, the doorbell rings. She looks up eagerly. Louis tiptoes out.

A florid man has rung the bell. He talks in an even, toneless way, not moving his lips much. "Sure, you know me," he is saying. "Let me in."

Louis peers out at him; he does not smile. "I'm sorry. Card? You got card?"

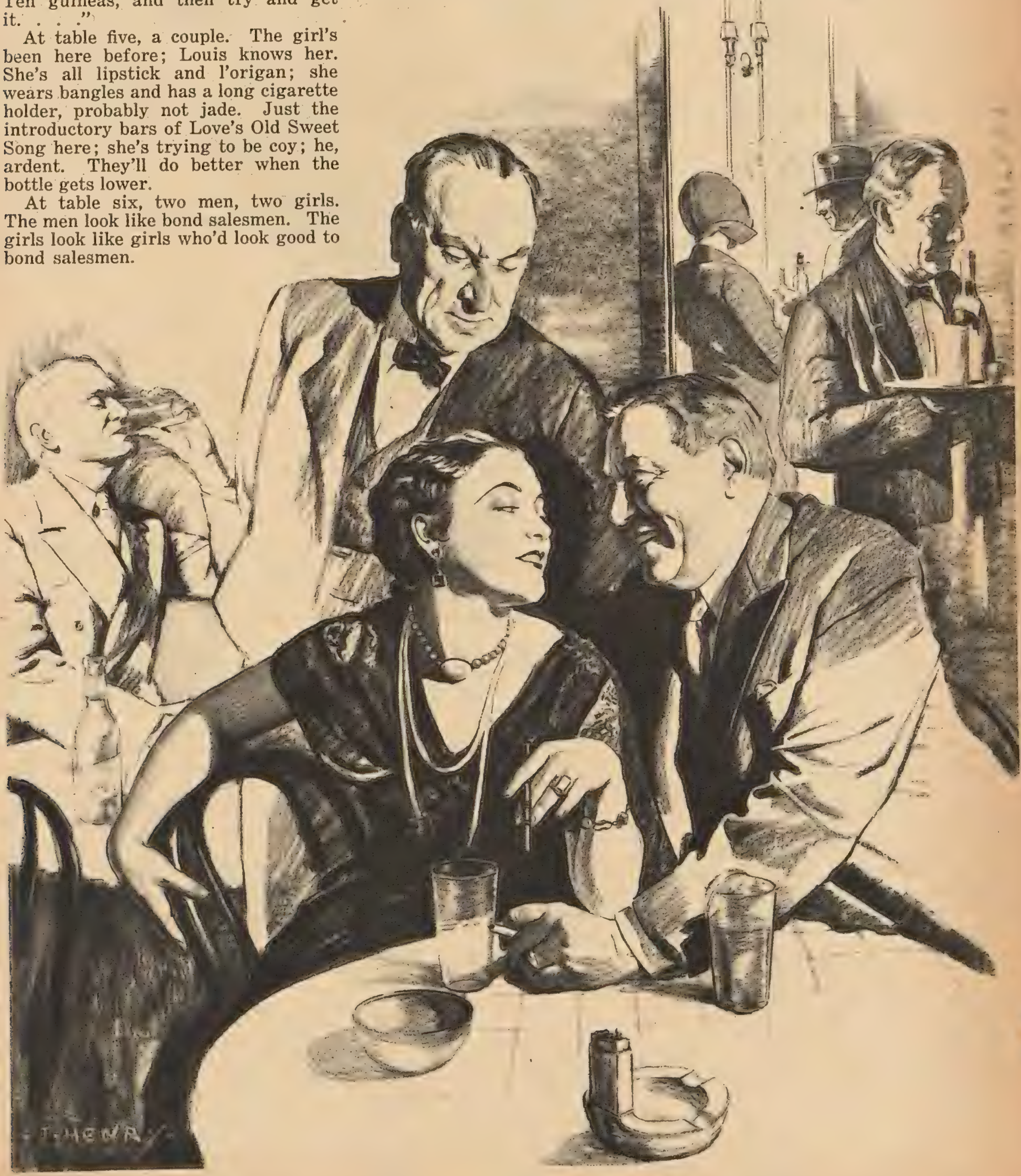
"Say, listen. I been here plenty of times."

"I'm sorry. I don't see you before."

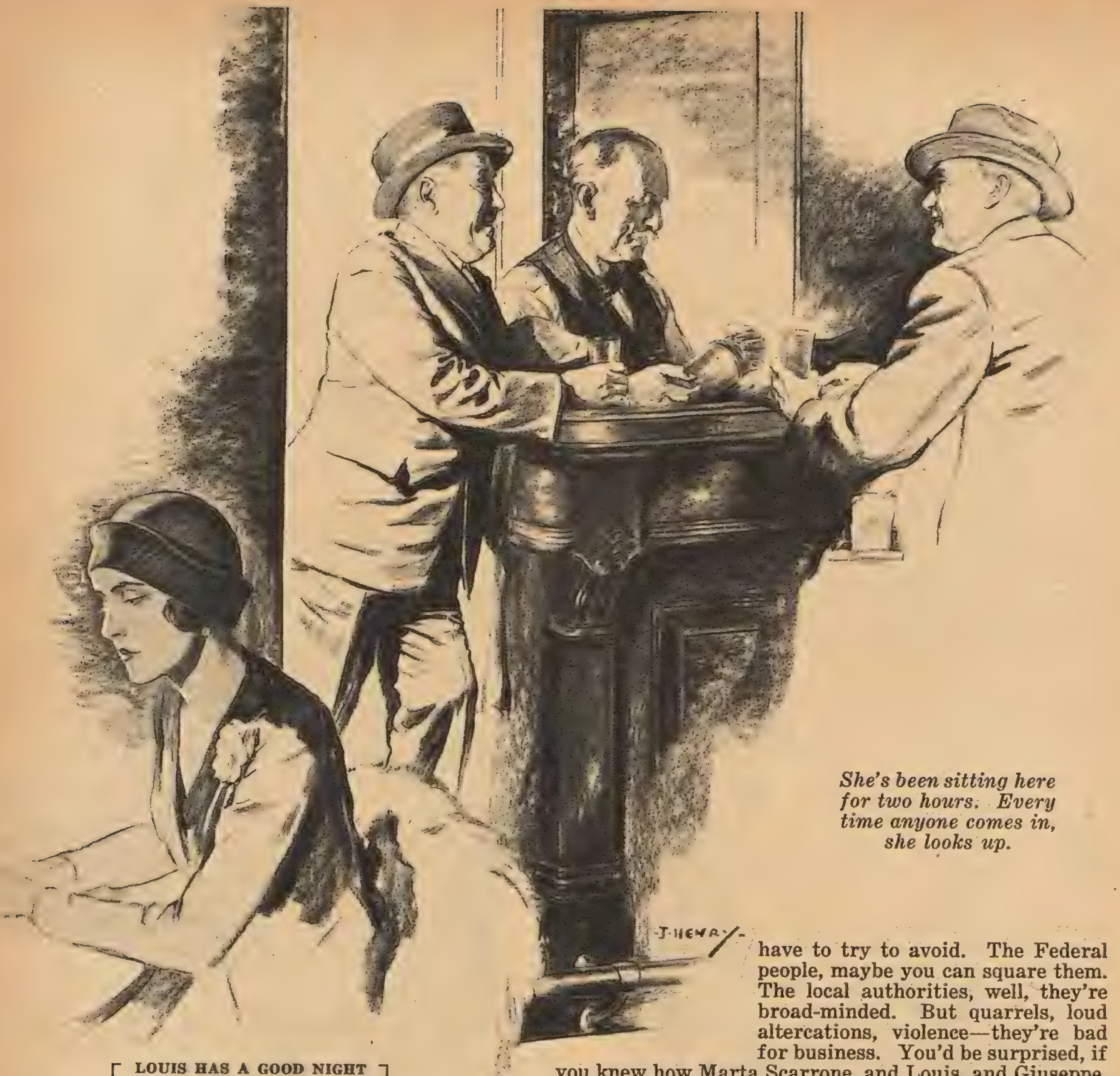
"Listen. I'm looking for Jack Hart. Is Jack Hart in there?"

Jack Hart is one of those men at table three—the boys who have been talking about dogs, and webbings going up, and somebody named Arnold. They're whispering

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Yonder coy girl at table five has become the Queen of Sheba to her flushed companion.



She's been sitting here for two hours. Every time anyone comes in, she looks up.

LOUIS HAS A GOOD NIGHT
Continued from page seventy-one

together now about a motor truck coming down from Montreal.

"I do' know Mr. Jack Hart," says Louis gently. "You get card from Mr. Hart or somebody. We got to be careful. Sorry." He shuts the door almost regretfully; the chain rattles home. Presently Louis shuffles to table three. "I think you drop your pocketbook," he says to Mr. Jack Hart. "Out of your overcoat. You come see, please?"

Mr. Hart gets up, not too steadily, and lurches toward the hall. Once there, Louis says something to him; his voice is as low, as grave, as a priest's in the confessional. Mr. Jack Hart gets white; his hand slides quickly under his coat, up near the shoulder. "Him, huh?" he says. "Is he out there?"

"No. No, he is gone, I think," says Louis.

"I—I ain't myself, Louis. Is he coked up?"

"I do' know. Maybe," says Louis.

"Is there any other way out of here?"

"Out the back way, yes. I show you. I get your coat."

"Tell them I'm sick," says Mr. Jack Hart. "Here. Here's half a yard; pay for the party. Keep the change, Louis."

"Thank you very much. I tell them. Watch the step here. All right. Good night, good luck."

He's never going to see Mr. Jack Hart again, but maybe he'll see his picture in the papers. There'll be no trouble in Marta Scarrone's, anyway. That's the sort of stuff you have to try to avoid. The Federal people, maybe you can square them. The local authorities, well, they're broad-minded. But quarrels, loud altercations, violence—they're bad for business. You'd be surprised, if you knew how Marta Scarrone, and Louis, and Giuseppe, and all of them, worry about you as you sit there drinking. They don't want you to get drunk and noisy. They don't want you to be poisoned. There's a strong-arm squad here, sure, that you've never seen; they're upstairs, now, playing one of those mysterious Italian card games. Even Louis himself, they say, is not to be despised when the clarion call of battle sounds.

That's the nasty undercurrent of an unlawful business, certainly.

"SPAGHETTI or ravioli?" says Louis to the man and the girl at table five. Their quart of wine is much depleted now; he's been telling her a story; she laughs and does not achieve a blush. They look up, startled. "Spaghetti or ravioli?" says Louis. "Spaghetti, yes." He smiles and is gone.

But again he hears the doorbell, and he pauses for a moment; then he goes out into the hall and listens. Hastily he leaps to the door and lays his hand upon the latch.

"Meester Smith," he says.

Meester Smith is with a lady. "That you, Louis?" he says. "Open up. Cold out here."

"I'm so sorry, Meester Smith," says Louis, his face full of concern. "We have not got a table left, not one. We have a dinner tonight, a dinner of Italo-American society. I give you a bottle of wine—anything. I give you card, four doors down the street, nice place, not so nice as this. Tell them Scarrone send you. It's nice. We do this; they send us people, too, when they are full up. Wait, I give you bottle of wine."

"No, that's all right," says Mr. Smith. "Four doors down, you say?"

"Yes. You'll come again? If it is anybody I let in, it is you. But—impossible. Such crowds, no tables. Wait, I give you a little drink. Got nice vermuth."

"No, thank you, Louis. That's all right. Sure, I'll be back. Good night."

"Ah, Mother of God," breathes Louis in relief, and winks at Marta Scarrone, who winks back at him. These men! That girl at table five who's just been exchanging badinage with her companion, she used to come here with Meester Smith. The lady who's with Mr. Smith now is a very different sort of person. Perhaps it's his wife. Who can tell? Perhaps it's just his new sweetheart. Louis likes Mr. Smith. It's not entirely on his account that he told him Scarrone's is full tonight. That's just being a maître d'hôtel. You don't discuss guests with guests. You don't send a lady's handbag back to a client's home address. No, indeed. You don't say, "Mr. Smith, your friend Miss Jones was here last week." Perish the thought.

And the last Italian diplomat was not Machiavelli.

AS a matter of fact, it really is crowded in Marta Scarrone's. The dining room is hazy with smoke; dishes rattle; glasses tinkle. The kitchen is a madhouse. One of the bus boys has just come sniveling to Marta with a tale that the cook has threatened him with a carving knife. "He always does that," says Marta placidly. "He never kill anybody. He is hot; he is excited. Here. Bring him this little drink."

"I'm afraid to go in there," says the bus boy.

"By the time you are head waiter, you fight with fifty cooks," says Marta. "Go on, do your work now. I'm too busy."

It's not only Louis who can hear bits of conversation now. Anyone who pauses from his own talk, or his own liquor, may listen. Nobody does; nobody bothers. Each little table has become an island, isolated and alone. Yonder coy girl at table five has become the Queen of Sheba to her flushed companion; the mascara sisters, over there with the bond salesmen, are as Phryne and Semiramis to them. Everyone is telling his companion important things in an important way. This moment, of all moments, is suddenly beautiful, or significant, or heart-rending to them.

Tomorrow they'll have headaches, or the dull consciousness that they've said things they wished they never had said, or listened to them. On the other hand, perhaps some girl will remember some one thing her sweetheart has told her, and keep it in her heart when she can scarcely remember

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

It Makes You Feel So Clean

Lavoris, by its refreshing, invigorating effect upon the mouth, gives a vigorous sense of cleanliness and well-being. But it has a mechanical action more impressive than its psychological effect. ∾ By detaching and carrying away, out of the oral cavity, the tenacious deposits which encourage decay and collect bacteria, and by stimulating the tissues, it actively promotes oral health. ∾ There is nothing sensational about these simple functions of Lavoris. There is, however, something confidence-inspiring—as evidenced by the wide acceptance given Lavoris for the past twenty-five years. ∾ The daily use of Lavoris is a healthful habit and, because of Lavoris' distinctive, pleasing flavor, a most agreeable one. At drug counters everywhere.... And don't forget that sensible precept: "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

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LAVORIS

To Members of the Dental and Medical Professions: There is nothing secret about Lavoris—we print the ingredients on every label. The combination of Lavoris ingredients has real therapeutic merit, so that we are justified in presenting it to the public. In so doing we recognize an obligation to do all that is within our power to further the cause of oral hygiene and dentistry, with the hope that we may awaken in the public mind a keener appreciation of the vital importance of mouth health.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

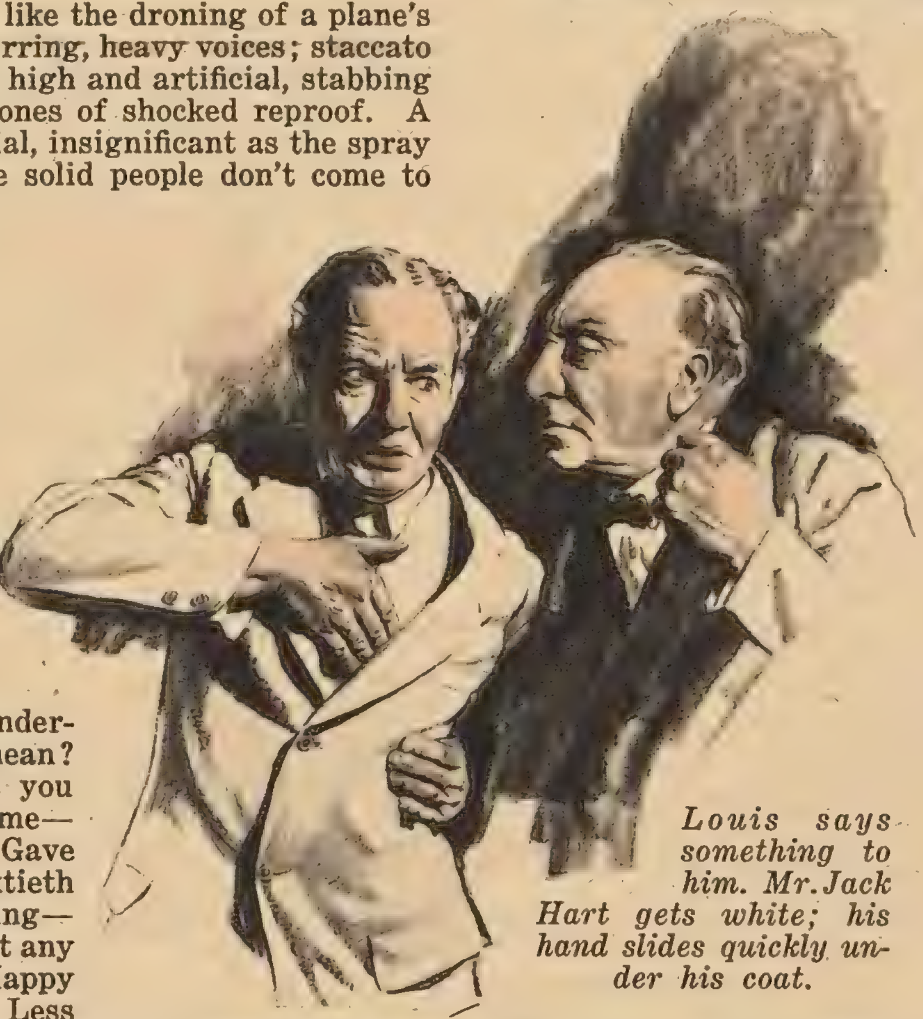
© 1930, L. C. Co.

[LOUIS HAS A GOOD NIGHT
Continued from page seventy-three]

what he looked like, or what his first name was. What do you say, Oswald? Save your money and buy liquor and you'll never be healthy, wealthy, and wise. But who wants to be wealthy and wise, and you can't live forever.

The voices beat like surf, like the droning of a plane's wings. Growling voices; purring, heavy voices; staccato voices; a girl's party laugh, high and artificial, stabbing the blanket of sound; the tones of shocked reproof. A surf of sound, inconsequential, insignificant as the spray against a breakwater. The solid people don't come to Marta Scarrone's. They stay at home, plotting their budgets, planning to outwit the building-and-loan. They're building for a happy old age. Let's hope they get it.

The potpourri of words bubbles to the ceiling. "Picasso— I'll give Whalen three months, three months— So I gave him back his ring, and I said— Spumoni, Brie cheese, or biscuit tortoni— You get somebody that understands you, that understands you. See what I mean? Two whisky sours— Just you wait till the company goes home— Nobel prize, lousy job— Gave her an apartment on Sixtieth Street, colored girl, everything— Oh, no, Charlie. I don't want any more, really. Well— Happy days, mud in your eye— Less than— How is that? Oh, yes—more than yesterday, less than tomorrow. That's it, that's right, more than yesterday— He's a chorus girl's author, all right, but he's got two good lines, two good lines. '*Il pleut dans mon cœur, comme—comme—*' Spaghetti or ravioli— I don't wear any— So I says to her, what time'll your husband be home?— Sixty bucks a case, and it's not cut much— Two cointreaus, two stregas, one large coffee, yes."



Louis says something to him. Mr. Jack Hart gets white; his hand slides quickly under his coat.

LOUIS has an attentive eye upon the single lady at table seven. So have a few of the male diners, but she pays no attention to them. She's been sitting here for two hours, and she has had one highball, two splits of White Rock, and a package of Lucky Strikes.

Every time anyone comes in, she looks up.

She might be twenty-six; she might be thirty; she's pretty enough; she's quiet; she minds her own business.

She's worried about Louis. Once she called him over.

"I'm sorry to keep you," she says. "My friend is late."

"That's awri," says Louis, and smiles beatifically upon her. "He come soon." He could use the table, too, and if this girl were here to pick up a man, his manner would be austere.

An hour passes; parties near by have broken up noisily; new ones have taken their places. The sweep of sound has risen to diapason and lulled again. The bus boy has not yet been slain by the chef's carving knife.

"What time is it?" the girl asks Louis.

"About half-past eleven," he says—it's nearly twelve.

"It's still snowing?"

"Oh, yes. Yes. Snow and rain," says Louis cheerfully.

At last she looks around and beckons to him. "I'll have my bill, please," she says.

Louis' face falls. He hesitates; he shrugs his facile shoulders.

"Wait a little while, madame," he says. "You wait so long."

"He—my friend works on a newspaper. I—I suppose something has kept him."

"Oh!" says Louis, and spreads his palms wide as if all were explained. "Those newspaper boys. They work late. You wait. Wait half an hour. Sure."

"I don't want to call him up."

"No! No! Sure not," says Louis. "He be here."

SOON the bell rings. Louis slides out. Back he comes, proudly full of smiles, and behind him, his coat shining with snowflakes, is a young man.

He rushes to table seven, whose occupant is sitting demure and composed.

"Gee, Ethel! I couldn't help it, kid," he says, and seizes her hands. "Been waiting long?"

"About fifteen minutes," she says, and smiles up at him.

"You knew I'd come, didn't you?"

"Yes. Now you're here, I'll go powder my nose."

"O. K. Don't be long."

She nods to Louis, and, once in the hall, she fumbles in her bag. "Here," she says. "Take this," and hands him a crumpled bill.

"The gentleman pays the bill. The gentleman takes care of that."

"This hasn't anything to do with the bill. Take it, Louis, or I'll be mad at you." Her eyes are radiant.

Louis shrugs and smiles. "Thank you very much, madame. I wish you always be as happy as now."

"Gee, so do I! I'm much obliged to you, Louis."

"Madame will ask for me, always, when she comes here," says Louis.

A moment later he is beaming before them. "Martini for monsieur. Nothing for madame." His eyes twinkle.

"No, no hurry, no. Plenty of time, plenty of time. Minestrone or chicken soup?"

And, as he shuffles away, he thanks God that he has good feet that bear him all the long night without complaining.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Don't Forget the Dollar

Recently I sent my young nephew, away at school, a birthday gift. I received a prompt note of thanks in which he told me of having passed his midyear exams.

I replied, congratulating him, inclosing a dollar, and remarked that his older brother had probably not done so well, as I hadn't heard from him.

By return mail came a letter from said brother, giving me his grades, which were excellent, and in closing he wrote, "Please let me hear from you at the earliest possible moment. Very truly yours."—Miss Sue Higgins, 101 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

* * *

Fathers Should Be Ventriloquists

His daddy put Merle to bed the night before Christmas and pretended to talk up the chimney to Santa Claus.

"Now, go to sleep, son; I told Santa you were a good boy and to bring you all the toys you wanted."

"Yeh," said Merle, "but he didn't answer."—Mrs. Merle Mackin, 1278 Wyoming Ave., Exeter, Pittston, Pa.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"For a perfect shaving score every day . . . . Barbasol"

** "Barbasol makes each day's shave a 'Birdie.' It strokes well under par for the facial course every time; quick, clean, easy—and never in the 'rough.' Every face is a fair-way when this modern and different shaving cream softens the beard. And I like to play around without having to get up a lather; no rubbing—no brush. It's the Champion of all the shaves."*

Craig Wood

** Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.*

Barbasol
Barbasol
antiseptic beard softener
No brush No lather for shaving No rub-in
Barbasol
Antiseptic Beard Softener
BARBASOL

Craig Wood, golf's newest star, who is the present Hawaiian Open Champion, Oklahoma City Open Champion, and who recently added to his triumphs the conquest of Horton Smith in the Professional Golfers' Championship.

IF you haven't used Barbasol lately you're missing a lot, according to hundreds of letters which pour in telling about the wonders of this modern, different, *quick* shave. It must be sincere praise because this chorus of approval is *unsolicited.*

"And the beauty of it is, the razor doesn't pull," writes N. R. G., California. "Rather drive a car without a self-starter than go back to the old brush," says W. E. L., of New York. "No other to compare with this smooth, clean shave," rejoices M. W. in New Jersey. "Soft and smooth; no burning," writes J. T. K., of Missouri, and so it goes. (Names on request if you like.)

It's the easy, quick, *simplicity* of Barbasol that makes millions of happy shaves. But *you've got to use it right.* Try it, men, THIS way and, if you follow these directions, *you'll be following the crowd:*

1 Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2** Spread on Barbasol. DON'T rub it in. **3** Wet a good blade and—Shave.

You'll think it's some kind of magic, the way the toughest beard is softened; the way the blade slips along—cuts crisp—no pull—no scraping—and leaves the face softened, refreshed. And DON'T FORGET, you get that kind of super-shave without lathering-up—no brush, no rub. And blades last longer, too.

It's easy to be a Barbasol believer. Try it in the morning and give your face a glad surprise. Generous tubes at all druggists, 35¢ and 65¢. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Skin Freshener

BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

As a bracer for the face, there's nothing like Barbasol Skin-Freshener. Slap it on face or neck; morning, noon, or night; for a quick "pick-up."

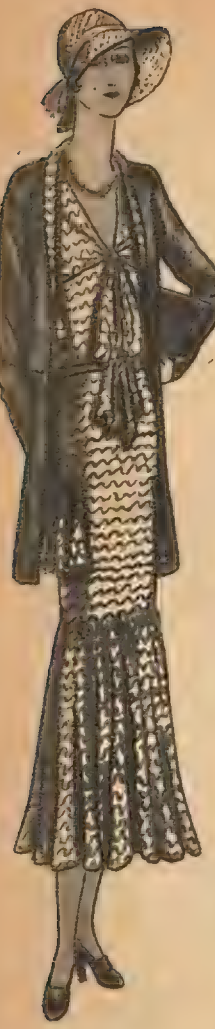
Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

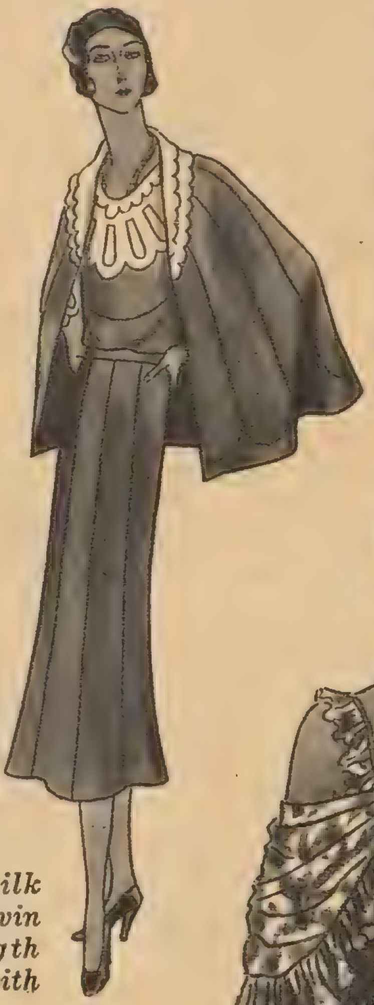
No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

Feminine—Not Foolish

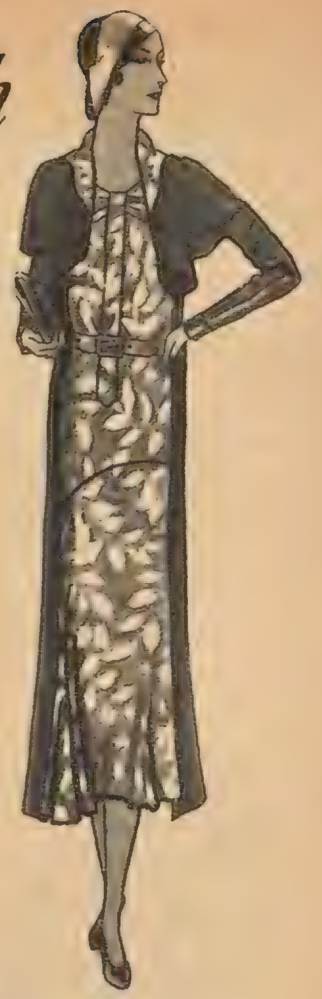
By BETTINA BEDWELL



Molyneux adds ruffles to the lacy jersey dress of this ensemble, and puts a little bolero on the coat.



The tailored silk ensemble by Lanvin has a hip-length cape trimmed with piqué.



Redfern puts on this silk coat a cape that goes under and over the arms.

Paris.

THERE are very few foolish-looking virgins in the inner temple of fashion this summer. Smart women have demonstrated their ability to discriminate between the feminine and the foolish in clothes. It takes clothes wisdom to do this, because what was merely sweetly feminine in past decades is, in this machine-made epoch, too closely allied to silliness to be suitable.

Along the primrose path of Paris clothes it is very easy for a girl to go wrong, and to emerge with her waistline under her armpits, her frocks soft to the point of sloppiness, her wraps foolishly fitted and unfitting, and her hats and shoes loaded with knickknacks that are appropriate only for a cabinet of curiosities. Baby prints and infantile colors beg her attention, and she has to say no to accessories that are pure fluff.

REAL fashions of the season are as feminine as a gingham house dress, and as lacking in synthetically applied allure. The smartest women in Paris are wearing clothes and choosing colors that are in no way exaggeratedly female. On the other hand, they haven't a taint of the mannish about them. The aim of style in the best sense is to give us an appearance of intelligent charm in no way connected with girlish folly or strong-mindedness; for clothes may readily indicate either extreme this season.

THE Molyneux ensemble in our first sketch is a perfect example of feminine fashions without foolishness. The frock of this ensemble is made of lacy jersey in pure gray and black, and there is a self-fabric jabot at the neckline and belt. Ruffles at the sides of the blouse and skirt are a feminine touch restrained to taste. The jacket of black jersey is slightly fitted at the sides, and a bolero is added to soften the fitting. It is unlined but has a printed collar to match the dress.

The Lanvin cape-and-dress ensemble shown in our second sketch, while strictly tailored, still is ladyish. Lanvin made it of rich, darkly bright blue silk, and its cape is neither frivolously short nor foolishly long. It is tailored in petal gores and has a double collar of white piqué that keeps it from being in the least severe. The frock is given an unusual yoke of the same piqué for the same reason. Its waistline is neither very high nor very low, and its skirt is flared by gores enlarging imperceptibly from the hipline.

For the afternoon the Paris *élégante* goes to no foolish lengths in being feminine. She wears an ensemble like the Redfern model shown in our upper right sketch. This ensemble has a printed frock in smoky gray and yellow, made very simply, and the black coat has the cleverest of capelets that folds under and over the arms, giving it just the right softness. With it is worn a satin hat in black and yellow.

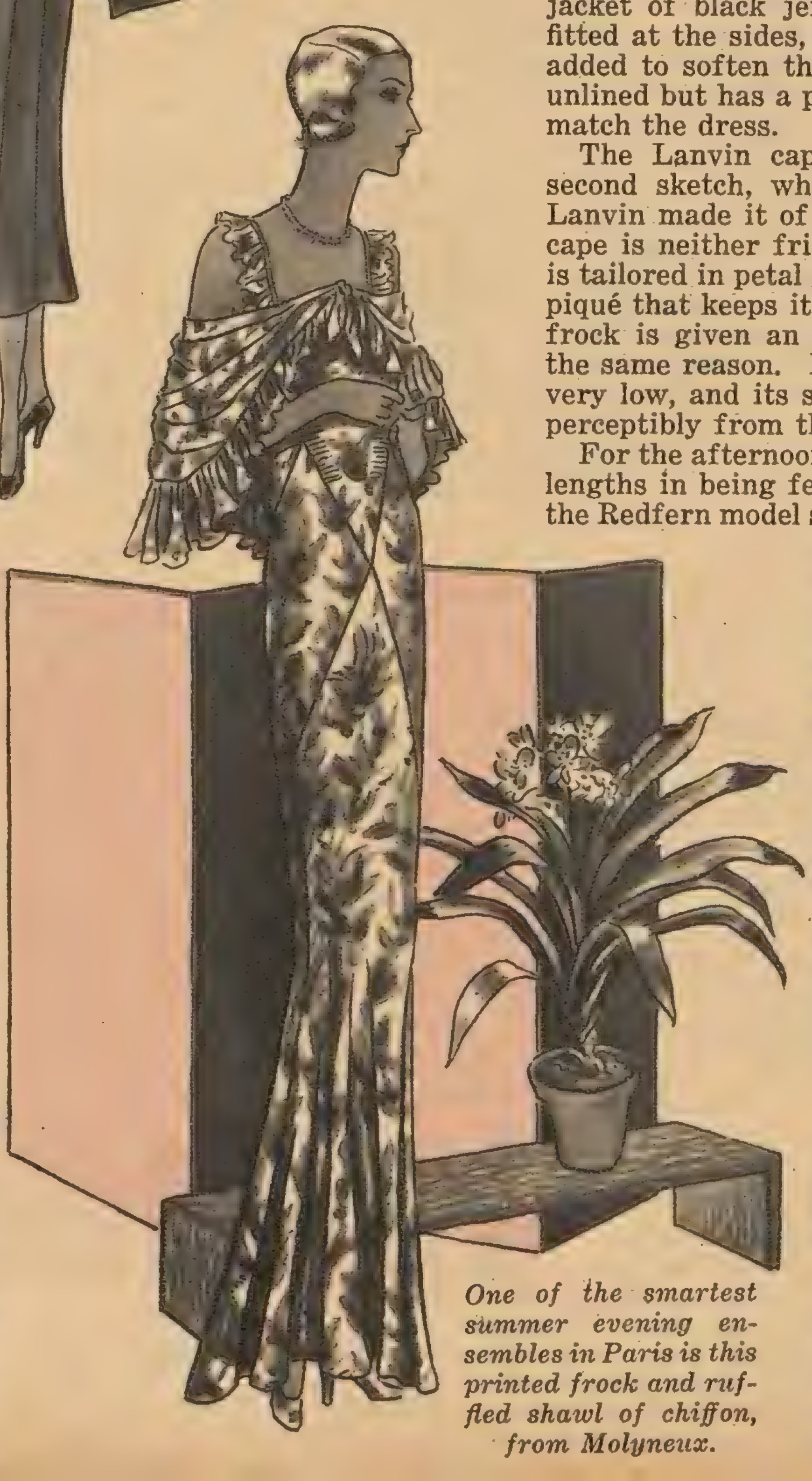
The evening ensemble *par excellence* is something like the Molyneux ensemble in our lower sketch. Printed chiffon makes this frock, which is princesse but not skin-tight, with fullness let in the bodice by tiny tucks at the sides of the front. The ruffles on the shoulder straps are a delightful novelty, and the ruffled shawl is one of the most important details of summer evening fashions.

* * *

Patou's light moss green and Molyneux's vivid light red are among the smartest colors for printed and plain summer frocks.

Molyneux brightens up a white evening frock by adding a cape and two flowers of bright red tulle.

The newest hats for the summer traveler are Agnès' caps of cotton cord, knitted like a stocking cap. You drape them to suit your face.



One of the smartest summer evening ensembles in Paris is this printed frock and ruffled shawl of chiffon, from Molyneux.

Why Travelers With Fastidious Appetites *Prefer* CHICAGO'S MORRISON HOTEL

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms.

IN a city identified as the chief food supply base of the world, it is natural to expect an exclusive quality-standard in hotel and restaurant catering.

But the Morrison Hotel has unique traditions of its own to uphold. Far back in the last century, instead of depending on the almost limitless choice at its own doors, the old Boston Oyster House brought new luxuries to the city in the form of sea foods never tasted here before. It was here that oysters were first seen on restaurant tables in Chicago.

The ideals of the earlier days are reflected in the present Boston Oyster House and Terrace Garden. Their names are current proverbs with travelers, and recall the prestige of the classic inns of England in the old-time stagecoach days.

Every detail of service and environment is in step with the newest trend of taste and habit. The rhythmic groups of dancers on the Terrace Garden floor present a vivid picture of the 1930 spirit in pastime and diversion.

In the guest rooms, also, an up-to-the-minute modernity marks every detail of equipment. Every room is outside, with bath, running ice-water, bed-head lamp, telephone and Servidor. A special housekeeper is on duty on every guest room floor.

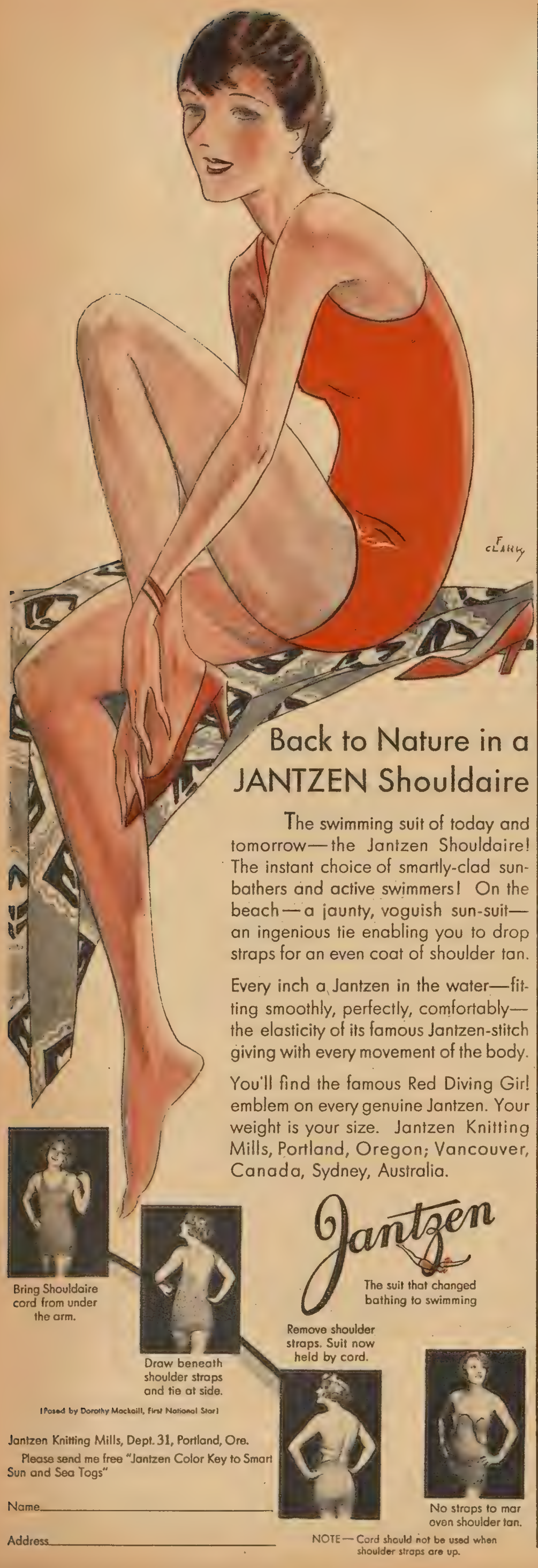
The modern standards of this 46-story institution will be maintained on a still wider scale in the near future, when the new addition on the Madison Street frontage increases the capacity to 2450 rooms.

Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50
241 Rooms, $3.00
480 Rooms, $3.50
457 Rooms, $4.00
245 Rooms, $4.50
189 Rooms, $5.00
15 Rooms, $6.00
35 Rooms, $7.00
21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00
6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"



Back to Nature in a JANTZEN Shouldaire

The swimming suit of today and tomorrow—the Jantzen Shouldaire! The instant choice of smartly-clad sun-bathers and active swimmers! On the beach—a jaunty, voguish sun-suit—an ingenious tie enabling you to drop straps for an even coat of shoulder tan.

Every inch a Jantzen in the water—fitting smoothly, perfectly, comfortably—the elasticity of its famous Jantzen-stitch giving with every movement of the body.

You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on every genuine Jantzen. Your weight is your size. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada, Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming

Bring Shouldaire cord from under the arm.

Draw beneath shoulder straps and tie at side.

Remove shoulder straps. Suit now held by cord.

No straps to mar oven shoulder tan.

(Posed by Dorothy Mackaill, First National Star)

NOTE—Cord should not be used when shoulder straps are up.

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 31, Portland, Ore.

Please send me free "Jantzen Color Key to Smart Sun and Sea Togs"

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

Painting the FINGER TIPS

By

EILEEN BOURNE

"PALE hands, I'd love you with more color at your finger tips," is the way the hand theme song is being sung right now.

It would happen, wouldn't it, in a color-frenzied world, with saucepans and bathtubs, door knobs and teakettles all on a flaming rampage, that the hands that wield the paintbrushes would not escape without a dab?

So, finger tips come out dripping flamingo hues. "Finger nails brilliant as tropical moths, flamboyant as red roses, and as fragrant," is the mode if you will believe one exuberant writer.

Or, if you believe tales told of the unique and bizarre, it is not all crimson that nails are being painted. For the lady whose personality suggests a background of black lacquered walls and ebony flooring, there is the further startling gesture of inky nail tips! There is blue nail polish—for a Roman holiday, perhaps; green for an emerald celebration; and purple for a royal evening. Such color polishes are on sale in our fairly conservative America. They are recommended for wear, however, only by the individual of unusual chic or reputation—and even she is adjured to confine her startling nail departure to evening wear, and then only when the occasion calls for a gay, masquerade spirit.

It goes without saying that only a lovely hand would dare the unusual in nail enamel. This will bestir a certain amount of beautiful hand competition. Out of the extreme, which always marks a new innovation, and the less extreme in nail tinting will develop a hand-consciousness that will urge women on to greater hand beauty.

Already a fairly extensive variety of shades for the finger tips is to be had. Not all flamboyant tints, naturally. There always has been and always will be among smart women a conservative group whose taste must be catered to in the matter of make-up, facial or nail. For these, finger tips need not be rosier than the dawn. They need be only a soft pink color. But the current requirement is for "dressed" nail tips. They must look polished. And an enchanting conceit, in line with the feminine trend of the 1930 maid, calls for perfumed finger tips.

All of this tinting is to be taken literally as painting the lily. The hands, if not lily white, must bear the same fine skin indorsement that characterizes our best complexions under their make-up. Hands must look young. They must be young—in grace of gesture and in skin quality.

In order to look worthy of tinting, hands will have to be tended faithfully now with daily massage. Hand lotions must be put into active daily service. Manicures must be given regularly. For the decorative possibilities of nail tints will be decorative only in proportion to the beauty of the hand itself.

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

If you have a question on beauty or hygiene that you would like Miss Bourne to answer personally, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope and mail your queries to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's New Book of Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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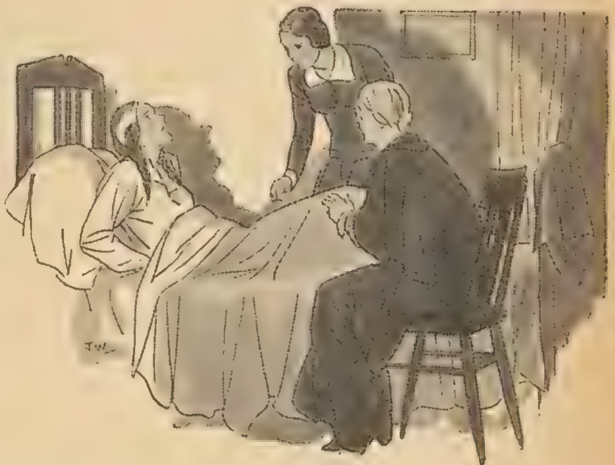
When Telepathy HAPPENED

A Number of Stories, Said to Be True, of Long-Distance Communication Between Minds

By JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

Pictures by J. WELCH



"One night the patient sat up in bed and said, 'My brother has been killed.'"

A RECENT issue of Liberty carried an article of mine dealing with the fascinating subject of telepathy. I invited readers of Liberty to contribute their experiences in this mystic realm, with the result that both the editor of Liberty and I have been flooded with letters relating purported instances of thought transference and other phenomena not explainable by ordinary scientific rules.

It is impossible to verify all the instances recounted. Nevertheless I present a selection of them here, trusting to the veracity of their authors, who could have no motive for fabrication, since no money was offered or paid for relating the experiences.

Some are first-hand accounts. Others were told to the writers by older relatives or friends.

This material indicates that thought transference (if the cases were actually that) is most easily effected between mother and son.

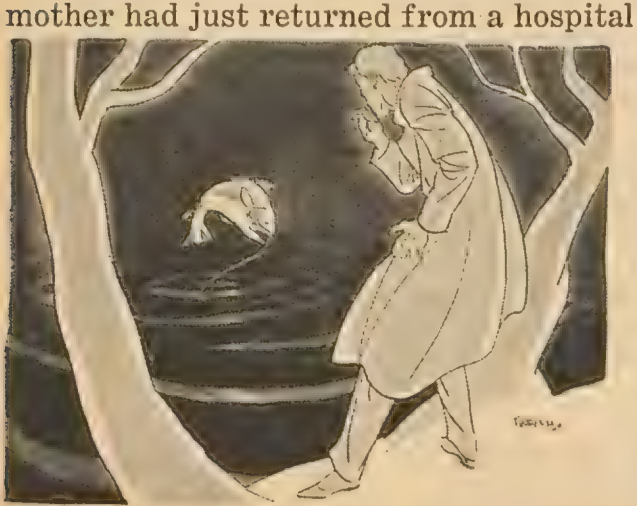
The most numerous and convincing letters were cases of kind, with an element of danger added: the mother at the point of death, or the son in jeopardy, for example.

There were also many moving accounts of apparent telepathy between brother and brother, and brother and sister, and father and children, but only a few letters to indicate that the faculty of thought transference exists between lovers.

"The intuition of women in discerning things is well known."

With few exceptions these narrations deal with stress and danger. In cases of casual desire to communicate telepathically, this strange mental faculty apparently does not operate very successfully.

From H. O. Traver, Lakewood, Ohio:



"The line was wrapped about the body of a drowned man."

"In March, 1910, I left Detroit for Panama. My mother had just returned from a hospital from an operation, but I did not realize how serious it was. On her assurance that she was going to be better I went to New York and then to Colon. The night of July 9, 1910, I was asleep in camp near the spillway at Gatun. I was startled out of a sound sleep by hearing my mother call, 'Son, oh, son!' I became instantly awake. When morning came I made application for leave of absence, as I heard my mother so vividly that I knew something was seriously wrong.

"Within two days I sailed for New York, and between New York City and Albany a first cousin I had not seen in years recognized me on the train and told me my mother had died July 10, and that his mother (my mother's sister) was with her in Grand Rapids when she expired.

"I found out later that the boat that passed ours going to New York carried letters about Mother's death.

"The summary that the experience leaves for analysis by someone who is a student of telepathy is: that call in the night woke me up 2,500 miles away, and I was so sure of myself that I booked passage and sailed for home before I really knew Mother was seriously ill."

. . . . .

FROM Jane B. Roach, Kalamazoo, Michigan:

"My young son was in Europe with a group of students. At two o'clock one morning I awoke with the most hideous depression. I can only describe it as a mental nausea, and thinking so strongly of some impending evil to my son, Dick, through my mind ran the thought, 'Dick is in trouble.'

"Two days afterward I read in the Chicago Tribune a long article cabled from Paris of my son returning from Montmartre at two o'clock in the morning, an altercation with a taxi driver who hit him on the head with a wrench leaving him unconscious, and the subsequent days of unconsciousness in a hospital in Paris.

"My son afterward said just before he became unconscious he thought of me."

. . . . .

From Oscar Erlandson, assistant official stenographer, Seventh Judicial Circuit, Flint, Michigan:

"In 1918, while stationed at Fort Sam Houston, I took

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

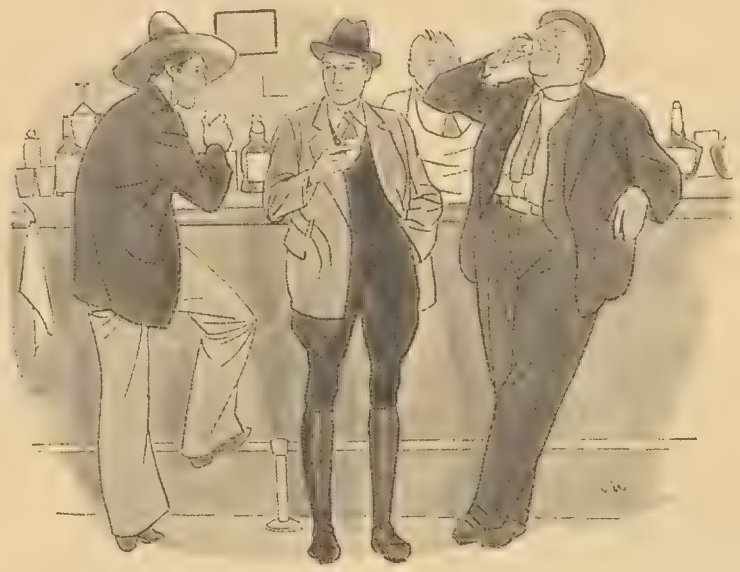
[WHEN TELEPATHY HAPPENED
Continued from page seventy-nine]

leave of absence to visit my home at Chicago. While it is true I told Mother I was coming sometime that fall, no specific date was given, for I did not know when permission would come from Washington, so it was impossible for me to tell Mother when I would come. Also I wanted to drop in on the folks and surprise them, having been away a year.

“Imagine my surprise to find hanging on the knob of the kitchen door a note saying, ‘Oscar, I will be over to Mrs. Anderson’s, should you come before I am home.’

“After she came home I asked her about it and she said: ‘Oh, I just knew you would be home today, and I really should not have gone to Mrs. Anderson’s. But she had the Ladies’ Aid there and I could not very well avoid going.’

“I asked if Mother had put a note out on other days, but this was the first time she had done so. Mother’s hunch was so strong she didn’t want me to come and find nobody at home. What do you make of it?”



“I drank the fourth, and before it could register I knew I was in wrong.”

. . . . .

A dramatic account of a telepathic experience in which the person seeking, perhaps unconsciously, to communicate with a loved daughter became actually visible to her is related by Arthur C. Griffith, San Francisco, California:

“About thirty-five years ago I was living in Falmouth, Cornwall, England, in a house with a low stone wall around it and a high board fence on top of that. In front of the house was a bunch of evergreen shrubs.

“One day Mother was in the dining room, which looked toward the shrubbery, and I was in the kitchen at the rear. Both kitchen and dining-room doors into the hall were open.

“I distinctly heard my mother say, ‘Why, Father!’

“I went into the front room and Mother said, ‘I have just seen my father.’ As my grandfather was sick in the West Indies, I thought she must have been seeing things, but in a minute or so Granny Sole, my old nurse, who lived across the road, came in and said, ‘Oh, Mrs. Griffith, I just saw your father go into the shrubbery.’

“Mother said, ‘Yes, I saw him and spoke to him.’

“I made a note of the time as close as I could. When I went back to school, I got my schoolmaster to work out latitude and longitude of the house in Falmouth and the approximate latitude and longitude of where my grandfather was in the West Indies.

“About six weeks later, letters from the West Indies told us that shortly before Grandfather died he said, ‘Oh, Helen’ (my mother’s name). A comparison of the time when he said it in the West Indies showed (allowing for errors in reckoning) that my mother saw him in the south of England at about the same time. Granny Sole had never seen my grandfather personally, but had seen his photo hundreds of times and knew he was sick.”

. . . . .

FROM Charles C. Hahn of the Chicago Daily News comes this incident:

“My father was a Presbyterian minister. One Sunday evening while he was at church, half a mile away, I was asleep on a bed, at the head of which was a lamp which tried to explode. My older brother, who was reading by it, pulled off his coat, threw it around the lamp, and carried it out into the street.

“At that time my father was in the midst of his sermon. He became so worried that he stopped his address, dismissed the congregation, and hurried home.”

. . . . .

From Mrs. K. Mason, Portland, Oregon, we have a tragic account that might be the basis for a thrilling ghost yarn. But Mrs. Mason insists it really happened.

“Time, about twenty years ago. Place, small town in Illinois, of 200 inhabitants.

“A maiden lady had been suffering with cancer for months and neighborhood women took turns helping to care for her. My mother was particularly good caring for the sick and was there a great deal of the time during the last few weeks of this woman’s illness.

“A brother on a ranch in one of the Dakotas was informed that his sister was seriously ill. He wrote back that he’d finish harvesting in a few days and leave immediately. One night the patient, who had been dying for days and unconscious most of the time, sat up suddenly in bed and in a strong, clear voice said, ‘My brother has been killed. They have robbed him and put his body on the railroad tracks.’ She sank down and never regained consciousness.

“The next morning his body was found on the tracks, an empty flask in his pocket and no money. That was only fifteen miles from his sister’s home in Illinois. He had had several hundred dollars when he left the ranch. He never touched liquor. The town in Illinois where he landed was small, but had six or eight saloons, and gambling and vice of all sorts.”

. . . . .

DALLAS C. KIRBY, an attorney in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is blessed with a psychic wife whose penetration became apparent even before their marriage.

“Soon after returning from France,” he writes, “an old flame of mine hit town on Saturday morning. She called me up, and, arming myself with a quart of the best I could get in a hurry, we made for a roadhouse near by to have one more lunch together before (as she expressed it) I had to settle down and be a nice boy.

“Now, I always got a special-delivery letter from my fiancée every Sunday. This letter she would write Saturday afternoon. They were always nice long sweet letters and what a good time I had reading them over and over all day Sunday! But the next day after this lunch date, what did I get? Just this: ‘Where were you today at noon?’ No one had told her a thing. It was telepathy.”

The average male reader will remark that Mr. Kirby is not the only man in America whose wife exhibits supernatural divining powers. The intuition of women in discerning things not made manifest by the ordinary senses, particularly things their husbands have a strong desire to keep dark, is well known.

. . . . .

We step back into the realm of sorrowing parent love with the narration of Mrs. Genevieve Hansen, Washington, D. C.

“Last October,” she writes, “I lost my only child, a daughter, nineteen, student at the Corcoran School of Fine Arts. Two nights before her death I experienced this telepathic feeling of which Mr. Archibald writes. So strong was this feeling I left Colorado at once to come to her, and at Kansas City, Missouri, I received a wire notifying me of her passing away.

“I took her body to California for interment, and three months later I returned to Washington, where I learned that Mr. Archibald, the author of your articles on telepathy, arrived at the same address, in the apartment just above, on the very night my daughter passed away, and that his sister kindly held her hand.”

. . . . .

H. L. Thomas, Charleston, West Virginia, contributes this:

“On July 4, 1917, I had charge of the athletic events at a Fourth of July celebration at Stuart, Nebraska. At the close of the day I was extremely tired and retired early, but in the night I had a dream so vivid that I awoke with a start and a strong sense of foreboding that something dreadful had happened. I dreamed I was walking along a river and was suddenly attracted by a fish which seemed to leap out of the water several times, but it was fast on a hook attached to a line which was fast to something in the water. I drew nearer and was horrified to see that the line was wrapped about the body of a drowned man lying on the bottom. At this point I shuddered and found myself awake.

" The matter made such a profound impression on me that I awoke my wife and told her of it. I was at that time president of the First National Bank of Stuart and I told the others at the bank the following morning of the incident. Two days later, on July 6, I received a letter from a sister telling me of the death by drowning on the Fourth of my nephew, Donald Fitch, of Minneapolis, Kansas, fourteen years old, who had gone fishing with a younger brother. He could not swim and when he fell in the water the younger boy ran for help. But it was several hours, in fact about eight at night, before the body was recovered, and when found the fishline was wrapped several times about it."

. . . . .

Simeon H. Rollinson, a lawyer of Orange, New Jersey, cites this instance:

" Several years ago a political opponent found out that I was absent from town on a hunting trip and immediately challenged me to a public debate, serving the papers on me by leaving them at my residence. Although many miles distant from home, I suddenly realized that a need existed for my return, and I arrived at the public meeting in time to hear him tell those present that I was absent because I was afraid to meet him. He had his debate after all, and lost the election."

. . . . .

APPARENT operation of telepathy among natives in the Orient is cited by several persons. Listen to this from Alva B. Fowler, pharmacist's mate, first class, U. S. N. R., F2, Bismarck, North Dakota:

" I was serving in the U. S. navy during the Chinese uprising of 1926-28, when the United States sent marines over there to protect American interests. I was on the U. S. S. McLeash doing patrol duty up and down the Yangtze River. There was no way for news to reach the upper end of the river except by slow steamer, and they were stopped and fired on by troops all along the river. We left Shanghai on July 3, on our way to Hankow, 1,600 miles upriver. We were on a secret mission; the only people knowing of it were the admiral and our commanding officer. We passed one steamer en route, but when we arrived at Hankow two days later the secret was in the hands of the Chinese general at that port.

" All the telegraph lines were down along the river and the railroad was blown up at several places. How the news traveled so fast and arrived ahead of us will always be a mystery to me and my shipmates.

" It was the same while I was serving in the Nicaraguan campaign a few years ago. We would start out on a trip and have the rebels waiting for us when we got there—with no lines of established communication that we could discover."

. . . . .

PREMONITIONS of danger that apparently were involuntary telepathic messages from his intended attacker have come repeatedly to Stephen H. Robinson, who requests that his address be withheld. Here is one:

" I was down in Arizona several years ago some fifty miles below Tucson. I had been there for about two years and saved $1,200.

" I bought a ticket for El Paso, but when I got to Tucson I decided to stay there overnight, as I was tired. Arizona went dry that year, but I managed to take on a few drinks. When I boarded the train next day at 12:30, I induced the 'news butcher' to violate the law and slip me a drink, which he did about twenty times before we got to the New Mexico line, and I was fairly well liquored up when I arrived in El Paso.

" I sallied forth after leaving my suitcase at the Sheldon Hotel. Saloons were closed at 10 P. M. at that time, so I went over to Juarez across the river. I went into a saloon and gambling place owned by an American. He welcomed me and introduced me to two other friends—also to the bartender. He refused to let me buy the first round. I might say right here I had absolutely no suspicion of him or his friends. We had three rounds and everything merry and friendly.

" I drank the fourth, and before it could possibly register I knew I was in wrong.

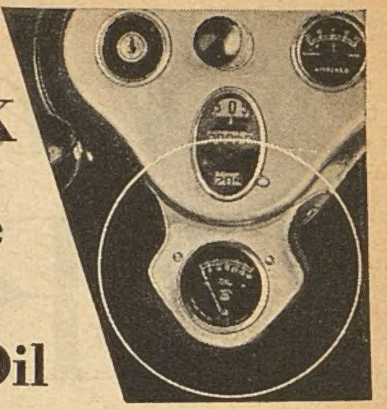
" I simply got the message. In the midst of a conversation I walked to the bamboo half door and for some reason turned around and laughed loud and long. The strangest part is that there was a 'jitney' waiting at the curb. I told the driver El Paso, and that's the last I remember until I woke up in the El Paso jail next day at noon.

" The lieutenant handed me back my money with the exception of five dollars he gave the taxi driver, who drove me around for an hour without knowing what to do with me. The lieutenant said he recognized that I was doped.

" My 'friends' in Juarez never anticipated the taxi, but expected me to fall down, then carry me in, rob me, and promptly roll me out again."

A great many other highly interesting letters on telepathy were received, and I should have liked to print them all had space permitted.

THE END



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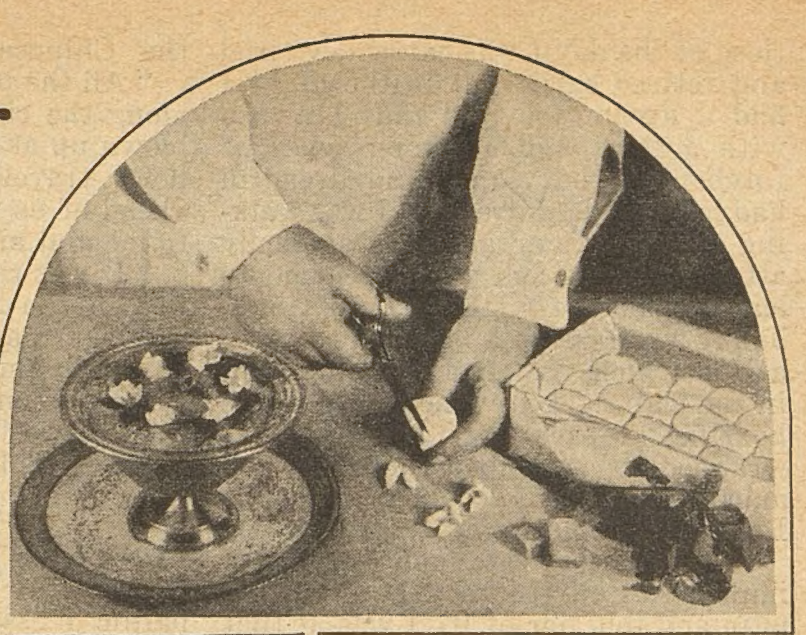
Entertaining the BRIDE

By ETHEL SOMERS



An orange-blossom food garnish.

Butter roses are very easy to make and are most appropriate for a wedding feast.

JUNE is the month of brides. Whether it be plans for the wedding reception, for a bridal shower, or merely for a gathering in honor of the bride, appropriate foods should be provided. The bridal table, with its dazzling white damask, festive flowers, and lovely china, is always one of sheer beauty. It is not particularly easy for the nonprofessional cook to plan and prepare foods that will be in keeping with the charm of the table settings. Yet many of the caterer's products that look elaborate are very easily made. We have attempted herewith to provide directions for some of the decorative schemes that produce a catered effect yet are not so hard to achieve.

MENU

Orange-Blossom Cocktail
Cucumber Soup **Croutons**
Hot Rolls **Butter Roses** **Orange Marmalade**
Bridal Salad
Broiled Chicken **Fan Potatoes**
Vegetable Platter à la Bouquet
Nuts **Mints**
Bride's Cake **Groom's Cake**
Molded Ice Cream or Ice **Demi-tasse**

Cucumber Soup

1	large or 2 medium cucumbers	¼	to ½ teaspoon minced onion
1	tablespoon butter	¼	cup cream or undiluted evaporated milk
1½	tablespoons flour	1	egg
1½	cups chicken broth	½	teaspoon salt
½	cup milk or evaporated milk	⅛	teaspoon pepper

PEEL the cucumbers and cut into two-inch pieces. With an apple corer remove the seeds and then cut the cucumbers into thin slices. Gently cook in the butter about ten minutes. Then stir in the flour and gradually mix in the chicken broth, stirring to prevent the formation of lumps. Heat the milk and onion over water. Add to the cucumber broth mixture and press through a sieve. Again heat over water and when hot stir in the egg yolk diluted with the cream. Add the salt and pepper, and serve hot with minced parsley or mint as a garnish.

Butter Roses

CHILL the wooden butter paddles in ice water for at least an hour. Place the butter to be molded in a bowl of cold water and work with a wooden spoon or spatula until it becomes pliable and waxy. Using a level teaspoon of the butter at each time, roll between the butter paddles to form a ball. Then, using the smooth sides of the paddles, slap the butter with one paddle while it rests on the other, forming a flat disk of uniform thickness. Shape into rose petals and drop into ice water. When five such petals have been made, join them together in realistic rose forms. Small individual roses may be made, or with larger petals one large rose.

Orange-Blossom Garnish

Marshmallows	Mint leaves

YOU need a bowl of warm water, a bowl of ice water, a pair of small shears, a fresh towel, and a sheet of wax paper. One marshmallow clipped into petals makes a large blossom suitable for garnishing a cake or similar large areas. For the cocktail service clip *tiny* petals from the marshmallow, using hot water to clean the shears and cold water to moisten them before cutting into the marshmallow. This prevents sticking. Arrange the petals while fresh cut in blossom formation on the wax paper. Pinch together and let dry. If the petals do not adhere, dip the adjoining ends into a cooled sugar sirup previously cooked to 238° F. Whole mint leaves or some cut into smaller leaves complete the orange-blossom spray.

HERE comes the bride—and, of course, as hostess you will set a table that befits her coming. Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks will give you excellent recipes for frosting the bridal cake or for completing the menu with garnishments and dishes especially planned for such an occasion. Send for these cookbooks today. Please use the coupon.

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I inclose......cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name ....

Street or R. F. D. ....

City ....State 6-7-30

Rich White Cake

(The proportions of ingredients given here may be varied according to the size cake desired for the wedding service. This recipe will make a 9-inch round cake about 3½ inches high.)

1	cup butter or substitute	3	teaspoons cream of tartar
2	cups sugar	½	teaspoon salt
1	cup milk	¼	teaspoon almond extract
3⅝	cups sifted pastry flour	1	teaspoon vanilla
1⅓	teaspoons soda	8	egg whites

USING a spatula or wooden spoon, cream the fat well. Gradually work in the sugar and beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times. Alternate the addition of one-fifth the dry ingredients and liquid, beating thoroughly into the dough and being careful not to add enough milk at any one time to cause the butter to separate. After the last addition of liquid or dry ingredients beat the cake mixture for two or three minutes. Quickly and lightly fold in the flavoring and stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into an oiled, lightly floured cake pan and bake in a slow oven (350° F.) from forty-five to sixty minutes, or until well browned, shrunken from the edge of the pan, and baked enough so that it springs back quickly if lightly dented in the center. Remove from the oven and invert on a cooling rack.

Decorating the Bridal Cake

ORANGE-BLOSSOM decorations are particularly appropriate. There are many ways of making these with pastry tubes, marzipan paste, spun sugar, or more simply by cutting marshmallows or gumdrops and combining them in blossom forms (see directions under orange-blossom garnish. Gumdrop flowers are made in like manner).

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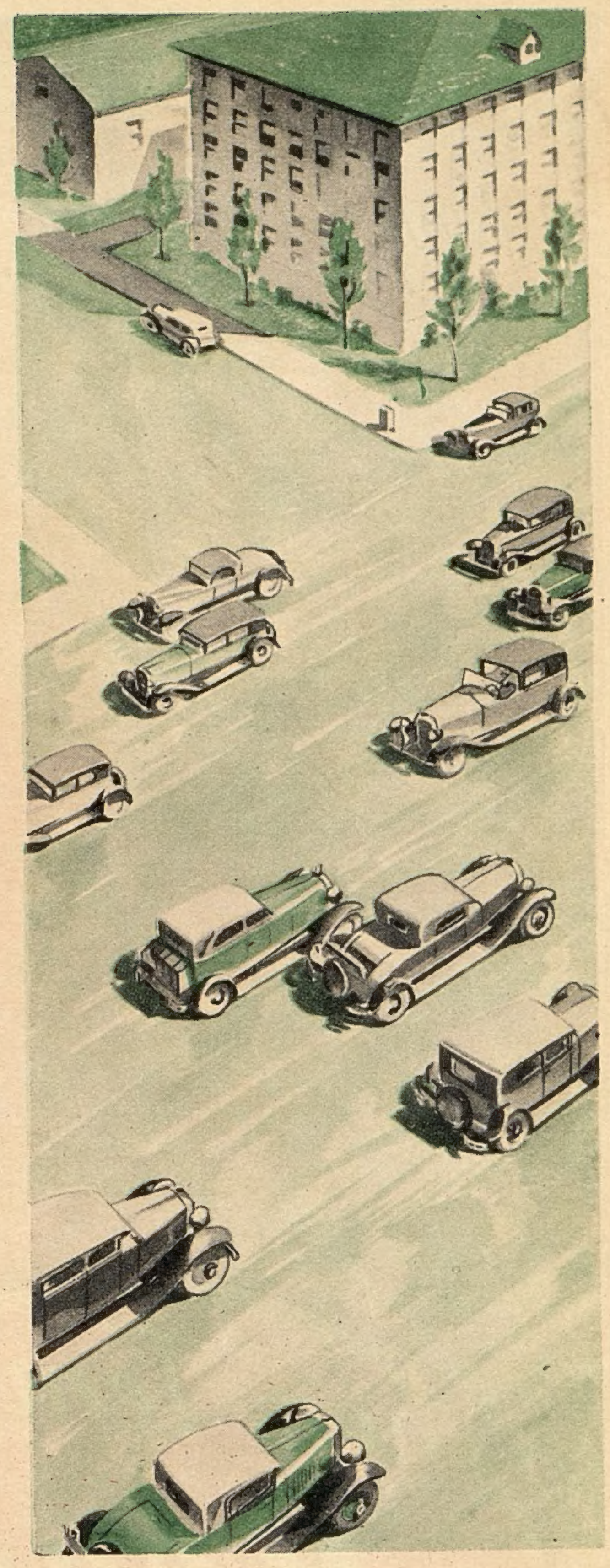

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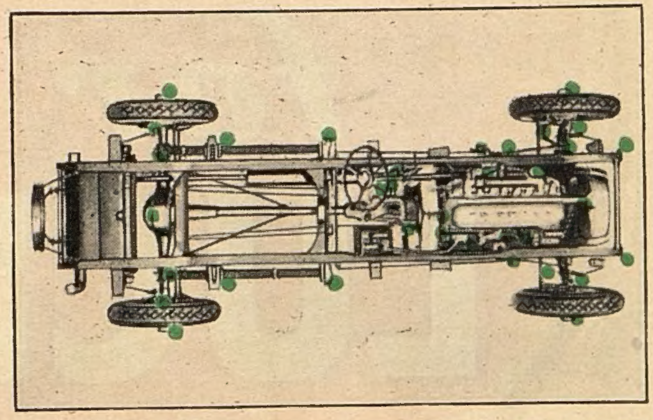

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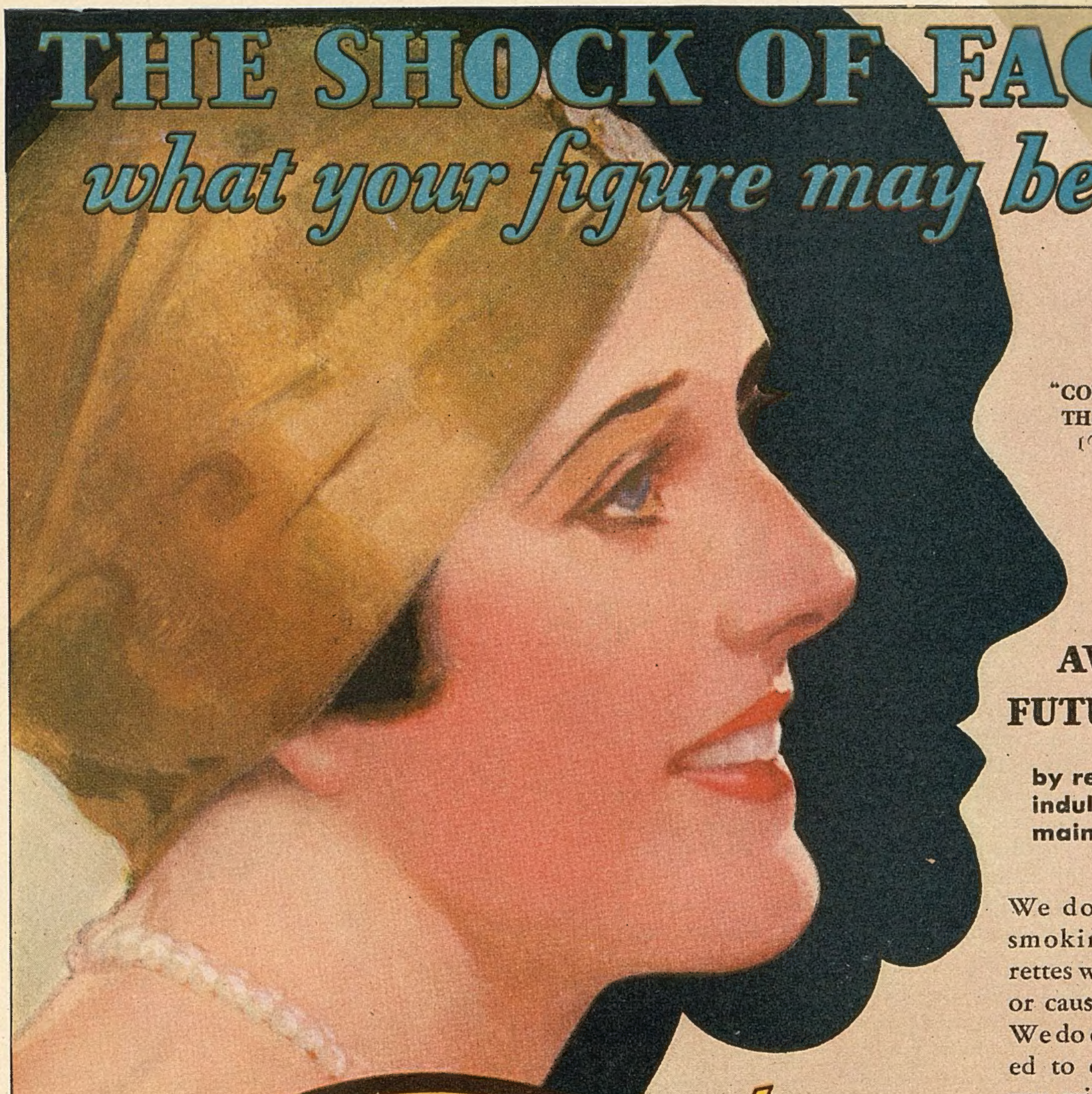
what your figure may become



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(*Thomas Campbell*, 1777-1844)

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